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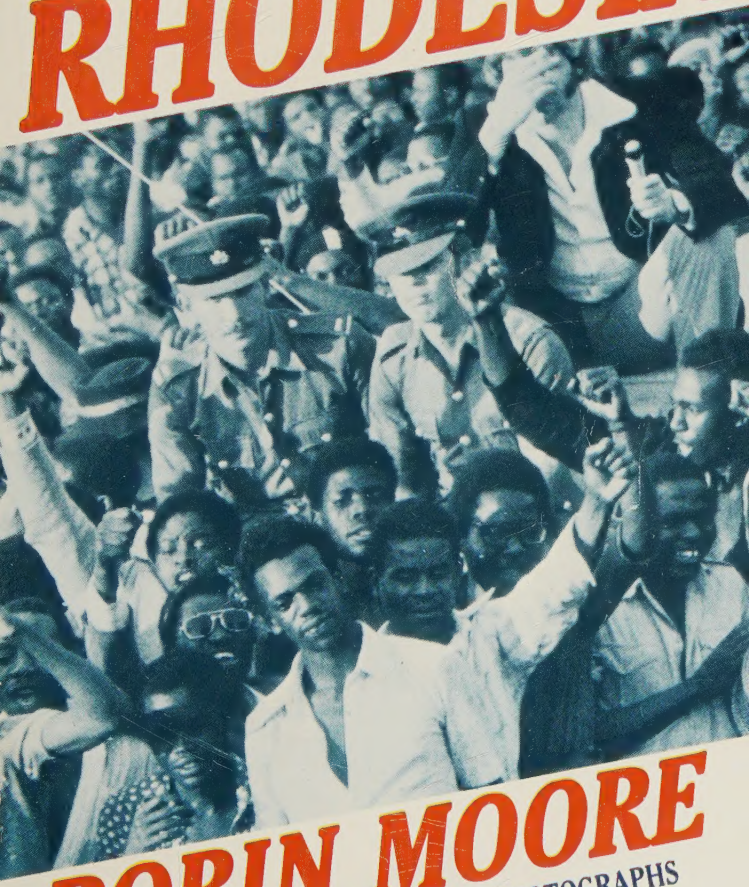
RHODESIA



ROBIN MOORE

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Perhaps one of the main reasons that the so-called American initiative in trying to solve the Rhodesian dilemma is constantly thwarted is America's failure to appreciate African tribal customs, heritage, and outlook. Americans, particularly blacks, superimpose the desires and mores of American blacks on the African population of Rhodesia and then think they understand the situation.

Robin Moore writes out of his own first hand experience and with passionate concern to make plain the truth of what is happening in RHODESIA today.

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RHODESIA

ROBIN MOORE

CONDOR

NEW YORK

RHODESIA

CONDOR

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Chapter One

Going Into The Last Act

On 1 September 1977 the curtain fell with a resounding thump on the second act of the drama of Rhodesia. Act One ended with the Unilateral Declaration of Independence, November 11, 1965. At midnight of 31 August Prime Minister Ian Douglas Smith walked into the press room at the Postal Telegraph Office in Salisbury after his Rhodesia Front party won its most stunning victory since its formation. All fifty of its candidates triumphed, soundly thrashing their adversaries and in many constituencies winning 90 percent of the vote, thus presenting the prime minister the total mandate of the white and qualified black population of Rhodesia to negotiate the formation of the breakaway colony's future constitutional government.

The next morning at 8:00 A.M. Britain's foreign secretary, Dr. David Owen, and United States Ambassador to the United Nations, Andrew Young, making his first visit to the nation whose future he has been trying for nine months to manipulate, pitched up at

Salisbury Airport in a Royal Air Force VC-10. Their mission, to attempt to force upon Ian Smith the so-called Anglo-American proposals worked out in London and Washington. Young and Owen and their ultimate bosses, the chief architects of these "take it or leave it" proposals, had never been in Rhodesia for more than a few days, nor has England or the United States had representation in Rhodesia for twelve years.

The Jaguar which had been driven to Rhodesia from South Africa for the occasion sped Dr. Owen past the group of a hundred international journalists followed by Andrew Young in a black Chevrolet which, given Rhodesia's small-car economy, appeared sufficiently limousinelike to preserve the ambassador's prestige.

By twelve noon it was all over. Ian Smith, buoyed by his overwhelming victory, was in a position to exercise the mandate he had received when the final results came in that morning. The proposals were, for the most part, unacceptable. However, Smith took a cautious approach during his first official scrutiny of the Anglo-American plan in the presence of Owen and Young.

The final week of his campaign Smith had methodically shot down the proposals one by one as they were systematically leaked by Washington. But in the presence of the British foreign secretary and the U.S. ambassador to the United Nations he asked for time to consider the plan.

"I am prepared to give serious consideration to anything," the Rhodesian prime minister announced after his meeting, an enigmatic smile on his face. "We are dealing with a vital question as far as Rhodesia is concerned, and you don't just make quick decisions under these circumstances."

Before he left Salisbury Dr. Owen took a realistic

view of his meeting with Smith. "I'm not full of optimism, to put it mildly," he admitted.

That same day a senior Foreign Ministry official summed up the Rhodesian reaction by saying, "Basically the whole thing is a demand for unconditional surrender. We will never accept it."

It was reported by a participant in the meeting that Owen and Young sternly warned the prime minister he was bringing disaster to Southern Africa by turning the Anglo-American proposals down. Smith's reply, though unrecorded, was probably a cool "That's a chance we are prepared to take."

By the next day Smith said at a press conference that when the meeting began he was told that there could be no change in the proposals. Then, as the conversation continued with Dr. Owen he was told that if there were difficulties, there could be negotiations and changes. This statement on the part of Owen took Young by surprise, Smith noted, and he went on to say, "It appeared that Mr. Young was unaware of the extent to which Dr. Owen was prepared to negotiate with the Rhodesian Government."

This observation is significant, as we will see, since there is every indication that Young has promised the Marxist terrorist leaders, Robert Mugabe and Joshua Nkomo with whom he empathizes, that there will be no negotiating away of their position. He will support their ultimate claim to total power.

Two of the most unacceptable proposals insisted upon by Owen and Young called for dismantling the present government and its army before elections in which a black government would be chosen.

Smith's comment was, "It seems to me to be almost a crazy suggestion to ask a government and a people to dissolve themselves, to surrender, without knowing what the replacement is going to be."

While the Anglo-American proposals call for inte-

grating the terrorist army into the standing Rhodesian army, Mugabe and Nkomo have rejected the plan totally. The only plan they will accept is immediate handing over of the government to the Patriotic Front without negotiation.

The three moderate black leaders were cautious in their evaluation of the proposals which, if accepted, would clearly turn over the government to the Communist Patriotic Front and exclude them from any chance of participating at the highest levels of decision making. All of them said they liked the one man, one vote provision of the proposals but made no comment on the other aspects.

Ian Smith commented upon the feeling imparted to him during the meeting that the British foreign secretary, Dr. Owen, is anxious to exact retribution and would do so to the detriment of obtaining a just and lasting peace in Rhodesia.

It might be noted that the British national political character includes a glaring streak of vindictiveness against those who have twisted the lion's tail. Thirty-six years after the United States of America announced UDI from England the British burned down the White House.

So on one point, the prime minister concluded, he agreed with the Patriotic Front. The proposals are unacceptable.

Going into Act Three of the drama it is apparent that no peaceful solution is possible as long as Andrew Young and Dr. Owen insist that the terrorists be given the opportunity to take part in forming and controlling the new government. Yet Young is adamant on this point.

The moderate black leaders are equally opposed to inclusion of the terrorists in the structure of the new government unless they throw down their weapons and approach the formation of a new government peace-

fully. This the Mugabe-Nkomo faction refused to do. Ian Smith's decision has been made. The Anglo-American accords have been rejected. The Smith government and the moderate black leaders will negotiate an internal solution as quickly as possible. A moderate, multiracial government will be formed, and the Rhodesian security forces will continue to resist the attacks against the civilian population by the terrorist army of the Patriotic Front. The war in Rhodesia is escalating and will continue to do so.

If America normalized its relations with the present Rhodesian Government and allowed it to progress apace, unmolested by outside interference, the black and white Rhodesians could themselves solve their problems internally. But as long as an American diplomatic initiative led by an emotional response in favor of Marxist black African gun-barrel negotiating is permitted we can only expect to see a furious and bloody war in the coming months and the ultimate destruction of Africa's most progressive nation with the assumption of power by an Idi Amin type Communist dictator taking orders from Moscow.

Chapter Two

The Situation

As we go into the final months of 1977, the Texas-size nation of Rhodesia is in as critical a condition as was England during the Battle of Britain. Many white Rhodesians fighting for their country's very existence were among those who saved Britain during World War II. The prime minister of Rhodesia, Ian Smith, was one of the great R.A.F. Spitfire pilots, one of the few, as Winston Churchill said, to whom so many owned so much.

On three sides Rhodesia is surrounded by the terrorist enemy. A small border with the Republic of South Africa is all that keeps this landlocked country alive. The 900 miles of border with Mozambique running from South Africa up to the northern border with Zambia is a constant source of terrorist attacks. Running east and west, Rhodesia shares over 300 miles of border with Zambia, and on its west, it adjoins Botswana for 300 miles.

The terrorists, although theoretically united under

the so-called Patriotic Front, actually consist of two groups. The strongest of these, the so-called ZANU (Zimbabwe African National Union) led by Robert Mugabe, has been granted aid and sanctuary in Mozambique by that country's Marxist terrorist leader and incumbent president, Samora Machel.

Joshua Nkomo, with his inferior force of ZAPU (Zimbabwe African People's Union) terrorists, is operating out of Botswana and Zambia. Zimbabwe is the name that black Africans will give to Rhodesia when it becomes ruled by a predominantly black government.

Both Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe have a long and bloody history of terrorist activities supported by both Communist China and Russia. It is an oversimplification to say that Mugabe is basically armed and supported by China, and Nkomo supplied and advised by Russia, although this is the way many observers of the scene describe the situation as it now stands.

In actuality, Russia and Red China will jump on the bandwagon of whichever of the two major terrorist leaders appears on the brink of success in taking over power in Rhodesia. Although Mugabe and Nkomo temporarily give the appearance of being uneasy allies, their long-range plan is to destroy one another. It is to this end that Nkomo's terrorists have been abducting so many schoolboys and drafting them into his army. By the time the expected battle is waged between Nkomo and Mugabe, the thirteen- and fourteen-year-olds will have come of age, and be thrown into battle. Thus, if the Patriotic Front takes power in Rhodesia, the next step will be a bloody and protracted tribal type civil war between Mugabe and Nkomo for supremacy.

The Communists backing Nkomo and Mugabe have a strong ally in Andrew Young, the United States Ambassador to the United Nations. Young's statements

make it appear that he backs Robert Mugabe's bid for power in the new Zimbabwe. Young also encourages the co-leader of the Patriotic Front, Joshua Nkomo. Both of these exile leaders are men to whom black militants in the United States easily relate. The Patriotic Front, backed by the presidents of five so-called front-line states, which border on or are close to Rhodesia, proclaims that the new Zimbabwe will be formed only through the barrel of a gun. Both Mugabe and Nkomo are dedicated to the proposition of destroying the white man when they take over power. They have further pledged themselves to a massacre of all blacks who in any way have supported the existing government. This would mean, as it did in the destruction of South Vietnam by Communist North Vietnam, the massacre of former military men, schoolteachers, tribal chiefs, agricultural aides—all the so-called sellouts in the country.

Field Marshal Dr. Idi Amin Dada's massacre of an estimated 100,000 of his citizens, as President for Life of Uganda far to the north, is a good example of the slaughter in store for the new Zimbabwe if the Mugabe-Nkomo factions take power here. Nkomo has even taken to dressing himself in uniforms such as Amin wears.

The alternative to the Patriotic Front, an alternative which could result in an ultimate peaceful administration of pro-Western Rhodesia, rich in the minerals badly needed by Western industry, is, incredibly, condemned by British Foreign Secretary David Owen and United States Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, along with U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young. No solution, they insist, can be reached with the exile terrorist leaders' agreement. Since the only thing the Patriotic Front agrees to is immediate power turned over to them, and substitution of the terrorist army for the present security forces, the position taken by Owen, Young, and Vance is unrealistic and patently ridiculous.

There are in Rhodesia moderate black leaders, qualified to take over leadership of the new Zimbabwe, who condemn the brutal atrocities daily and nightly visited upon the population of Rhodesia, blacks and whites alike, by the so-called Patriotic Front of Mugabe and Nkomo. Bishop Abel Muzorewa, who returned in July after two years of self-exile from Rhodesia and drew huge crowds of urban supporters throughout the country in July and August of 1977 (during the Rhodesian winter), consistently denounced the terrorist tactics of the Patriotic Front backed by President Kenneth Kuanda of Zambia whose army has been helping Nkomo's band of terrorists launch attacks across the Zambian border into Rhodesia. As for Mozambique President Samora Machel's protégé Robert Mugabe, Bishop Muzorewa has been writing him off as a "temporary tool" for "imposing" Nkomo as leader of Zimbabwe. Needless to say, Mugabe feels that if there is a tool in the woodpile, the tool is Nkomo.

The bishop admits he fears a civil war if black moderates take over power but is confident that Nkomo and Mugabe cannot successfully wage a war for long since Zimbabwe will then already be free. While white Rhodesians appreciate the bishop's moderation as of now, they can't forget that it was Muzorewa who, when he came to the Geneva meetings in November of 1976, opened the discussions on a transfer to majority rule with the statement, "We did not come here in a spirit of give and take, we came here to take."

Undoubtedly the truest moderate black politician is also the only one who has been duly elected by the majority of the people as their leader. Senator Chief Jeremiah Chirau has sat in the Rhodesian Parliament for three years. As an hereditary chief of one of the Shona tribal groups, he was elected by 257 other chiefs throughout the country, from all tribes, to become the paramount chief in Rhodesia. In Africa tribesmen

leave such political decisions as electing a chief of chiefs or a president or a senator to the wisdom of their own chief. While Chief Chirau points out that in no part of black Africa is the one man, one vote concept currently operative, he hopes that someday this can be a reality in Zimbabwe. He says most tribesmen can't understand ballots and, as in the past, are apt to vote for the opposite of what they want. Meanwhile, he asks why the United States and Britain don't insist on one man, one vote in Uganda or Tanzania, or Mozambique, or Zambia, or any of the countries whose heads of State are trying to influence the destiny of Rhodesia. In fact there is no vote at all in these countries.

On the subject of the abortive meetings in Geneva sponsored by Britain in an effort to arrive at a means of transferring power to a black majority government in Rhodesia, Senator Chief Chirau is disdainful. "None of the African delegation leaders at Geneva were concerned with what was best for their people," he points out. "Each man wanted to be boss, that was his only interest. 'Me de Boss, no me de Boss,' " he mimics. "That's why the African people failed." Chirau himself did not attend the conference. He knew what the outcome would be.

Thus, on the African side we see Mugabe and Nkomo terrorists killing missionaries, white farmers, and simple tribesmen in the most horrible fashion imaginable. While burning alive has been a popular form of execution, on 1 May 1977 a new method of mutilation was introduced by the Patriotic Front. At 1:30 in the afternoon a group of ten terrorists, carrying Russian AK assault rifles, entered a housing complex in the Matsai African Purchase Land, located near the Mozambique border. For half an hour they yelled Mugabe freedom slogans at the silent villagers standing eyes downcast, unmoved. One "freedom fighter"

cracked an old man across the head with the butt of his rifle, another kicked a woman to the ground but the villagers maintained a quiet, dignified posture.

The furious and frustrated terrorists selected two young girls and dragged them into the center of the group, ripping off their clothing amid shouts and slogans. The girls, Elizabeth, aged seventeen, and Felicitas, aged twenty, were then flung down naked on the sand. Fearing rape they fought and struggled, pleading for mercy. It took three terrorists to hold each girl spread-eagled on the ground. Unfortunately, mere rape was not the object of this exercise.

From their packs two of the terrorists took gunpower, forced it up the vaginas of the young women, and rubbed it into their pubic areas. Above the screams, the Patriotic Front terrorists announced that the girls were not blacks but symbolic of the whites in Rhodesia. They then set fire to the gunpowder. The smell of burning hair and flesh and the odor of spent gunpowder nauseated the stoic villagers. In excruciating pain, both the young girls mercifully fainted. Before they regained consciousness, the terrorists had left.

As an aftermath, because of the medical attention they sought from security forces for their daughters, the parents are now branded as sellouts and are on the freedom fighters' death list.

It is the unending repetition of atrocities by the Patriotic Front that makes one seriously question the judgement of U.S. and British officials who maintain that Mugabe and Nkomo have the support of the black people of Rhodesia. If this were true, why would it be necessary to torture innocent tribesmen into submission? The ironical thing is that the $100 million dollars being voted by the U.S. Congress to aid Mozambique and other front-line countries will in fact go to international terrorist movements.

Moderate Rhodesian blacks like Chirau are sad-

dened, frustrated, and totally puzzled at the insistence of the U.S. and Britain that no internal solution by black and white Rhodesians working out their problems together will be acceptable. Prime Minister Ian Smith has come to the unhappy conclusion that the outside world will never understand the problems in Rhodesia, and indeed the U.S. government does not have a single official in the country studying the day-by-day scene in the cities, townships, protected villages, or Tribal Trust Lands, or along the borders beyond which the Patriotic Front terrorists enjoy sanctuary.

One of the most voluble recent critics of Rhodesia and Prime Minister Ian Smith is Garfield Todd, who was prime minister of the country from 1953 to 1958 when it was part of the three-state Federation of Northern and Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. In 1977 Todd, now sixty-nine, has been appearing on television, getting quoted in the newspapers, and having discussions with high U.S. administrative officials. Although Todd has made a considerable impression on Carter administration officials, but they, perhaps, have not looked into the record of this currently self-professed liberal's days in power. Also, they may have lost sight of the fact that Todd is a white advisor to Marxist terrorist leader Joshua Nkomo.

Garfield Todd, of Scottish descent, was born on 13 July 1908 in New Zealand and ordained a minister of religion there. In 1934 he arrived in Southern Rhodesia as a missionary.

After twelve years of teaching Africans at the Dadaya Mission School in Shabani district he was elected to the Southern Rhodesia Parliament in 1946 and seven years later, during which time he was considered an authority on native affairs and possessed of a liberal though realistic outlook, he was chosen from the back benches to succeed Lord Malvern as prime minister of Southern Rhodesia.

As for his professed liberalism, a prominent black leader, Edson Sithole, cousin of the Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole, wrote an article entitled "Todd has never been Liberal" which was printed in the Salisbury *Daily News* on 18 April 1964. In it he said that Todd, who had never even attained the rank of cabinet minister was made prime minister because he "knew the Africans and therefore could easily deal with them *severely* without many people here and abroad raising their eyebrows." This was written from the African nationalists' perspective six years after Todd was forced out of office as prime minister.

It should be pointed out that Garfield Todd was warmly regarded by Ndabaningi Sithole, whom he had taught and in whose early development he had been a guiding force. Furthermore, the cousins Sithole were very close friends and political associates. Thus if Edison criticized Ndabaningi's friend and mentor, he must have had to have solid grounds for doing so.

Garfield Todd's high international standing arises from the fact that he tells the West what its professed liberals want to hear. Andrew Young and Dr. Owen listened spellbound for hours as Todd told them fanciful stories of the Smith regime's depredations upon the black population of Africa. He is held up by the Anglo-American negotiators as an example of a wise and charitable white Rhodesian who has "seen the light." Yet his statements in 1977 are vulnerable to objective analysis.

In 1954 Todd declared the first state of emergency in Rhodesia in order to deal with black African railway strikers at the important rail junction of Wankie. He sent in troops who brutally quelled the strike. Later in the same year he declared another state of emergency in order to put down a strike by railway firemen and deported without trial the leader of the strike, a Mr. Taylor, branding him a Communist.

In 1955 he declared Dr. Kenneth Kaunda, now president of Zambia (then Northern Rhodesia), and another black nationalist leader, Nkumbula, prohibited immigrants because, as Edson Sithole wrote, "he did not want them to spoil his own Africans." They were made to reboard the aircraft which had brought them from Lusaka.

In rural affairs Todd's government implemented the Land Husbandry Act which had the effect between 1954 and 1958 of making hundreds of Africans landless. Their cattle were taken away and many were prosecuted for failure to obey government officials.

On 16 October 1957 Todd was quoted in the newspapers as saying: "Universal franchise is not possible as its introduction would lead to a government not elected by responsible people." Consider this statement in light of a statement Todd made when interviewed by *Washington Star* Staff writer Henry S. Brodsher in mid-June of 1977: "If we could declare a time of peace for six months so that the various nationalist leaders can campaign properly and we could have a proper election on a one man, one vote system, we'll get what the people want."

The heads of the three states that made up the federation when Todd was prime minister of Southern Rhodesia (now Rhodesia) held far more power within their individual states than, for instance, does a governor of a state in the U.S.

Indicative of his true outlook, Todd forbade Asiatics to come into Rhodesia from the other two states of the federation while his government was in power although they were free to travel at will in the opposite direction. This would be comparable to the governor of a state in the U.S. barring all members of a given race from entering his state from any of the other forty-nine states in the Union.

Both Todd and his daughter Judith have made nu-

merous attacks on the low wages paid to Africans in Rhodesia. But it is a fact that the labor on his 750,-000-acre ranch are paid at the same rate as similarly employed labor throughout Rhodesia.

The Law and Order (Maintenance) Act, today the object of bitter criticism by Todd, originated in 1955 as the Public Order Act, passed by the government of which he was prime minister. This is the act under which the old apartheid restrictions were enforced.

Such liberal legislation as was passed under Todd's regime came about through the efforts of one of his former cabinet colleagues, Sir Patrick Fletcher, yet Todd has taken sole credit for these reforms in later years. As another former cabinet colleague said, "Fletcher had been Dan the Sanitary Man, and Todd had taken all the kudos."

In early 1958 Todd was forced out of office following the mass resignation of his entire cabinet. The official history of his subsequent political adventures states that he formed the United Rhodesia Party, but every one of his candidates was defeated. His next opposition party, the Central African Party, was likewise a failure and he was forced to resign from its leadership in July 1960, for "a major indiscretion."

It appears that during his teaching days at the mission, Todd acquired some bizarre pedagogical predilections. In the pursuit of certain tastes he had developed, a scandal surfaced which might have resulted in court action and ended his political career. However, while Todd was prime minister, all records regarding his private life, including complaints sworn out against him, disappeared from the police and courthouse files.

Some hint as to the nature of Todd's indiscretions are contained in a limerick popular during his regime as prime minister.

> That black bottom beater G. Todd
> Whose mission he ruled by the rod

Spanked Kaffir* girls' bums
Whilst teaching them sums
And one 'd' is enough for our God!

In researching Mr. Todd's political career, both as prime minister and subsequently, and interviewing his former colleagues, one can only come to the conclusion that here is an egotistical and self-opinionated opportunist who never failed to turn his political coat when it suited him. Certainly his hypocrisy is abundantly evident. He is a wealthy owner of a huge tract of land in a country where he claims the majority of the people are oppressed and starved of land. He condemns low wages yet he pays the same wages to his own labor. He claims to have been a liberal prime minister who was turned out of office for his ultraliberalism, whereas in reality his ministers showed more liberalism than he, and he lost office thought his tactlessness, his inability to work with his colleagues, and his dictatorial manner and tendencies.

The credence given to Todd by Andrew Young and other Carter aides, and through them to the press, is regrettable. Many more of his activities both public and private could be exposed to reveal a considerable discrepancy between his words today in the U.S. and his actions when in power. The acclamation of Todd by government and press alike is indicative of the misinformation disseminated on the Rhodesian situation in the United States. It should further be borne in mind when one reads Todd's statements, that if Nkomo takes over power, Todd stands to become one of the wealthiest and most powerful white men in Rhodesia.

It will be interesting to see whether Garfield Todd, should he through Nkomo be thrust into the position of power he is apparently seeking in the prospective black

* Southern African term for Negro

government, is truly able to play the liberal role he presently claims to espouse.

Undoubtedly the United States Central Intelligence Agency has agents in Rhodesia. There are hundreds of Americans there in the security forces, in business enterprises, and as missionaries. But either these agents are totally ineffective, or, if they are sending accurate situation reports back to the spookery in Langly, Virginia, these assessments differ from what the highest officials in the Carter administration personally want to believe and so are ignored.

We know that Andrew Young has a high regard for Robert Mugabe and Joshua Nkomo and their Patriotic Front movement. For instance, when seven missionaries were massacred at St. Paul's mission on 6 February 1977 by terrorists, later proved to be Patriotic Front cadres, Young said Mugabe was a Catholic and would never be responsible for the murder of other Catholics. Young apparently doesn't understand Africans, who themselves say the white man's religion is a coat they wear over their own spiritual beliefs. It is a coat that quickly comes off when tribal customs or terrorist practices make it expedient.

The situation in Rhodesia changes from day to day but perhaps one of the most decisive and crucial decision made by Prime Minister Ian Smith occurred the evening of July 17, 1977 when he went on television and announced that he was calling general elections on 31 August. Having given up hope that the so-called Anglo-American plan would take into account the realities of dealing with Mugabe and Nkomo and concluded that Dr. Owen and the U.S. administration intended to force upon him the leaders of the Patriotic Front, whose brutal atrocities mount every day, Smith had decided to attempt an internal solution to the problem of bringing about moderate black majority rule.

Beleagured by right-wingers in his own party who were strongly against compromise on the issue of majority rule, Smith's position in Parliament had been weakened. Thus the first step toward creating a new constitution was to ensure his strength via a general election. With the enfranchised voters solidly behind him he would be free to work out a solution with black leaders such as Muzorewa and Chirau who oppose terrorism and would recognize the rights of the white minority in the new government of Zimbabwe.

The greatest problem the Rhodesian Government faces is the constant criticism heaped upon it by hostile foreign governments. No matter what efforts Rhodesia attempts in order to bring about a settlement that is just to all, the United States in particular takes new measures to create anarchy, thus making it easier for the terrorist organizations to establish in Rhodesia the kind of Communist totalitarian state that now exists in Mozambique.

The Carter administration pushed through the repeal of the Byrd amendment so that American industry can no longer buy Rhodesia's chrome. Instead America must buy a lower grade of chrome for higher prices from Russia. The beneficiary of this mindless stampede in Congress to appear to be on the side of racial harmony, which in fact it impedes, is none other than the Soviet Union. Once again Russia purchases the finest grade of chrome, which gives superiority to the steel in its tanks and arms over the steel now available to U.S. arms makers, and turns a neat profit by selling its low-grade chrome to America at the same time. The effect of the sanctions on Rhodesia is to throw more Africans out of work, and while it does hurt the economy, it also forces pro-Western Rhodesia to deal with whoever will buy its chrome and other products.

In a recent interview Chief Chirau said, "I want the Americans to know that if the sanctions continue ter-

rorism will get worse because there are no job opportunities for young people, no good farming, no spare parts for both tractors and cars, and for this reason people are really disturbed; they just don't know what to do. They listen to the terrorists and follow them."

At the same time Prime Minister Smith was seeking a mandate to pave the way for a peaceful internal transfer of power to the black majority, British Foreign Secretary Owen was commenting that nothing is being solved, that there will be continuing armed struggle, much bloodshed, and eventual victory for the terrorists.

Dr. Owen is quite right in his final statement. If the free world sits by and allows the Russian, Communist Chinese, and Cuban-backed forces of Mugabe and Nkomo to destroy a new moderate black government such as Bishop Muzorewa or Chief Chirau are trying to form, then Britain and the United States will indeed have consigned Rhodesia to the ranks of such nations as Uganda under Idi Amin, Mozambique under Samora Machel, Angola under Agostinho Neto, Guinea under Sekou Toure. Toure was denounced on 10 June 1977 by the International League for the Rights of Man after an appeal had been made to the United Nations by, and it is interesting to note that in the one-party dictatorship of President Julius Nyerere's Tanzania its own Ministry of Home Affairs announced that thefts by government officials from state-controlled organizations had risen from $280,000 in 1976 to a total of $7,680,000 in the year ending 31 May 1977. These are examples of the black majority rule that white Rhodesians see all around them.

On July 21, underscoring the Mugabe-Nkomo Patriotic Front answer to peaceful settlement attempts, twenty-three Africans, all members of the same family were found burned to death by terrorists in their home in the Rushinga district, north-east of Mount Darwin. The family consisted of John Chiriwa, his nine wives

and thirteen of his thirty-six children. Witnesses reported "the victims were dragged from their sleeping quarters and herded together into one hut. The terrorists then set fire to the thach roof."

The terrorists left a note of the scene of the massacre saying that "Zimbabwe" would come through the barrel of a gun. It also said "Forward with ZANLA," the acronym for the ZANU branch of Patriotic Front terrorist army, and went on to announce. "Don't think you are going to win this war. Forget it. On this day you are going to see how bad we can be."

As always the "freedom fighters" were careful to commit their atrocities against helpless targets. Seldom have they been known to directly attack security forces. Contacts usually come as a result of Rhodesians tracking down marauding terrorists bent on committing such depredations as above described.

But not only the British and Americans insist that the Patroitic Front be given the opportunity to take over power in Rhodesia. The concept of assuming power through the barrel of a gun seems to have great appeal to all the black African leaders. The Patriotic Front reflects the militant aims of a minority group of terrorists and their leaders and goes against what the vast majority of black Rhodesians believe in, freedom to pursue their own goals with opportunities equal to those enjoyed by the whites. They know what Marxist collectivism is from friends and relatives who come into Rhodesia from Mozambique, Zambia, and other African countries. The majority doesn't want this. Thus the use of terrorism by Mugabe and Nkomo to petrify the people into supporting them as they establish their minority black government.

At the Organization of African Unity's (OAU) summit conference in Libreville, Gabon in July 1977, the black leaders paid homage to ("lionized," it was reported), Idi Amis, and voted to back the Patriotic

Front. In effect, the OAU voted for the bloodbath route to black *minority* rule, promising diplomatic, political, and military aid to the terrorists. The OAU thus took a direct stand against the moderates working within Rhodesia, in particular Bishop Muzorewa, Senator Chief Chirau, and a recent returnee from exile, the Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole, who, in contrast to his previous position, now espouses a nonviolent route to majority rule.

Since the heads of some black African nations have shown no regard for human rights whatsoever, in fact reward Idi Amin with praise for his stand against Britain and ignore the massacres of his subjects, estimated conservatively at 50,000 although recent escapees say the number is closer to one hundred thousand, it is impossible to understand how President Carter, if he is sincere, can side with the OAU. The OAU opposes a moderate internal solution in Rhodesia and continues, along with Britain, to insist that the terrorists be given a chance to establish what will amount to no-vote single party Marxist rule. Rhodesians black and white feel the meddling in their affairs by the U.S. is detrimental to their future.

A demonstration of Britain's incredible compulsion to impose the Patriotic Front on Rhodesia was Prime Minister Callaghan's reception of Joshua Nkomo on July 28 of this year. Nkomo is the only black nationalist leader on the Rhodesian scene whom the British leader has met. As Nkomo was talking to Callaghan his "freedom fighters" were carrying out terror as usual, ambushing a car north of Salisbury, wounding its occupant, nineteen-year-old Michael Redmond, and blowing up two busloads of African children with land mines.

The day after his meeting with Callaghan Nkomo headed for Cuba to seek arms, and reportedly troop commitments, from Fidel Castro.

And then the so-called Anglo-American planners

wonder why they can make no headway with legitimate black nationals in Rhodesia.

On July 27 at a press conference in Lusaka, Joshua Nkomo said he and Robert Mugabe would like the United States to keep away from the Rhodesian problem.

An editorial in the *Rhodesia Herald* of Saturday July 16 neatly summed up the Rhodesian attitude toward inept American political initiatives in Rhodesian internal affairs:

"Ten million people choose to live in New York. They are not forced to stay there. So there must be something about 'the big apple' that appeals. But the blackouts which paralysed the city this week brought out the rottenness that can make a metropolis like New York a frightening place. The looting, the arson and the vandalism are the outward signs of a sick community. The legislators in America should clean up their own mess without worrying about the rest of the world so much."

The Security Council of the United Nations sits in New York. British and American negotiators attempt to solve the problems of a country to which they have never sent an official mission and about which they know little at first hand. And while the solidly pro-Western nation of Rhodesia is being castigated for doing what the United States did 201 years ago, declaring independence from a Britain whose government had become so remote from its colonies as to cause them to revolt, the war continues—a war which could be solved by a few pen strokes proscribing sanctions and giving the government of Rhodesia the support of the United States in return for forming and protecting a moderate multiracial ruling body.

The Communists will not sit idly by and allow a pro-Western black government to be formed. They will continue to try to obfuscate the issue, as they have done so successfully in the past, by making the liberal-

minded people of the Western world think the conflict in Rhodesia is racial. It is not. The conflict involves a battle between conflicting ideologies, democracy and communism, for possession of one of the world's richest pieces of real estate.

Only a U.S. government official embittered by past racial struggles at home would categorically insist on inflicting the black militant Marxist would-be tyrants Robert Mugabe and Joshua Nkomo on a society which seeks moderation and freedom of opportunity. Their call for the destruction of the white man and their condemnation of all his works (hospitals, colleges, rule of law in the place of brutal tribal justice, industrial and agricultural progress) understandably has appeal for the black activist mind in the United States as well as in Africa. Furthermore, it gives the appearance that this is a racial war instead of what it really is, a war of Marxism against moderate democracy.

To illustrate the point, Patriotic Front terrorists attacked and burned the Kukwanisa Agricultural College on July 23, killing three people and beating up many of the fifteen- to twenty-one-year-old students. Again it was the Mugabe-led "freedom fighters" who destroyed this model farming school on the Mozambique border into which white Rhodesians had poured over $3,000,000 of private funds to increase the knowledge and efficiency of young black farmers, now branded sellouts for attending the school.

What has been said so far provides a brief sketch of the situation in Rhodesia as we near the end of 1977. In the following chapters we will examine in some detail the various factors which will decide the fate of Rhodesia and Southern Africa. It's a fate to which the future of America is intricately tied.

Chapter Three

The Terrorist Leaders

The ranking American officer in the Rhodesian Army, Major Mike Williams, currently second-in-command of Grey's Scouts, the cavalry unit of the security forces, is quick to correct anybody using the word "guerrilla" in talking about the terrorists who are ravaging the black and white population of Rhodesia. It is the blacks who suffer the most as a result of these depredations because they are the easiest targets to hit. Guerrillas exist within the population of a country, live off the population, and attack regular military units when they have superior strength or strategic position.

Guerrillas never rape the women and kill and torture members of the population within which they have to live. As Mao Tse Tung said, the guerrilla is a fish that must live in the waters of a friendly population. The terrorists in Rhodesia seldom attack military units, preferring to concentrate on soft targets such as missionaries, isolated farmhouses, and defenseless villagers. Since their cause is not popular with the people, the

terrorists resort to torture, rape, and murder in order to impose their will fear. It's an escalating process, which explains why the acts of terrorism are becoming increasingly horrible.

The terrorists are encouraged by their leaders, Robert Mugabe and Joshua Nkomo, to indulge in the most horrifying acts of intimidation that they can dream up. It is not hard for the African to come up with gruesome methods of killing. As we shall see in the chapter on tribal customs, so-called tribal justice is probably the most brutal form of justice ever devised. The great Zulu chief Chaka, for instance, had a particularly unpleasant way of killing women accused of practicing witchcraft without his permission. He put them into a pit with a hyena. The hyena got more and more hungry and the accused witch found it more and more difficult to keep awake, so Chaka and his subchiefs watched in glee as each time the woman dozed off the hyena woke her up by taking a bite out of her. Sometimes it took as long as four days before the hyena had torn enough meat out of the victim for death to occur.

It is unrestrained sadism of this kind that makes the terrorists seem virtually soulless. The type of leader that encourages and makes use of it will be studied in this chapter.

A particularly imaginative killing occurred on May 17 near Mt. Darwin close to the Zambian border when thirty of Nkomo's terrorists crossed the Zambezi River from their sanctuaries in Zambia to prey upon Rhodesian tribe men. The terrorists attacked a lonely kraal ten kilometers from Mt. Darwin and danced to a gramophone as they tortured two men to death. The two black African victims were part of a family of four suspected by the terrorists of giving information about their movements to the security forces. The chief inspector of the Special Branch in the area said, "This

family never at any time gave us information. In fact, they were completely unknown to us."

The night of the atrocity the terror gang forced Obeti Makusa, aged fifty, his wife Elizabeth, his son Gift, twenty-three, and the youngest of the family, Reamsi, twelve, out of their kitchen hut. Shouting Communist slogans they forced Mrs. Makusa to cook four chickens while they danced to rock and roll music on the record player. Then they told Mrs. Makusa to find two axes. The terrified woman could only find one, which the terrorists took and used to force Mr. Makusa and Gift back into the kitchen. Mrs. Makusa and the other children heard terrified screams and sounds of hacking from inside the kitchen. All the time the gramophone was playing and the hacks were being dealt in time to the music.

Finally the terrorists left, having ransacked the house and stolen the record player. Mrs. Makusa went back into the kitchen and found the practically decapitated bodies of her husband and son. For nearly three hours the terrorists had tortured Mrs. Makusa, her husband, and Gift before taking the two eldest men into the hut for execution.

Incidentally, it was here in the Mt. Darwin area that the war actually began over four years ago when the Mark DeBorchgraves were the first white family to be attacked by terrorists. It was by sheer luck that none of the family was killed in that attack. Fortunately for the local white population, the terrorists at that time had gotten their communications mixed up and some of them attacked one night earlier than the plan had called for. Thus the farmers were warned that a terrorist war was in the making and were able to prepare themselves for future acts.

Now, in the last months of 1977, terrorist incidents are rising in ferocity and frequency. As Nkomo and Mugabe see the fortunes of the more moderate black

politicians burgeon they are increasing their attacks against the population, perhaps thinking to terrify the tribesmen into voting for them should an election actually be held. It is these brutal terrorist tactics which, the Marxist terrorists believe, will force the present white government and any future black majority moderate government to do business with them. Unfortunately, their logic seems to be well-founded. It seems that the more the terrorists attack the people, the more outsiders such as British and American negotiators come to the conclusion that Mugabe and Nkomo must indeed be given equal opportunity in forming a new government. One would think that by now any student of recent history would realize that there is no such thing as working out a compromise with Marxists.

Marxists want it all, and American and British faintheartedness often ensures that they get it. At one point, for instance, the United States thought it would be possible to have a compromise government in Vietnam made up of Communists and non-Communists. We have seen the result of that thinking. The same is true in Laos where Communists completely took over a government in which they had had only a one-third representation.

If the so-called Anglo-American solution planners would just once come to Rhodesia and witness the nightly harvest of tragedy and atrocity, they would realize the futility of forcing the Marxist terrorists on a government which, whether it be the current Ian Smith government or some future regime in which a black moderate like Chief Chirau, Bishop Abel Muzorewa, or Ndabaningi Sithole, will try to establish a constitutional government that recognizes the rights of everybody.

To understand the terrorists we must take a look at their leadership. Born in 1917, Joshua Nkomo received his primary education at a mission school then went to

work to earn enough money to continue his education. In 1941 he went to South Africa and though suffering the embarrassment of being considerably older than his fellow students, he studied hard, then, with the encouragement of a Miss Hopkins who employed him in his spare time as her driver so that he could continuing paying his school fees, he finally obtained the equivalent of a high school diploma.

Returning to Rhodesia Nkomo found work as a welfare officer among the African staff of Rhodesia Railways which led to his appointment in 1951 as secretary of the Railways Workers Association. Apparently a natural organizer, he successfully built up the union membership to a record level. It was a natural progression from union work to becoming a politician and he was elected president of the African National Congress in 1951. In 1952 the prime minister of Southern Rhodesia, Sir Godfrey Huggins, invited Nkomo to represent African opinion at the London conference on the proposed federation of the two Rhodesias, Northern and Southern, and Nyasaland.

Nkomo returned from London bitterly opposed to the proposals for the federation, but he could make no impression in the face of the overwhelming European support for the federal concept. In January of 1954 he ran in the first federal election as an independent candidate for the African seat of Matabeleland but was heavily defeated by his opponent. This defeat, according to Senator Chief Chirau, greatly embittered Nkomo and was the beginning of his drift toward eventual terrorism and the use of political turmoil to achieve his aims. Joshua Nkomo founded ZAPU (Zimbabwe African People's Union) and was elected its first president. On 20 September 1962, after a wave of sabotage, burnings, and stone-throwing in protest against Southern Rhodesia's new constitution, ZAPU was banned by the government and most of its leaders

were restricted for three months to the area surrounding their villages.

Nkomo was in Lusaka at the time ZAPU was banned. He attempted to set up a government in exile and put pressure on the United Nations and the Organization of African Unity to effect political change in Rhodesia. However he was criticized by the various heads of state for living in exile. It was thought that he should go back to Rhodesia and directly confront the enemy, whatever the consequences might be. He was also criticized, and this is the first hint we get of his propensity for high living, for becoming accustomed to the "fleshpots" of international travel and he was accused of being unwilling to suffer personal hardship.

When Nkomo returned to Salisbury in July 1963 his cohorts, supported by the Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole, voted to depose him from the leadership of ZAPU. Nkomo sent telegrams to the dissidents, most notably Sithole and Robert Mugabe, informing them that as rebels they had been "suspended" from the movement.

In August of 1963 a rival political party, ZANU (Zimbabwe African National Union), was formed under the presidency of Sithole and there was violent strife between the supporters of the two groups as each sought to get the backing of the masses. Although Nkomo founded a new party which he called the People's Caretaker Council—in effect ZAPU without its pro-Sithole defectors—he continued to be in the thick of protesting government decisions and when the government decided in February 1964 to introduce school fees for African pupils in urban schools he led such violent resistance to it that he was arrested and restricted in a detention camp in an eastern border area. He appealed the restriction order successfully, but his continuing violent political activities resulted in his once again being put under restriction, and this time he remained so for ten and a half years.

Nevertheless, Nkomo was still a voice of the people to a certain extent and he was flown to Salisbury on 29 October 1965 to discuss the situation with Harold Wilson, then prime minister of Britain during the latter's pre-UDI visit to Salisbury. Again in 1968 he was brought to Salisbury to meet the commonwealth secretary, George Thompson, and Maurice Folie. In the course of negotiations between Britain and Prime Minister Ian Smith in November of 1974, Nkomo was released from restriction, thanks to the intervention of Zambian president Kenneth Kaunda, and flown to Lusaka, the capital of Zambia, where the various nationalist movements were grouped together under the banner of ANC (African National Council). It was in Lusaka, enjoying the patronage of President Kaunda, that Nkomo initiated the terrorist movement that would result in the so-called Patriotic Front, which he formed in alliance with Robert Mugabe.

It would appear that the restriction and the prison time that Nkomo endured were not too onerous. Larry Roberts, American warden of the prison to which he was confined in the late sixties and early seventies, recalls that Nkomo was provided at his own request with two bottles of brandy which he drank every day. Judging from his Idi Amin-like appearance the chances are that his two-bottle-a-day habit has even now not deserted him.

One of the crucial events in the African nationalist movement occurred at the Victoria Falls talks on August 25 and 26, 1975. For the first time many of the nationalist leaders in Rhodesia and working in exile all had a chance to meet each other. The talks took place aboard a railway train parked on the bridge between Zambia and Rhodesia, considered as neutral a territory as could be found. The talks also occasioned a certain amount of congeniality and drinking which was condemned by President Kaunda who tried to make his

African conferees realize the importance of these meetings with the representatives of the white government of Rhodesia. The citizens of Victoria Falls observed this conference in their midst, which failed in everything it set out to achieve, in wonder tinged with scorn. The railway train suspended between the two countries was referred to as the "Chatter-nigger choo choo."

Nkomo traveled about Rhodesia and Zambia, and even visited Presidents Idi Amin and Kenyatta in November and December respectively. He went to London in 1976 to talk to then Foreign Secretary James Callaghan about black majority rule, and prior to the London trip he had a series of meetings with Ian Smith to try and prepare the ground for a full constitutional conference. The talks with Ian Smith collapsed on 19 March 1976. Nkomo later said, "The breakdown had been on the single and fundamental issue of majority rule now." Nkomo had a meeting with Dr. Henry Kissinger in Zambia in April 1976, during which it was announced that ZIPA (Zimbabwe People's Army) rejected Nkomo as its leader.

Nevertheless Nkomo proclaimed his leadership of ZIPA as well as the ANC (African National Council) at a meeting of the OAU foreign ministers meeting in Mauritius. Any attention he might have hoped to receive at this meeting, however, was overshadowed by the Palestinian terrorists' capture of the Air France flight from Israel which landed at Entebbe Airport in Uganda. Idi Amin's abrupt departure from the Mauritius meetings of the OAU was the talk of the day. In his statement insisting that he was indeed the leader of the ANC and ZIPA, Nkomo said that the ANC was determined to maintain and escalate the fight in Rhodesia. This is in fact what he and the ANC have been doing ever since.

Shortly after Ian Smith accepted Henry Kissinger's proposals and announced his acceptance of the princi-

ple of majority rule, Joshua Nkomo met Bishop Abel Muzorewa, but the two men found it impossible to reach any sort of agreement on national unity or how they would work together. A few days later he flew to Maputo in Mozambique where he met with Robert Mugabe. On 9 October 1976 Mugabe and Nkomo announced the formation of the Patriotic Front. They said in a joint statement that they "totally rejected" the Kissinger proposals as a basis for discussion. Any meetings regarding the future of Zimbabwe should be chaired by a British minister, they asserted, and Ian Smith should only attend "as an extension of the United Kingdom delegation."

In October of 1976, Nkomo announced the names of twenty-nine members of the group who would accompany him to the Geneva talks as delegates, legal and political advisors, etc. One of these was Garfield Todd, the former prime minister of Rhodesia. Embittered by his own failure as a prime minister and his subsequent imprisonment for threatening the assassination of one of his successors, Ian Smith, Todd is currently traveling around the United States giving talks on the evils of the white Rhodesian government.

Joshua Nkomo's terrorist organization, ZAPU (Zimbabwe African Peoples Union), based in Botswana and Zambia on Rhodesia's western and northern borders respectively, now vies daily and nightly with Robert Mugabe's ZANU terrorists in Mozambique on the eastern border to commit more frequent and horrifying acts of violence.

Robert Gabriel Mugabe, born in 1928 at the Kutame Mission in the Zuimba Tribal Trust Land, is eleven years younger than his cohort Joshua Nkomo. He was educated at the mission, qualifying as a primary school teacher in the 1940s. His father, a laborer, was a Roman Catholic and Robert was brought up in this faith. In 1949, he graduated from Fort Hare,

South Africa, to which he had won a scholarship and from which he received his B.A. in 1951. He taught until 1955, when, disappointed at the salary he was receiving, he accepted an appointment to teach at a training college in Northern Rhodesia, now Zambia. He received a Master of Education degree while teaching in Rhodesia and, by correspondence, a Bachelor of Science degree from the University of London while teaching in Northern Rhodesia.

For two years Mugabe taught at St. Mary's Training College in Takoradi, Ghana. Returning to Salisbury in May 1960, he found himself almost immediately plunged into the political struggle. He was publicity secretary of ZAPU until that party was banned. He also set up a nationalist "government in exile," but found that the African heads of state preferred the political hopefuls to go back to Rhodesia and confront the government there directly.

As we have seen, Mugabe was one of those who strongly criticized Nkomo and in turn was suspended by Nkomo from the party. The Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole and Robert Mugabe founded ZANU, still the strongest exile group and now pursuing the war of terror out of Mozambique. In 1964 Mugabe was tried and convicted of subversion and sentenced to a year in prison. After serving his sentence, he was returned to detention where he remained until November 1974. While in detention he studied for his LLB from the University of London as well as a Bachelor of Administration from the same university.

A group of six leading ZANU figures including Sithole were in detention at the same time and they decided that the presidency of the party should be put to a fresh vote. Since a proper congress was impossible under the prevailing conditions, the six agreed that approval by the majority of their own small group should

decide the issue. In the ensuing ballot Mugabe gained the most votes and Sithole was "deposed."

The warden of the prison, Larry Roberts also recalls that Mugabe in this detention period had a long-unarrested case of syphilis which had become cancerous and was so serious that it was necessary for doctors to operate and remove his genitals in order to save his life. This operation which took place in 1972 had a profound effect on Mugabe which is observable today. But because the physician who saved his life but destroyed his malehood was white, Mugabe was said to have become permanently embittered against the white man. Certainly this embitterment shows in all those statements in which he demands nothing less than the destruction of the white man in the new Zimbabwe.

Since the operation, Mugabe has indulged in Hitler-like tantrums and tyrades. Those who know him say that given power in the new Zimbabwe, he would likely order massacres and terror on a scale to dwarf the excesses of Idi Amin in Uganda. As it is, one of the hallmarks of the Mugabe terrorists in killing their white victims is the cutting off of the genitals and stuffing them in the victims' mouths. (See the photograph in the center fold of this book for a typical example).

In 1976 in the company of the Frelimo foreign minister, Joaquim Chissano, Mugabe paid a secret visit to Moscow where he asked for arms and ammunition. The Russians agreed to make this material available directly to him in Mozambique. When Nkomo heard about Mugabe's visit and the Russian guarantee of military assistance he was furious and this has further aggravated the developing rift between the co-leaders of the Patriotic Front.

In the light of this short sketch, it should be readily apparent to anybody why the government of Rhodesia and indeed black nationalist leaders such as Bishop Muzorewa and Chief Chirau dread the thought of

Mugabe and Nkomo being imposed upon them. Certainly, as long as the Anglo-American plan includes an amalgamation of the terrorist army with the current security forces it will never receive acceptance in any responsible quarter. That two such demonstrably irrational leaders as Mugabe and Nkomo should be forced upon an already tenuous alliance of African nationalist leaders working within Rhodesia for the new constitution and a new majority rule government is unconscionable. Yet this is precisely what appears to be happening. That American and British authorities can expect black troops of the Rhodesian Army, who have seen members of their families murdered and mutilated by the terrorists, to accept in their midst the very people who committed these atrocities is an indication, if nothing more, of an unwillingness on the part of these "statesmen" to see the Rhodesian situation at firsthand.

In October of 1976 Robert Mugabe and Joshua Nkomo sealed an uneasy alliance between ZANU and ZAPU in order to conduct terrorist activities from their respective sanctuaries under the single banner of the Patriotic Front. Now, as previously stated, they have become rivals in commiting atrocity.

On Sunday June 6, 1976, at 2:45 P.M. four schoolgirls, the mother of three of them, and her husband, the girls' stepfather, left the family coffee farm in Chipinga close to the Mozambique border south of Umtali. Shirley Wicksteed, sixteen, had enjoyed a weekend with her chums and the girls were being driven back to Untali Girls High School.

ZANU terrorists had observed the girls arriving at the farm on Saturday. They knew the road leading to the highway that the girls would have to be driven over on their way back to school. Sometime after dusk on Saturday they laid a powerful antitank mine in the dirt road.

By this time, Mugabe, operating out of Mozambique, had learned a new trick in the art of getting the most mileage out of terrorist attacks. This is to carry them out on Sunday for maximum coverage in the newspapers. Monday is renowned as a light news day throughout the Western world; thus terrorist activities occurring on Sunday are likely to get wider coverage in the Monday paper than they would if they occurred on any other day in the week. Such coverage would prove to the world that "the war in Rhodesia is escalating."

When the rear wheels of the farm pickup truck detonated the land mine, Yvonne Habing, seventeen, and Shirley were standing up behind the pickup's cab, holding onto the roof. Fourteen-year-old Mariane Habing and nine-year-old Lou-Bertie Habing were lying on blankets at the rear of the truck. Bep Habing, mother of the girls, was sitting in the cab beside her new husband, Louis Botha, who was driving.

No form of vehicle detonation is more deadly than the rear-wheel variety. Shirley had been thinking about land mines all weekend. She had had a premonition of disaster and even allocated her possessions among her friends in case she should be killed over the weekend. It was exactly 2:15 P.M. when she glanced down at the watch she had received as a birthday present two months before. And then the blast blew the truck off the road. When Shirley could think rationally again the police had arrived. Her first question was of the others. "They're going to be alright," was the reassuring answer. "We're taking you to hospital."

Lou-Bertie's mangled little body was finally found in the branches at the top of a tree. Only Louis Botha and Shirley, with both her legs blown off above the knees, survived. The terrorists were rewarded with the news coverage they sought. Shirley is mastering the use of artificial legs.

Terror attacks by the ZANU and ZAPU factions of

the Patriotic Front increased in number and intensity during the rest of 1976 and all of 1977 with Mugabe's ZANU adherents attempting to top their ZAPU rivals in the sheer horror they could visit upon the populace.

Chapter Four

Developing Terror

On Sunday December 5, 1976 a confessed Nkomo terrorist, Albert Sumbe Ncube, with his AK-47 at full automatic, stitched bullets through Catholic bishop Adolph Schmitt, Father Possenti Weggarten and Sister Maria Francis, killing them on a road near their mission in Lupane. Ncube, later captured, admitted these and other murders and told of his terrorist training at ZAPU camps in Tanzania. Subsequently he escaped from custody and is believed to be in Zambia organizing new terrorist squads for Nkomo.

Not to be outdone, two Sundays later, on December 19, Mugabe terrorists from Mozambique slaughtered twenty-seven defenseless African workers on a tea estate in front of their wives and children and then fled back across the border to Mozambique.

In reply Nkomo, on Sunday January 30, sent his terrorists across the border from Botswana to the Manama Evangelical Lutheran Mission, where they kidnapped nearly 400 schoolchildren and stole $13,000

of tuition money the students had brought in for the new semester. Marched back into Botswana, the boys were forced into terrorist training and the girls, ranging in age from nine to fifteen, will be used as concubines for ZAPU terrorists. Although Rhodesia organized a bus caravan to take the parents to Botswana for meetings with their children, the Botswana government refused them entry for eight days, by which time a number of the children had been flown to Nkomo terrorist camps in Zambia. The children were told they and their parents would be killed if they returned to Rhodesia and only fifty-seven children dared return.

True to the spirit of rivalry between the two restless allies, Mugabe retaliated on Sunday February 6, 1977, sending a group of twelve terrorists to the St. Paul's Mission at Musami where three priests and four nuns were brutally murdered, generating shock waves throughout the world. The seriousness of this terrorist act finally did get through to Mugabe who tried to blame the killings on black Rhodesian security forces.

About three weeks later Nkomo showed that he could keep up with and surpass if necessary Mugabe's level of terrorism. Fifteen of the abducted boys from the mission school at Manama were executed in Lusaka, Zambia for refusing to join the ZAPU terrorists.

The two terrorist leaders see-saw up and down in their bid for ultimate power. Nkomo is well aware that his alliance with Mugabe is frail at best and that black rule in Zimbabwe will only mark the beginning of the strife to come. In the tradition of Idi Amin, Karanga tribesman Mugabe will attempt the wholesale massacre of Nkomo and his Matabele tribesmen, his traditional enemies. The "Washing of the Spears" in the blood of enemy tribesmen was a long-standing African custom in what is now Rhodesia, interrupted for eighty years by the white man but soon to be resumed if Mugabe,

Nkomo, and other of the more vociferous exile African nationalists have their way.

In the past year atrocities have become a grimly efficient exercise by the Marxist terrorists attempting to take over Rhodesia in the name of majority rule. All the elements of terrorism as practiced by Mugabe were evident in the St. Paul's Mission massacre at Musame, forty-five miles north of Salisbury, capital of Rhodesia, on Sunday February 6, 1977.

The strategy of Mugabe and Nkomo is to terrify the people into cooperating with them. The same tactics that were employed by the Communist Viet Cong in Vietnam are apparent in Rhodesia. These feature the torture and murder of village chiefs, government agricultural advisors, school teachers, and other "sellouts" whose job it is to look out for the well-being of the people at government direction.

By murdering white missionaries the terrorists deal a devastating blow to the black parents all over Rhodesia who send their children to mission schools. Because of the proximity of St. Paul's Mission to Salisbury, itself believed safe from attack, Rhodesians white and black suffered one more psychological reverse in the wearing terror campaign.

It is an unfortunate fact that the terrorist massacre at St. Paul's Mission received the sympathy of many blacks who are frustrated by the churches' teaching of the equality of man in defiance of the practicalities of life which prove the opposite.

Missionaries have frequently been the target of blacks in times of stress and strain in Africa. Churches teach a doctrine alien to black religions. They condemn polygamy, a basic tenet of tribal custom. Some denominations prevent social drinking on their premises. In black Africa these amount to provocations to attack.

Marxist blacks such as Mugabe, who wears the coat of Catholicism when it suits him, believe that acts like

the St. Paul's massacre attract more blacks to the terrorist cause than they alienate.

The terrorists avoid attacking where resistance may be encountered. Defenseless missionaries are a soft target and so are old people and children, as witness the terrorist murder of eleven-year-old Sharon McRoberts and her grandmother in their home fifty miles from Salisbury on 11 March 1977.

Sharon, an orphan whose mother and father were killed in an automobile accident eight years ago, had been picked up at school in Salisbury on Friday by her grandmother, Mrs. Theo Hastings, and driven to the country home of her grandparents for the weekend. At 7:30 in the evening, while Sharon was having a bowl of soup, her grandmother, alerted by a noise, stepped toward the veranda only to be met by a burst of automatic weapon fire. Then as Sharon tried to run from the kitchen to her bedroom the terrorists cut her down with another burst of their AK-47s. The sixty-seven-year-old grandfather, Theo Hastings, had gone to the security fence to await a tractor returning late when he heard the fire and, drawing his .45 automatic, he ran back to the house in time to shoot one terrorist dead and wound another. Six other terrorists fled.

The terrorists, as it turned out, had been camping in nearby Tribal Trust land and had forced workers on the Hastings farm to provide a key to an unused back gate in the security fence.

Compounding the tragedy Theo Hastings died of a heart attack one hour later while he was telling the police what happened. When Sharon's great aunt in Salisbury heard the news, she too collapsed and died.

The terror continues unabated, day in and day out. Probably Robert Mugabe should not be considered a racist. For every atrocity against whites a dozen are committed against blacks. Terrorists attack their own tribesmen and even families on orders from the top and

it should be pointed out that if Mugabe can order attacks on his own Karanga and Shona tribesmen, he certainly wouldn't hesitate to kill Catholics.

Nightly the terrorists enter the kraals or villages to seek food, assistance, and information. The first order of business is subduing and terrorizing the inhabitants. A favorite method is to drag the headman out of his hut and in front of the village cut his ears and lips off and make his wife fry and eat them.

If there happens to be no authoritative figure at hand, the terrorists will pick a man at random and accuse him of being a "sellout." The victim is tortured to death and the rest of the people are petrified into compliance.

Any tribesman who is employed by the government is targeted for terrorist atrocities. When an agricultural advisor in the Umtali area recently fell into terrorist hands he was shot and then bayoneted repeatedly with a "pig sticker," a triangular blade that folds out from below the barrel of a rifle and inflicts tearing wounds. Left for dead the advisor lay for forty-eight hours beside the road. The villagers were too terrified to help him or report what had happened. Finally the government worker's wife went out and found him, still miraculously alive. But the terrorists had done their job well. The tribespeople would not even loan the wife a wheelbarrow in which to take her husband to the hospital. Finally an army truck came by and took the man to a hospital where he is still recovering from his wounds.

A recent innovation has been the capturing of African district assistants (DA's), who work directly with the people, dispensing government aide. The DA's are led into villages where they have been effectively helping the people. A young daughter of a headman or prominent resident of the village is brought forth by the terrorists and then, at gunpoint, in front of the en-

tire population of the kraal, the "sellout" is forced to rape the girl. As a marriageable female she is thus ruined. The DA is of course tortured to death after the performance, his bayoneted body left as an example of what is in store for other government employees and those who cooperate with the government.

Burning alive is another Mugabe terrorist tactic. In February of 1977, at a village near the Mozambique border, a terrorist leader attempted to seduce the daughter of the kraal headman. Rebuffed by the girl, he sent one of his men out to buy two jars of kerosene and another of his band to round up all the girl's relatives.

Although the mother could not be found, a number of sisters and aunts were brought into the kraal and the girl, her virtue still intact, was tied on the ground between two trees. The terrorist poured kerosene over her. As he put a flaming match to her soaked clothing, the girl cried out to her sisters to tell her mother how she had died, and then suffered through total incineration.

Incredibly, the Catholic Church and the World Council of Churches continue to support the terrorists. Catholic bishop Donal Lamont of Umtali on the Mozambique border was convicted of failing to report the presence of terrorists at his missions and inciting one of his nuns to do the same. The fact that the very terrorists he failed to report may well have been responsible for the murders of other Catholic missionaries seemed not to daunt him.

Lamont has a long history of cooperation with the Marxist terrorists and was repeatedly asked by Rhodesian security officers to report terrorists seeking food at missions before the incident that led to his conviction. On March 24 he was deported back to England.

The WCC donated $322,000 to terrorist movements in Rhodesia in 1974 and have continued this level of

support. There was no donation made to the moderate black movements led by Senator Chief Jeremiah Chirau or Bishop Abel Muzorewa. The money was divided between the Mugabe and Nkomo terrorist factions.

On April 1, as Russia's Pordgorny and Cuba's Fidel Castro were strutting around black Africa flaunting Marxism in the face of the seemingly impotent West, Joshua Nkomo made another bid for recognition as top terrorist practitioner.

Until now full-fledged tribal chiefs have been almost immune from terrorist attacks because of a congenital fear on the part of the African of spiritual reprisals. A hereditary chief is the living embodiment of the spirits of infinite generations of his predecessors whose wrath will be vented on the chief's murderer. Thus the less spiritually powerful headmen have been the targets of terrorists returning to their villages. To prove to his Marxist masters the progress he had been making with his terrorists, Joshua Nkomo ordered the murder of Chief Gambo in the Nata Tribal Trust Land in the western area of Rhodesia near the Botswana border. This part of Rhodesia, known as Matabeleland, is the home of the Matabele or Zulu tribesmen.

The only eyewitness was the headman, Thomas Manguba, an elder of over seventy, who described the events as follows:

"It was raining. Chief Gambo and I were discussing the affairs of our people, in my house. There was a bang on the door. I opened it and there stood two terrorists armed with guns. They asked where Malaya was. That is the personal name of the chief. The chief stood up and said 'I am he.' They forced us outside and made us stand against the wall. They handcuffed our chief with his hands behind him. Two more terrorists came out of the dark like jackals. The terrorists said, 'Your day has come, Malaya, you are going to

die. You are a supporter of the Council of Chiefs and of the government. You have refused to close your schools and continue to dip your cattle. You will now pay with your life.' "

The eyewitness continued. "Our chief held his head high. He was a proud Matabele and said, 'If I am to die then I will die like a lion—knowing I have done my best for my people.'

"While they were saying these things, there was shouting from the houses not far away. The leader of the terrorists told me to go and call his two comrades who were causing the shouting. When I got there, the young people of the village were asking in loud voices why the terrorists had come to shed the blood of their own people. One of the terrorists was showing them his watch and the Zambian money he had been given. He said that they too would get these things if they joined the fight for freedom.

"I told these terrorists that their leader had called for them. They told the youths to stay where they were, or they would be shot. They walked over to the chief outside my house. The other four terrorists were still pointing their guns at our chief. The terrorists, by now numbering six, told us both to walk away from the house so that we could be slaughtered like animals.

"It was dark and still raining. We were forced to walk a long way till we came to a field. They forced the chief to the ground. Then they killed him. Some thrusting their bayonets upwards, some downwards.

" 'See if he still lives, old man,' they said to me. I shook my chief and told them he was dead. They said, 'Run now, old man, while you can. If you report this you will be next.' I fled and hid in the darkness until they had gone."

The terrorists left a note on the body containing the stock phrase "sellout." The group responsible for this inhumane act first entered Rhodesia as part of a six-

teen-man force from one of Nkomo's terrorist camps in Botswana on March 8, when they robbed a local Matabeleland council office of $1,000 and various articles.

On April 21, two weeks later, fifteen of the same group brutally beat and murdered three members of the same community, all Africans. They were a schoolmaster, a headman, and a storekeeper. They burnt the store to the ground.

On the 24th, five of the group robbed the local African councils of $300, $500, and $900, funds set aside for building schools in the area.

Chief Gambo was a schoolteacher before succeeding as chief by birthright in December 1956. From the famous Nguni family, he could trace his ancestry back to the great Zulu chief Claka.

It is feared that this murder is just the beginning of terrorist killings of Rhodesian chiefs. Events in neighboring countries, Mozambique in particular, have shown that the Marxists will tolerate no other authority but theirs, whether it be black or white.

President Samora Machel of Mozambique, which shares nine hundred miles of border with Rhodesia, gained power through merciless terrorism and at present is killing off the last vestiges of the traditional African tribal life in his country. Of the twenty-seven known paramount tribal chiefs in southern Mozambique when Machel came to power, all have been murdered. Children are taken from their parents at an early age and put in work camps where they will be brought up as slaves of the Marxist government with no knowledge of their tribal heritage.

It is Machel who harbors, guides, and supplies Robert Mugabe's terrorist movement. A look at ravished Mozambique provides a warning of what is in store for Rhodesia should Mugabe and Nkomo be installed as the leaders of the new government.

Mugabe was always considered irrational at best by

his fellow terrorist leaders but in recent years he is more unstable than ever, the loss of his malehood undoubtedly being an important contributor to this state.

Should Mugabe be assassinated or otherwise disposed of, his chief of defense, Josiah Tongogaro, has at least as gruesome a background as his boss. From Mugabe's Karanga tribe, Tongogaro was elected chief of defense of the ZANU terrorist movement when it was headquartered in Zambia in 1973 and 1974. In internecine battling over who would be the best president of Zimbabwe, on 18 March 1975, Tongogaro assassinated the ZANU party chairman, Herbert Chitepo, a respected lawyer who toured the world capitals canvassing support for ZANU. The method used was a bomb installed in the engine of his car.

This assassination, coming on top of a multitude of abuses on Tongogaro's part, resulted in President Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia appointing a Special International Commission to investigate it. Fourteen African nations, both black and Arab, were represented and the findings were published in Lusaka in March of 1976.

Besides finding Tongogaro guilty of Chitepo's murder, the commission cited him for many flagrant abuses of his position, including such mundane matters as sending whiskey via the Girls' platoon leader to his relative Josiah Tungamirai at the front, where drinking was forbidden.

The use of "freedom fighter" girls as housemaids and concubines by Tongogara and other ZANU leaders was also mentioned. The relatives of these girls at the front kept track of their movements and activities in Lusaka and when the girls were made pregnant by members of the high command, great resentment was aroused among the front-line terrorists. When a rebellion broke out within ZANU, Tongogara ruthlessly gunned down the rebels and blamed the Rhodesian

white regime for using "psychological methods aimed at demoralizing the ZANU forces at the forefront."

The Commission added mass murder to the list of offenses and concluded, "There was evidence before the Commission that Tongogara had openly remarked that he saw no reason why he should not be the first president of an independent Zimbabwe through the barrel of a gun."

Tongogara was also cited for the "systematic process of eliminating possible rivals by death when the situation was ripe. . . ."

The Zambian Government imprisoned Tongogara only to release him so he could take an independent delegation to the Geneva conference on Rhodesian black majority rule in November of 1976. While Tongogara was in Geneva a rival terrorist leader at the conference, Rex Nhongo of the Muzezuru tribe, woke up one night in his hotel room to find it ablaze. He barely managed to save himself and the matter was glossed over. Informed black opinion maintains that this was a murder attempt by Tongogara to wipe out, on behalf of the Karanga tribe and Mugabe, a competing influential terrorist.

Reliable African sources are charging that the CIA is backing Robert Mugabe although it seems odd that the U.S. would back an avowed Marxist, supplied by Russia and China. The intention, they say, is to set up the Karanga as the domminant tribe in Rhodesia.

The link between the CIA and the Mugabe camp, working out of the United States, is said to be Karanga tribesman Edson Zvobgo. Zvobgo, a Rhodesian teacher of political science and at one time detained for terrorist sympathies, has established university connections in the United States as a cover for his political activities. Currently he is lecturer at American University in Washington, D.C.

The belief seems to be that since Jomo Kenyatta and

his Kikuyu tribe, through their Mau Mau terrorist movement, took over Kenya and made it a pro-Western African country, the same could be accomplished with Mugabe and his Karanga tribal connection. Even if Mugabe is a CIA link, however, it appears the CIA has no intention of keeping him as leader. He will have been chosen and used merely because his name is known to the outside world. According to these African sources, the choice of the CIA and the Roman Catholic Church for a successor to Mugabe is Josephe Taderera, currently leader in one of the Mozambique terror camps. If the CIA really hopes to see Taderera make it, an elimination of Josiah Tongogara will be the first order of business.

The Church is making a considerable effort to shift the blame for the murders of missionary priests and nuns in Rhodesia away from Mugabe and onto Rhodesian security forces. The fact that survivors of the killings at Lupane and St. Paul's unhesitatingly identified the murderers as trained terrorists is ignored and Rome tends to confirm the view that Mugabe's movement is that favored by the Catholic Church.

Africans in Rhodesia consider this a disaster course. They see a terrorist leader being imposed on Zimbabwe by such external forces as the CIA (frequently an Africanism for United States Government), the Catholic Church, and the British foreign secretary, and they know such an imposition would split the country.

It is impossible for moderate responsible Rhodesians, both white and black, to understand the international backing of the exile Mugabe-Nkomo factions and Anglo-American opposition to an internal solution whereby Senator Chief Jeremiah Chirau, Bishop Abel Muzorewa, or the Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole could be brought to power.

The reimposition of sanctions against Rhodesian chrome by the U.S. Congress and the Carter adminis-

tration can only result in an increase in African unemployment and even more young tribesmen being sent to Mugabe's terrorist camps. Moderate African leaders believe this is a deliberate plan by U.S. politicians to encourage Mugabe and Nkomo.

"If the world would only leave us alone to settle our problems in our own way," Chief Chirau pleaded at a meeting in the headquarters offices of his ZUPO (Zimbabwe United People's Organization), "a truly representative Zimbabwe will soon emerge with room for everyone, black and white, to participate in our economy."

Considering that this small pro-Western country has prospered and held off the Communist terrorists despite the fact that the Western world has tried for twelve years to strangle it economically, it seems obvious that with a little help from the rest of the world a moderate black African government, supported by the white Rhodesians who brought the country from the Stone Age to a modern industrial civilization in eight years, could easily overcome further Marxist-inspired terrorism.

Chapter Five

The Rhodesian

Who are the white Rhodesians? Or perhaps a better question would be, who are they not? Primarily they are not South Africans. At the turn of the century when Rhodesia was less than twenty years old, the distinction between Rhodesians and South Africans was not defined. The first definitive move toward Rhodesian self-identification was a legislative one, occurring in 1923 when the people voted in a referendum and opted *not* to join with the Union of South Africa.

The paths of the two countries separated at that time and the whole pattern of development, particularly in the political sphere, has been separate and very dissimilar. The whole question of apartheid for instance, has a very different meaning in South Africa than it does in Rhodesia.

In South Africa they believe in what they call the separate development of black and white citizens. In South Africa there is total segregation with the exception in recent years of a few international hotels where

blacks are accepted as guests. In South Africa no intermarriage is permitted and there is no mixed schooling. There are no common areas where mixed races can live together as they please. Furthermore, a strict job reservation policy exists.

As of 1977, none of these elements of apartheid exists in Rhodesia. While it is true there are some areas of segregation, for instance hospitals and government schools, even hospitals are today becoming more and more mixed. Mixed schooling is also available at private schools. There are no job reservations in Rhodesia. Work is given out strictly on a basis of merit and ability. Mixed areas exist where blacks and whites can live together; mixed marriages are not uncommon and are certainly not against the law.

In South Africa the main language is Afrikaans which combines aspects of Dutch, German, and English and is totally foreign to Rhodesia. There are places in the South African hinterland where many people do not speak any English at all, and the South African national anthem is sung only in Afrikaans. In Rhodesia the official language is English, while the second language recommended in the schools is French.

The riots which erupted in South Africa in 1976 were caused originally by South Africans forcing the blacks to learn Afrikaans instead of English in the schools. In Rhodesia there has never been race rioting, and the Rhodesian blacks in the major cities have never considered rioting against white citizens. Racial tension is virtually unknown in Rhodesia except that which black politicians and radicals have recently created. In the Rhodesian Army black and white soldiers fight side by side against the Communist Patriotic Front. The army structure in South Africa is totally different, with a segregated army much like that of the United States until after the Korean war which ended in 1953.

In the 300 years since the first settlers came to the Cape, the South African nation has become firmly established. Its citizens have long since lost their ties to Holland and have become South Africans. The Rhodesians are usually second generation although there are third, fourth, and even fifth generation Rhodesians in the country. While there is still a strong sense of national unity, there are considerable traces of British influence. Greek, Italian, Portuguese, and other ethnic communities are still present but all share a common loyalty under the Rhodesian flag.

Rhodesia is a nation of rugged individualists born in Rhodesia and for the most part prepared to die for it. In the war that is being waged today against Communist terrorism the Rhodesians are fighting for something they believe in. They believe strongly that they must make a stand and fight to preserve their homeland. They know that if they do not they will inevitably be fighting the same battle in the near future somewhere else in the world.

White Rhodesians are not settlers. Rhodesia is their country just as much as, if not more than, it is the country of black Africans. When the first white men came to Rhodesia they found constant warfare between the two major tribes, the Mashona and the Matabele, who themselves had only arrived on the scene a few decades before them. One of the first moves the white man made was to stop this tribal fighting. Then the Rhodesians developed modern standards of living in the country they settled.

Instead of following the course Americans pursued in their West, that of exterminating the indigenous American Indians, riding through villages, killing every man, woman, and child in the manner of Colonel Custer, the Rhodesians helped the black population to prosper and indeed to build itself up from approximately 400,000 to today's 6,300,000. There was never

anything approaching white enslavement of blacks in Rhodesia. That type of slavery was of course widely used by the white population in the Americas where slaves were needed to work mines and farms, to cut sugar cane, and to pick cotton. Rhodesians are most like Californians, Texans, and other American Westerners who for the most part can trace their families back two or three generations to the hardy breed who pioneered the western part of the United States.

The Rhodesians have for the last twelve years been fighting both economically and militarily for the very existence of their country. The South Africans have not really been faced with this stark situation. They have never had to contend with the possibility that their security and existence could be threatened overnight. Few South Africans today have ever heard a shot fired in anger.

Rhodesian and South African whites are not only poles apart but have a tradition of hostility toward each other going back to the Anglo-Boer wars. In South Africa the English and the Afrikaaners are divided. The Rhodesians have already proved that they stick together in adversity, but there is no guarantee that the whites in South Africa will do so if the crunch ever comes.

In respect of eventual responsible black majority rule, as Sir Roy Welensky, first prime minister of the federation, points out, the Rhodesian constitution of 1923, which was to a large extent worked out by Winston Churchill, did recognize that in Rhodesia as in all of Africa there was a very backward majority in the country together with an advanced European element which was running the country. The constitution was based on what the Rhodesians called "qualitative franchise." Everybody could have the vote who could qualify. It was envisaged that eventually the Africans would be able to qualify and, by the very nature of the fact that

they were a large majority, would eventually take over rule of the advanced society that would have developed. In 1923 a voter had to earn £200 a year or roughly $1000 (in the money of that time). There were certain educational requirements which had to be met in order to qualify as a voter but the constitution, which is still the basis of Rhodesian law, recognized that the Africans would someday govern the country because there were no barriers to voting on the grounds of race, color, or creed. Thus it was inevitable, given the preponderance of blacks over whites in the country, that eventually the majority of voters on the rolls would be black.

The problem in Rhodesia, as Rhodesians see it, is that the rest of the world has tried to bring about black majority rule before the black majority has earned the right to it. In their view the one man, one vote concept is a dangerous one and can only lead to the same failure in Rhodesia as it has led to in so many other countries in Africa. White Rhodesians rightly say that Rhodesia is as much their country as it is the blacks'. They believe that when the blacks are ready to rule and can do so without bringing in an Idi Amin, a Samora Machel, or anyone similar to the other black dictators, be he Communist or just plain tribal, then that will be the time for them to run Rhodesia. But they consider that a premature handing over of power can only lead to disaster.

Nevertheless, these individualistic, hardworking white Rhodesians are prepared to accelerate the process which began in 1923 by means of a new constitution, providing it safeguards the rights of everybody in the country, black and white alike.

Real racism in the world today is displayed by such as Andrew Young who has lost all regard for minority rights unless the minority happens to be of the race to which he belongs. Is it not racist, the Rhodesians argue

to push black rule for its own sake, on any basis, no matter how unlikely it is to succeed, rather than take a longer yet surer road that in the long run will be best for the entire free world?

There can be no denying that the white Rhodesians do not look forward to a black ruled country. They need only look to the north to see the ruinous results of a precipitous rush to black rule brought about by a Great Britain economically distressed and anxious to divest itself of all its colonial holdings.

An entire political party, RAP (Rhodesia Action Party), came into being for the elections of 31 August 1977 on the premise that Rhodesia will not accept black majority rule at the present moment. RAP sounded the chord many Rhodesians wanted to hear: No sellout!

Ian Smith's moderate Rhodesia Front party frankly told the constituency that majority rule was inevitable and his top party officials announced that they would begin negotiating with black leaders within the country if they received the mandate of the people. They won the election on 31 August in the largest landslide the nation has ever seen.

The white and qualified black voters overwhelmingly demonstrated that, yes, they were prepared to face the facts of life. They accepted black majority rule and left it to Ian Smith to safeguard the rights of the white minority which had built up the model African economy that the country has today despite the worldwide sanctions against it.

The following is a story written by Tony Coetsee which appeared in *Illustrated Life Rhodesia* on 17 March 1977. It demonstrates the strength of will of a people who came to a wilderness and made a life for themselves there, a life to which they feel their hard work and fortitude have entitled them.

For Leena and Norman Bristow, as is the case with

many other farming couples in Rhodesia, the nightly awareness that darkness might bring a terrorist attack had become a way of life—and twice, indeed, they had sustained vicious onslaughts. The third such occasion, however, will live forever in their minds—and in those of their three small children who bravely helped their parents fend off a ferocious bombardment by rocket and machine gun, although, for a while, it seemed that the certain end would be death. Tony Coetsee reports:

WE ARE ALL GOING TO DIE TONIGHT

In the face of a murderous hail of terrorist gunfire, a slim, attractive brunette housewife used an automatic sub-machinegun to help her husband fight off a gang of 36 heavily-armed terrorists in an hour-long battle recently in the Nuanetsi area of the Rhodesian lowveld.

This dramatic exploit illustrates the increasing role that women in Rhodesia are playing in the present terrorist war, as housewives and mothers swop pots, pans and nappies for automatic weapons to defend their families and homes.

The couple, Norman Bristow (34), his wife Leena (31), and their three children Derek (13), Shawn (9), and a little blonde-haired, dimpled girl of three, Mandy, have been attacked three times on their BJB ranch, situated about 46 km from the Mozambique border at Vila Salazar.

The couple, who come from South Africa, have been cattle ranching on the 54-thousand acre spread for the past 12 years. Together, they opened up the virgin ranch under the harsh conditions of the lowveld, where the summer months have been described as "suicidal".

Undaunted, they have faced flooding rivers, wild animals including lion and elephant, and, in the past 14 months, brutal terrorist attacks, to carve a home for themselves and their children out of the bush. But

everything they have worked for and dreamed about in the future now lies in ashes.

A DRAIN ON THE NERVES

What is it like to live and try to run a ranch under conditions in which terrorists are known to be in the region, and reports are frequently heard of stores being looted and burned to the ground; where innocent Africans are butchered to death by the insurgents, and there is an ever-present danger of being blown up by a landmine?

Leena says: "You get used to it. The first time we were hit was all right—only small arms were involved. But the second time they used rockets."

"It's a drain on your nerves all the time," Norman adds. "You live expecting daily to get hit. Every time I went out on the ranch, my wife never knew whether or not I was going to come back. Ours is a big ranch; it's 32 kilometres long. Sometimes I was working 20 kilometres away from the house. If they shot me there, Leena would never have even known about it."

Leena, who grew up in Messina, in the Northern Transvaal, has been shooting all her life, starting with a pellet gun as a youngster.

"She can give 90 per cent of the males in Rhodesia a go," Norman comments, concerning his wife's ability with a rifle.

This skill, and her inbred pioneer spirit, were put to the test in the final brutal attack last month.

For the children, their way of life had changed completely. They were never allowed outside the security fence, which surrounds the homestead on the ranch and which was locked every night at about 6 p.m. By four o'clock in the afternoon, the children had to be inside the house, because attacks were most likely from this time onwards.

The Bristows' problems had begun in January 1976, when they guessed that trouble was brewing in the area, because there was a marked increase in the security force present.

"We also knew trouble was coming because of our labour force," Norman says. "Their attitude changed completely. The younger ones especially were getting very 'anti', and they started deserting the ranch."

On February 2, 1976, a group of terrorists infiltrated Rhodesia from Mozambique, and looted and razed Norman's store on the ranch. They also laid an ambush for him, but fortunately he never rode into it.

This was reported to Norman the next day by a guard at the store, which is about four kilometres from the homestead. On the day the store was hit, security fencing material arrived, and Norman started erecting this around the house, which was an all-brick building with a corrugated iron roof. He also built a verandah encircling the house, in order to render the homestead easier to defend.

The anticipated attack came two months later. A gang of terrorists lay at the edge of a clearing around the homestead and security fencing, about 150 m from the home. Using Russian-made AK rifles, they opened fire on the house at about 2 am.

A "Bright Light" (police reservist) and Norman ran outside the house, and immediately returned fire. The "Bright Light" managed to hit one of the terrorists with his FN. The terrorists retreated smartly, going a short distance down the road to the compound, where Norman's African staff lived.

They dragged his guard out of his hut and put 14 revolver shots into him. Three shots were fired into each of his hands, one in the foot, and another seven were fired at point-blank range into the unfortunate man's face. The body was left in the middle of the road.

Next, the man's wives were dragged out, and one of them, who was pregnant at the time, was severely battered.

"They beat the daylights out of her," Norman says.

Norman took his family on a much-needed holiday to South Africa after this incident.

They had only been back on the ranch for four

days, when a group of terrorists crossed the border from Mozambique and made for the homestead. A contact with security force ensued. The attempted attack came four days after a guard force had been removed from the homestead.

This suggestion of collaboration between the terrorists and the farm workers was later proved in an incident on December 17th. Terrorists' tracks were found leading into and from the compound. These were followed by the security forces until a heavy rain shower washed the tracks out.

Three days later, police discovered a young African of about 13, living in the compound. He admitted that he was a terrorist. He told the police that another attack was going to be made on the Bristow's homestead on Christmas Day.

Security forces were moved into the area around the house, but on January 7th this year, after finding no terrorist activity, they moved out again.

The troops left on the Friday, and on the Sunday, at twenty minutes to one in the morning, the final attack came.

Prior to this, Norman had built two bomb shelters on the verandah of his home. The shelters were built of grain bags filled with sand to a height of about two meters. This was covered with corrugated iron, with sandbags placed on top to prevent mortars coming into the shelter.

Norman, suspecting collaboration between his staff and the terrorists, had the family sleeping in the bomb shelters at night, unbeknown to his cook, who had been with the family for nine years. Each morning, the family would leave the bomb shelter and ruffle their beds so that it would appear that these had been slept in.

The couple were woken up that night by the barking of their two dogs. Norman picked up his shotgun and looked outside the bomb shelter. It was a clear moonlit night, and far in the distance he could hear the thin piping call of a ground-scraper thrush. The

dogs were barking viciously in two directions near the security fence.

In the meantime, the gang of 36 terrorists had arrived at the nearby compound, where in the early evening, they were given food. The next morning, all the African labor, save for nine, had deserted the ranch. They had left the previous night, taking with them all their belongings, including furniture and chickens. One old African who stayed behind had been abandoned by all his children.

The stage for the onslaught on the homestead had thus been set.

The terrorists waited until the moon had moved over in the sky, and was shining directly into the bedroom windows, where they thought Leena and Norman would be sleeping.

Moving in groups of nine, and directed by the Bristows' "faithful" cook, the terrorists cut the telephone wires to the homestead, and formed up on the south and west sides of the house. One terrorist climbed into a tree, and aiming directly at the couple's bedroom window, fired off a rocket.

Norman had just got back into bed in the bomb shelter and put his shotgun against the wall, when the first rocket went off with a deafening blast that shook the house and shattered all the windows on that side of the building. It exploded against the wall, the head of it knocking out a large hole and finally burying itself deep into the concrete floor.

This was the signal for the attack to start, and a barrage of small arms and machinegun fire poured like a hail of lead into the bedroom, riddling the bed and headboard with bullet holes. Had the couple been sleeping there, they would have been instantly killed.

The Bristows dropped out of their beds and hit the floor. Norman grabbed his shotgun and started firing back.

"Get to the Agric-alert (radio alarm system)," Leena cried.

"Forget it, it's not working," Norman replied.

While Norman went to the telephone, Leena went to the Agric-alert, and although it hadn't been functioning the night before, she managed to raise control and alert the security forces that their house was under attack. Norman ran outside and started the lighting plant. But this didn't help, because the terrorists promptly shot out all the security lights.

The children behaved magnificently. Mandy, the youngest, just pulled the blankets over her head and asked her parents to cover her hands so that the terrorists couldn't shoot her.

After the attack, Shawn wanted to know why the terrorist rockets and mortars are made of ice. When Norman explained to him that they were made of explosives and not ice, he replied: "No, they must be made of ice, because every time one exploded I went so cold."

At one stage during the attack, when Leena thought that help wasn't going to come in time to save them, she knelt down and put her arms around the children saying: "We are all going to die tonight. But we must die bravely, no one must cry."

A few days previously Norman had put a double bunk in the bomb shelter and, because the terrorist fire was coming from this direction, the couple had to get on top of the bunk, exposing their bodies from the waist up, in order to fight back. But fight they did, Norman with his shotgun and Leena using an automatic submachinegun.

This caused the terrorists to direct their fire at the bomb shelter.

"After they started shooting, we could clearly see the flashes from the muzzles of their guns," Leena recalls. "This helped me to shoot back at them."

"You know what to do," she says, "you don't hide and this applies to anyone under attack. Some people say: 'I'd never be able to shoot back and I'd be dead scared,' but actually at that minute somehow you find courage. You just fight back.

"I felt quite happy about killing terrorists. After

the rocket hit the house, I grabbed the sub-machine-gun and went out and started firing. I didn't think of more rockets coming. Actually, you just switch off, and you just want to retaliate."

The "Bright Light", who was in the other bomb shelter on the verandah of the house, also started to return fire on his side of the house.

SAVED BY THE FENCE

The terrorist in the tree fired his RPG straight at the bomb shelter where the family were. The rocket hit a chicken-wire fence, which Norman had put up to keep the turkeys out of Leena's flower garden, and exploded prematurely with an ear-deafening blast which showered a deadly hail of shrapnel over the bomb-shelter. But no one was injured.

The Bristows' believe that the chicken-wire fence undoubtedly saved them from annihilation.

Leena decided to try and draw the terrorist fire away from the bomb shelter. She ran down the verandah and ducked behind a brick pillar, where she continued firing back at the yellow flashes that stabbed out of the night.

When the magazine was empty, she raced back to the bomb shelter and their eldest son, Derek, loaded the magazine for her. She then took a 303 rifle and fired this until it was empty, then swooping for the sub-machinegun again. During this time she managed to hit and kill one of the terrorists with the sub-machinegun.

I had to draw fire away from the bomb shelter, Leena recalls. "When you've got kids you think of them, you don't consider yourself."

"The thing that really worried me is that if they were to kill myself, Norman and the 'Bright Light', what would they then do to those kids—they couldn't fight back against 36 terrorists."

"We were prepared for a fight to the bitter end," the couple agree.

The terrorists withdrew a short distance, and fired 16 mortar bombs at the house, fortunately not hitting it, although some of the blasts were very close. At one stage, as they withdrew further, they fired a mortar from about 800 m away, and it landed only 20 m from the house.

"Every time a bomb exploded, the whole house shook," Leena says.

The end of the attack was heralded by the arrival of security force aircraft over the house, and the family knew then that help was on the way and they were safe. They were very grateful for this. Says Leena, with masterly understatement: "It was one heck of a relief to hear help coming."

The following story by veteran Associated Press foreign correspondent Michael Goldsmith vividly portrays the typical black tyrant who rules with dictatorial power every country in black Africa. Since nowhere in Africa is there redress against these petty dictators who hold life and death power over every human being in their country, the white Rhodesians can hardly be blamed for being apprehensive of bringing such a black ruler into their own country.

FOUR WEEKS OF HELL AS "GUEST" OF AN EMPEROR

On my way to dinner with Grant Smith, deputy Chief of Mission at the American Embassy in Bangui, capital of the Central African Republic, I stopped off first at my hotel. Smith stayed in his car outside waiting for me.

As I entered the hotel lobby, four plainclothes policemen, all armed, arrested me. It was 9 p.m. on July 14.

Thus began four weeks of hell, imprisoned in the Central African Republic that included six days of agony handcuffed and often chained in a windowless cell, with wounds all over my body untreated and

badly infected, clothed only in underpants and with a rough concrete slab for a bed.

With Jonathan Randall of the Washington Post, I had spent four days in Bangui accumulating voluminous notes from interviews with diplomats, church leaders, U.S. Peace Corps workers and local officials.

I was unaware until my release four weeks later that Randall was also arrested that night but let go a week later.

The policemen who arrested me were uncommunicative. But from stray remarks, I understood I was suspected of being a South African secret agent. There was mention of a telex message I had sent earlier to the Associated Press bureau in Johannesburg.

The message contained some accidental garbles that appeared on the copy as unintelligible gibberish. Subsequent interrogation disclosed that the garbles were regarded by the police as secret coded messages for me to transmit to a South African agent in Bangui. I was repeatedly asked to identify this non-existent agent.

The police took me back upstairs to my hotel room, threw my belongings in my suitcase and then tried, unsuccessfully, to dismantle the hotel radio built into the bedside table. They thought it was a secret transmitter.

In handcuffs, I was driven 100 km to Berengo, birthplace and residence of Emperor Bokassa.

MILLIONS

Bokassa was the subject of my routine news assignment to the country—a story about the former French Colonial army sergeant who had proclaimed himself Emperor and was spending millions of dollars on his coronation, scheduled for December 4.

For half an hour I stood outdoors in the palace compound flanked by policemen.

A small group slowly approached me on foot and in the centre, I recognized Bokassa, carrying the

heavy embossed stick he uses as a symbol of his majesty.

I had tried in vain to interview him, and was somewhat elated because I felt a few words with him could clear up all misunderstandings.

The group stopped in front of me. Bokassa looked at me wordlessly, with an evil glint in his eye. I bowed respectfully and said: "Your Majesty." They were my last words for 24 hours.

Without warning Bokassa raised his stick and brought it down with full force on the left side of my forehead, opening a gaping wound and causing me to fall unconscious to the ground.

DARK CELL

Later, I came to lying on the ground being brutally kicked by Bokassa and members of his group.

Seconds later, I mercifully lapsed into unconsciousness. I remained unconscious until the middle of the following afternoon, July 15, when I woke up handcuffed in a small dark cell, with blood pouring from my head and from a dozen smaller wounds elsewhere on my body.

Only 10 days later did I realize that I had been driven back to Bangui during the night and was in the central prison there.

The heavy steel door to my cell was opened once a day, when guards brought a bowl of water and some manioc. Whenever the door was opening I pleaded in French with the guards for medical attention or for access to an official of the U.S. Embassy.

I am a British citizen and was handicapped by the fact that my own government has no diplomatic representation in Bangui.

On July 16 the prison commander, Maj. Ngongo, deliberately tightened the handcuffs over an open wound on my badly swollen left wrist. At the same time, he ordered my legs chained.

Apart from Ngongo's jeers and jibes over my un-

successful alleged espionage mission, there were no further attempts to interrogate me until after Bokassa had ordered my release on August 11.

Ngongo continually accused me of being a South African.

On July 22, Bokassa's own medical orderly appeared to give me the first treatment since my arrest. He put six stitches in my forehead wound, cleaned up others and gave me penicillin and anti-tetanus injections.

He returned daily to give me treatment until August 1. He may have saved my life.

MOTHER

I pleaded with him to be allowed to send a message to my wife Roxanne and to my aged mother living in London. My requests were ignored.

The cell was infested with rats, giant cockroaches, lizards and malaria mosquitoes that attacked me in clouds every night.

During those night hours, I was locked in and had no access to the walled outer area. That area was broken by an open sewer carrying evil-smelling filth to the nearby Oubangi River.

On the morning of August 11, I was taken out of the cell for the first time, and driven to see Foreign Minister Michel Gbezera-Bria.

He greeted me with warmth, shook my handcuffed hand and introduced me to a special envoy of President Omar Bongon of Gabon, chairman of the Organization for African Unity, who apparently had been sent to Bangui to inquire about my condition.

Then without further explanation or discussion, I was taken back to my cell.

On the evening of the following day the cell door was opened and I was ordered to get dressed. The police drove me back to Berengo, where Ministers of Bokassa's royal Cabinet read me an exchange of telegrams between the Emperor and my wife. They said

Bokassa was so moved by her appeal on my behalf that he had decided to release me.

Bokassa appeared and spoke to me sternly and without interruption for more than two hours, insisting on the vital role played by my wife in obtaining my release and accusing me repeatedly of espionage and of insulting him personally in my dispatch on the forthcoming coronation.

Bokassa said I would spend the next two days under "police protection" in the Safari Hotel and would then leave for Paris on the first available plane.

On August 14, I was told the Emperor wanted to see me again, in Berengo. The police chief who originally engineered my arrest drove me to the royal palace. But instead of taking me before Bokassa, they took a typewritten protocol of all my activities in Bangui.

TWIST

They tried to twist my replies to incriminate diplomats and others in my "espionage" activities. When I protested, came the sharp question: "Do you want to go back to prison?" The interrogation continued for six hours.

In the end, I was forced to sign the document they had composed. I managed to avoid seriously incriminating anyone, although I could not deny facts recorded in my notes.

I was later taken into the Emperor's presence in his ornate salon, surrounded by some 20 of his children and a dozen or so of his Ministers.

He spoke to me without interruption for three hours while the children and Ministers—including Prime Minister Ange Patasse—sat in spellbound silence.

He repeatedly insisted that the love of my wife had saved my life, and said he henceforth would regard us both as members of his entourage. The non-stop discourse ranged over his entire career and was punc-

tuated by assertions of his absolute and unlimited power.

With the plane already on the ground and waiting for me in Bangui, Bokassa took leave of me—kissing me three times on each cheek.—Iana-A.P.

Chapter Six

Escalating Terror

On Saturday August 6, 1977, an hour before this author opened the Unofficial American Embassy in Rhodesia, Mrs. Eileen Lilan Mayor, aged fifty-one, her daughter Gillian Janice Mayor, twenty-three, an attractive receptionist in a Salisbury business office, and her son Donald Brenin Mayor, sixteen, left their comfortable home on Cork Road in the affluent Belgravia section of town. It was 11:30 in the morning, and they had some last-minute shopping to do at the local Woolworth's store in preparation for a family weekend. Donald Mayor told his wife Eileen not to be long and watched them drive away. It was the last time he would ever see them.

For on this day, Robert Mugabe and his ZANU faction of the Patriotic Front chose to launch a new phase of the terror war in Rhodesia, urban terrorism. The capital city of Salisbury was chosen for this new wave of mindless, senseless killing of innocent people. Sixty pounds of Russian-manufactured TNT was fashioned

into a time bomb and placed in the package department of Woolworth's, set to go off just before the busy closing hour. It exploded at 12:15 P.M., when the store was filled with last-minute weekend shoppers.

Eleven people were killed and seventy-six hurt in this Salisbury carnage.

Hundreds of shoppers ran screaming and bleeding from the devastated store on the corner of Pioneer and Bank Streets and from nearby shops as bricks, glass, and debris sprayed up to 150 yards away.

In panic, some people tried to jump from the second floor to get clear. The blast, caused by this parcel bomb, was the worst bombing incident by terrorists in Salisbury since the war flared up five years ago. Not only Europeans but coloureds, as the half-black, half-white population of Rhodesia is known, Asians, and Africans were among the badly hurt casualties.

Two of the dead African women were pregnant. Two children also died in the holocaust. Twenty-four ambulances were called in to transport the injured and dead to the nearby hospitals. A trail of blood ran 170 yards down the street ending in a pool from which a mangled casualty was taken. The mayor of Salisbury, Councillor Ronald Cowan, arrived at the scene with the police and fire trucks. Deeply shocked the mayor said, as he surveyed the grisly scene, "I hope the people who did this realize what a destruction it is to humanity. What human being can do this mass carnage?" Then he added, "I hope the world takes notice of this disaster by people of evil intent. If this was done by people from across our borders, it is time they left our country alone." Describing this "slaughter" of the innocent, the mayor was reminded of British Foreign Secretary Dr. Owen's recent remarks about the terrorists in which he said, "They are men of goodwill who have been driven to extremes."

One can only wonder what Dr. Owen thought of his

men of goodwill when he was informed of the bombing.

It was a bloodbath. There was not a complete body on the second floor where the bomb went off. A coloured girl with a large gash across her middle, her clothes burned away, lay on a counter. A man without a head sprawled at the top of the stairs. Legs and arms were everywhere. The force of the blast burned the skin off many victims. A hardened patrol officer described his first sight of the scene: "It was like a river of blood outside the store. I've never seen anything like it." Another policeman said, "I walked up the stairs and I saw a pair of men's calf-length boots. I went up a few steps and I saw that the feet and half of the legs were in them. They had landed together like a complete pair."

A seventeen-year-old college girl, Karen Hughes, who wanted to be a nurse was on the ground floor of Woolworth's when the blast occurred. She was injured but heroically gave first aid treatment to more than a dozen casualties before she was herself taken to the hospital for treatment, burned, cut by flying glass and with two damaged eardrums, one of them perforated. As Karen put one of the injured African women into an ambulance, the woman looked up dazed, and said, "Hey madam, I was only doing my shopping."

Repeatedly the survivors talked about the flow of blood coming down the stairs. One shop assistant, who described being shocked and panicked by the blast, ran to the stairs, and reported, "Blood was running down so fast it went over my shoes. There were bits of people there, too."

A police officer at the scene, grimacing at the smell of death, which hung over the shop a day later, remarked, "You can get used to death and blood in the operational area, but when you see it here, it is really

disgusting. What kind of animal has a mind warped enough to do this?"

The "warped animal" quickly made himself known. From Mozambique Robert Mugabe claimed credit for the blast in the name of his ZANU party. The black nationalist leaders in Rhodesia, Bishop Abel Muzorewa and Senator Chief Chirau, and the Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole, all condemned the terrorist bombing. The day after it occurred Bishop Muzorewa visited Bulawayo to be greeted by outbreaks of violence in the city's townships, instigated by Nkomo terrorists, in which twenty-two people were injured, two seriously, and one was killed.

Joshua Nkomo, who had just left a two-day meeting with Fidel Castro in Cuba, at which the dispatch of troops and arms to his ZAPU faction of the Patriotic Front had been discussed, obviously felt upstaged. He announced that the Woolworth's blast was set off by Rhodesian security forces in an effort to discredit the Patriotic Front. It is an indication of the terrorist mentality that Nkomo was afraid he would lose prestige from his army of terrorists for having allowed the ZANU faction to be the first to pull off a stunt like the Woolworth's bombing.

However, Nkomo's ZAPU terrorists quickly responded to the challenge. On Tuesday afternoon, August 9, a group of terrorists attacked a defenseless mission, St. Paul's mission hospital in the Lupane district, where they murdered a woman mission doctor, fifty-nine-year-old German-born Dr. Johanna Decker, and an Austrian-born Catholic sister, Ferdinande Ploner, fifty-four. First the terrorists stole all the money from a beer hall near St. Paul's mission and took a total of $210 from small native stores nearby. Then they entered the mission hospital. Dr. Decker was in the dispensary actually treating a patient. The only

medical attention the Africians in these remote areas receive is from the mission hospitals.

The terrorists ordered Dr. Decker out of the dispensary and asked her for money. Sister Ferdinande who was in the maternity ward where several women were in labour was also ordered out by the terrorists who made her and Dr. Decker lead them to where the money was kept. Shouting curses, the terrorists beat Sister Ferdinande and knocked her to the floor several times as they were leading the terrorists to where the cash box used to collect out patient fees was kept.

Dr. Decker gave the terrorists all the money in the cash box and was then led to the back entrance of the hospital. About five yards from the hospital as she reached a tall tree, the terrorists opened up on Dr. Decker killing her with their AK47 assault rifles. They then escorted Sister Ferdinande about 75 yards from where Dr. Decker was shot. The terrorists opened up with bursts of automatic fire on Sister Ferdinande. Eight bullets were found in her body.

The terrified patients in the hospital rushed for the bush. Three women who were in labour had their babies in the bushes. There was a total of 40 women in the maternity ward.

For more than 20 years Dr. Decker had travelled around the Rhodesian countryside treating Africans at many mission hospitals. Both Africans and the European sisters who had known Dr. Decker for years said she was the kindest person any of them had ever met.

Rhodesians ask themselves and visiting Americans why the Anglo-American negotiators, Dr. David Owen and Cyrus Vance, U.S. Secretary of State, and of course the "éminence noir" of the Carter administration, Andrew Young, continue to insist that the perpetrators of such atrocities be considered as prospective controllers of the new government of Rhodesia or Zimbabwe. The

suggestion that terrorists who could cold-bloodedly murder women like Dr. Decker and Sister Ferdinande should be integrated into peacekeeping security forces whose job it is to maintain law and order appalls Rhodesians, black and white alike.

Prime Minister Ian Smith expressed the attitude of the Rhodesians when he condemned the failure of the British and United States governments to castigate these terrorist atrocities in Rhodesia. Their very silence on the recent terrorist acts in Rhodesia seems to indicate that they encourage such deeds, and this encouragement is indeed reflected in the stepped-up rate and intensity of the Patriotic Front's outrages.

As Ian Smith said, "This savage murder in Lupane of two defenseless women who had given their lives in the cause of helping the African people of Rhodesia is the latest in a long list of barbaric deeds perpetrated by the Russian-armed terrorists of ZAPU. These cold-blooded murderers were acting on direct orders from Joshua Nkomo, joint leader of the Patriotic Front. The very silence on the part of the United States ambassador to the United Nations on the subject of these atrocities, is a clear-cut signal to the Patriotic Front that he is, as he always said he would be, behind them." Ian Smith's final remarks were, "Dr. Owen and Mr. Vance are about to have a meeting to discuss the future of Rhodesia. I hope they'll start by searching their consciences with particular reference to their support of the leaders of the Marxist murderers who have committed these acts of brutal terrorism."

On Saturday August 13 another bomb was set off in Salisbury in the rear of an eleven-story office tower. Despite the stringent precautions being taken, a terrorist was able to plant the bomb in a toilet next to the city's newest shopping arcade. Once again the bomb was timed to go off at the height of the Saturday afternoon weekend rush. Fortunately no one was injured al-

though the windows on every floor of Chancellor House were shattered. That same day a cattle rancher, Alexander Barclay, thirty-nine, was ambushed and murdered by terrorists near Bulawayo, again the Nkomo area of terrorist activities.

On Monday August 15, a young engaged couple, Christopher Hales, twenty, and Kathleen Chesworth, nineteen, were shot dead at high noon in the pickup truck which they had driven to the family property about fifteen miles from Bulawayo. The same day, another terrorist ploy revealed itself—placing land mines in game reserves.

An American hunter, Gaylan Lange, aged forty-five, of Lancing, Illinois, hit a land mine while driving with a professional hunter who was accompanying him. They were lucky. Lange suffered a broken jaw and his companion Edgar Cooper, thirty-four, sustained fractured ankles. At least they were not killed. The Nkomo faction of the Patriotic Front was fast catching up with the score of eleven dead in the Woolworth's bombing.

On the same day that these two atrocities were announced Joshua Nkomo turned up in Washington D.C. Nkomo announced that Cyrus Vance had assured him that Britain and the United States would not accept a settlement of the Rhodesia problem which excluded national groups based outside the country. Nkomo had a forty-five-minute meeting with Vance who, he said, made it clear to him that America and Britain had no intention whatsoever of accepting any internal settlement. The fact that terrorists like Nkomo are welcome in Washington while a black moderate Rhodesian leader like Senator Chief Chirau is not even allowed into the United States will result in many future atrocities in Rhodesia.

On Wednesday August 17, Nkomo added two more to his score. He still had a long way to go to catch up with the spectacular bombing of the Woolworth's store

by the Mugabe faction. However, he was determined not to let Mugabe get any further ahead of him. Thus a gang of terrorists, armed with AK rifles, burst into a clinic in the Tribal Trust Lands in the ZAPU section of Rhodesia and gunned down an African nursing sister in cold blood as she was ministering to the needs of the tribesmen of the area.

Anyone administering the white man's medicine has been declared a sellout by Nkomo. Thus Sister Eveline Matema Ntundu was murdered in Matabeleland. Sister Eveline was an African woman dedicated to helping African people.

The Patriotic Front has declared that schools are also tools of the sellouts. Thus, at the same time Sister Eveline was being murdered, another group of Nkomo terrorists raided the Gomoza School which is administered by the Roman Catholic Church. The school is close to St. Paul's mission where Dr. Decker was killed a week previously. The ZAPU terrorists forced the pupils to stack their schoolbooks on benches in the various classrooms. Then the gang soaked the books and benches with gasoline and set them on fire. The students were threatened with reprisals if they attended school. Ten percent of the nongovernment schools for African students in Rhodesia have been closed down so far this year.

Going into the last week in August the score run up by the terrorists against the Rhodesian school system for the year was fairly impressive. Twenty African teachers have been murdered by terrorists as a direct result of the escalating terrorist campaign to disrupt education in the rural areas. A further nine African teachers have been abducted. In 1977 alone, 356 primary schools and 11 secondary schools have been closed, while 55,893 primary school children have lost their places in school. Nobody knows how many thousands of children have not even enrolled for primary

school as a result of the terror. Primary school teachers unemployed now number 1,599.

Eleven secondary schools have been closed and 2,865 secondary pupils are no longer studying. One hundred and forty secondary school teachers are out of work, and 514 secondary school children have been abducted so far this year. This is the age group that the terrorists are particularly interested in. The girls are already old enough to be forced into concubinage. The boys are just the right age to be dragooned into the terrorist army where they either join the Patriotic Front and carry out the atrocities demanded of them, or, as Nkomo recently demonstrated, they are executed.

African parents hoping for their children to become educated men and women are in despair. The destruction of the schools and the waste of the parents hard-earned money, the terrifying of the children, the interruption and possibly cessation of their education are all being brought about by the leaders of the Patriotic Front, whose efforts are repeatedly rewarded by the U.S. and British governments in the form of promises and guarantees. As one parent observed, "The longer our children are out of school, the more they will lose. No matter how good our educational system is, and our Rhodesian system is unquestionably the best in Africa, it cannot help children make up the precious years they've lost—the best learning years of their lives."

As an African educator in Rhodesia said at the end of August, "Great changes are being planned for the future, and Africans will be called upon to play a much greater part in the affairs of the country, but what chance will those children now out of school have in later years? What jobs will they get? What part will they be able to play in local and national affairs?"

The secretary for African education, A. J. Smith, added, "My only objective is to give to the innocent

African children of this country the education they need and deserve. What do the terrorists offer?"

It is interesting to note that in the year 1976, terrorist activities resulted in the closure of ten primary schools, all in the African area, the burning to death of one school supervisor and the deaths of thirteen African headmasters and teachers.

EYEWITNESS ATROCITY REPORT BY ROBIN MOORE

Smoke was still rising from the modern brick burned-out African houses in the worker's compound of the Odzani Junction Farm. I walked to the end of the compound and as grisly a sight as I have seen in the course of covering four wars greeted me. In the middle of a litter of corpses lay a dead woman, her body swollen with child, her dress covered with blood.

Closer inspection revealed that she had been bayoneted through the abdomen by a member of the gang of Patriotic Front "freedom fighters" who had raided the village on Saturday night, August 20, as the workers were drinking beer and celebrating their good fortune at working for one of the most enlightened Rhodesian farmers in the country, Marius Sleigh.

Beside the pregnant woman was the body of an eight-year-old boy who had been shot and bayoneted. The bodies lay where the killings had taken place, one young man with half his head shot away. This, of course, is a speciality of the Mugabe faction of the Patriotic Front. The ugly wounds from the terrorists' "pig-stickers" were apparent on most of the bodies. Obviously, given free license by their leaders to kill at will as brutally as they desired, the blood-crazed Patriotic Front fighters went amuck in a revel of murder preceded by torture. I counted fourteen bodies in all, one burned almost beyond recognition. The victim had

been forced into one of the burning round houses, its conical thatched roof in flames.

A platoon of about twenty-six Patriotic Front "soldiers" split into two squads to carry out simultaneous attacks on the farmer's homestead and the African kraal.

A small group of survivors of the massacre returned to the compound as I arrived to inspect the carnage. Most of them were young women with babies strapped to their backs. They told how the terrorists arrived wearing dark clothing and armed with guns, and forced people from their huts and beat them.

One woman said, "Then they came across the beer drink and fired at the people. Some were hit in the back, some managed to escape into the cotton fields. Then they set the huts on fire. Everybody was screaming. They did not say why they had come to attack us or who they were. We were very happy before this."

The terrorists attacked the Sleigh homestead with small arms and grenades, but the fire was mainly inaccurate. Marius Sleigh and his son Cornell, sixteen, a pupil at Umtali Boys High School who had just been home two days on holiday, fought the terrorists off. Cornell, recalling the evening before, said, "I've only been home for two days. It was quite an exciting return. I fired a sten gun and didn't feel nervous at all. It was OK. But the scene at the compound. That was something else. That was just terrible."

Just before my arrival at Odzani, a girl of eight with a bullet wound through her leg was found hiding in the bush a mile and a half away from the massacre scene. "She crawled away to safety through the cotton fields," a police officer explained. "She lay in fear and in pain until we found her this morning."

Sleigh, a tobacco and cotton farmer and cattle rancher originally from South Africa, spoke emotionally about his labor force. Behind him lay the bodies of

his workers and their families, and the smoking kraal. The terrorists set every building in the compound on fire before leaving.

Sleigh had a labor force thirty-five strong. "I have been here for twenty-five years and two of the chaps who are now dead were with me the whole of that period," he said. "Several others had been with me for eighteen years or more. They were a very stable lot. There have been four or five farm attacks in this area in recent months; they have never left me."

Ironically, Sleigh was just finishing the erection of a security fence around his compound. "If the terrorists had come one day later, the fencing would have been completed," he said. "I rather think the terrorists were after the fencing gang."

Sleigh went on to describe the scene when he arrived at his farm workers' kraal. "We went down to the compound together," he said, referring to the security forces who quickly arrived on the scene. "It was a terrible sight. There were people crawling all over the place. Some were dying and there were people screaming in the cotton fields. I cannot imagine how people can do this sort of thing to other human beings."

An experienced security forces' officer who had been on the scene from the first, described the massacre as appalling. "I cannot believe how anyone can kill little children like this," he said. "They were not harming anyone. They were completely innocent."

"And still no response from the American president or the United States ambassador to the United Nations, those self-professed champions of human rights," a minister of the government observed bitterly. "As long as such tacit approval is forthcoming from America and Britain we can count on Mugabe and Nkomo to continue stepping up the atrocities we've experienced this turbulent month of August."

Chapter Seven

Anatomy of a Terrorist

"We have no one on our side. But we are on the side of the people. But the people are against us. Everyone is against us. We represent no one. But we do represent the people. And the people are everyone. And they are for us even if they don't know it. But these people are against us . . ."

This was originally said by a young Russian Communist zealot during the Russian Revolution of 1918 prior to massacring, in a fit of frustration, a village of people who did not understand and mistrusted the Communist ideology.

It is as true of the "freedom fighters" in Rhodesia today who nightly murder the ordinary tribesmen as it was of the Bolshoviks, the North Korean "liberators," and the North Vietnamese National Liberation Front.

The terrorist is Morrison Nyati (his real name). He's twenty-six years old and was born in the Mt. Darwin area of the northern part of Rhodesia. He went through his standard six years at school, could read and write, and was above average in intelligence. Morrison was abducted in 1973 by terrorists. He was sleeping in his kraal when the terrorists came in at night and took him away. There were thirty-two terrorists in the group divided into two sections. The terrorists fired RPG rounds (rocket-propelled grenades) into the kraal and then took Morrison, his wife, and a number of other young men and women, threatening to kill them and their parents if they did not come with the terrorists.

In all a group of ninety young men and women were taken from their villages that night. Marched out of the village, they were told that they were going to cross the Zambezi River.

A bus would be waiting to take them to Tanzania where they would be trained in terrorist tactics. They would also be taught how to drive an automobile or truck. Later, they were promised that when Rhodesia was taken over by "our" army, they would be privileged men.

Actually their first stop was Mozambique. Security forces quickly picked up the spoor of the terrorists but, as Morrison says, "unfortunately they did not catch up with us" and he was doomed to become part of the terrorist movement.

In Mozambique there was no food and no transport. They were hungry, and tired, but every time they lagged behind they were beaten and threatened, so they kept going. They continued walking north and finally reached the Zambezi River. There they were given clothing and all taken across the river in boats. They reached the town of Mapapa, where they met a group

of FRELIMO soldiers, the Mozambique terrorists who were fighting the white Portuguese colonial government.

These FRELIMOs were also short of food and they detained the women, including Morrison's wife, who had come out of the villages in Rhodesia. The Rhodesian terrorists and FRELIMOs separated the men from the women and continued to march the men north to a training centre in the town of Chuifumbi in the northern part of Mozambique close to the Zambian border. It was the last Morrison would ever see of his wife. He was told that she was murdered because she refused to become the concubine of the FRELIMO commander. They called her a sellout and shot her. Of the ninety villagers that had been abducted by the terrorists, twenty-four were women, the rest young men. The youngest member of the group was thirteen and the oldest thirty-two. The group had been assembled from raiding all the kraals in the area, in the manner of the old slave-trading days. The women were appropriated by FRELIMO and ZANU officers and the training of the young men began.

At 5:30 every morning they took physical training until 8:30. Then until the 1:00 P.M. lunch hour they were lectured on communism and politics. More political indoctrination took place in the afternoons and evenings. Soon they were believing everything they were told about communism and looking forward to getting into the fight. As Morrison said, none of them knew what it would be like when they got out into the field. They were told they would be given guns, they would be important, and they would have the privilege of killing the sellouts.

Morrison reiterated that they were never told about the efficiency of the Rhodesian Security Forces, how they operated and how many terrorists were caught or killed. They were told that they could attack the se-

curity forces easily and that they would soon win the war.

After a month of intensive political indoctrination they were taught how to handle the Russian SKS and AK-47 assault rifles and how to handle explosives. They soon learned to assemble and disassemble the weapons and how to fire from the prone position and the standing positions. They were taught how to run with their assault rifles, how to shoot them, and how to use the bayonet, a specialty with the terrorists. After a period of several weeks they were divided into small groups and taught other specialties. One group was taught how to plant land mines and booby traps, another one to use the mortar, another the heavy machine gun, and another, how to run through the bush firing the assault rifles. Morrison's section specialized in land mines and booby-trapping.

Morrison received his training from Chinese and African instructors. He was taught how to carry a land mine and how to put the detonator in. But as his training went on he found himself and his comrades in the midst of the quarrel between Joshua Nkomo's Zambian supported ZAPU faction and the Mugabe ZANU faction. There was a natural hatred between black Rhodesians and Zambians anyway, and as Morrison said, "We don't eat off the same plate as the Zambians."

The Zambian president, Kenneth Kaunda, had long championed Joshua Nkomo but Morrison's group were indoctrinated to be loyal to ZANU, and soon they split up, the ZANU faction leaving Zambia and going back to Mozambique which by now was in chaos with the Portuguese pulling out as a result of the Communist coup d'etat in Portugal. The FRELIMOs were beginning to take over under their leader Samora Machel.

Back in Mozambique Morrison Nyati met Russians, Chinese, and Cubans who came to visit the terrorist training centers. Morrison was a promising terrorist

and tapped for leadership. As a result his training was more extensive than ordinary terrorist training. Besides weapons instruction, he studied first aid and then more advanced skills such as laying out ambushes and fighting with a bayonet, and of course he was subjected to constant political doctrination. Finally, at the end of six months, his training was complete.

Morrison made his first trip into Rhodesia with about ninety other terrorists. Once across the border they separated into sections of about twenty each and their orders were to coerce the local people into the thinking of the terrorists, namely Marxist Socialist doctrine. Morrison said it was very difficult to convince people in 1974. Many of them did not even know what a terrorist was. The terrorists tried to explain that the people of Rhodesia must be free and the Marxist leaders of ZANU would bring them that freedom. It puzzled, annoyed, and frustrated Morrison and his fellow terrorists that the people could not understand what they meant when they called themselves "freedom fighters." Nevertheless, Morrison and his fellow terrorists persevered. They soon found that the Communist doctrine of terrorism paid off, intimidating people into at least not cooperating with the government at first and finally into listening to their political lectures. His success was such that he was made a provincial intelligence officer, under the operational commander whose name was Mrewa. There were twenty-five terrorists in this section. As an intelligence secretary, somewhat equivalent to a political commissar, he had the right to challenge any section commander.

Food was always on the minds of the terrorists and once, while Mrewa was surrounded by his section planning a food foraging expedition, a spotter plane flew over them. Although they did not know it, the plane had seen them and radioed their position. Since it was a hot day, they all decided to have a swim, and while

they were in the water swimming four helicopters flew over them. The last helicopter spotted Mrewa, Morrison, and his group, turned and began firing at them.

The section commander, Mrewa, gave orders for all the terrorists to run away. At this point, Morrison challenged the authority of Mrewa and in his role as commissar ordered the terrorists not to run away but to stay and fight because the area was clear and if they did run away, they would easily be picked off by security forces or the helicopters. In the ensuing conflict Mrewa ran for a rocky hill where he hoped to find cover but was killed by security forces who had moved up close to the section.

Morrison fought back at first but gathered nine of his men and escaped from the contact. They picked up three more of their men and that made a section of twelve. The rest, he was sure, were all dead. Morrison admitted to having been extremely frightened during this contact. They watched from a hill as the security forces who had made contact with them were lifted out of the area by helicopter. Morrison went on to fight in many contacts over the next three years.

Morrison Nyati frankly discussed how the terrorist recruits just out of training are taught that the security forces are not efficient and don't really know the tactics of fighting in the bush. They are regular soldiers qualified in fighting European type wars, the terrorist leaders teach. The neophyte terrorists believe that they will easily ambush and kill security forces. That's why the terrorists when they first cross the border have such high morale. They are convinced that they will not be tracked down by the security forces. Once inside Rhodesia the terrorists are divided into small sections with section commanders who have broad authority to deal with the local people as they see fit. The section commanders have been deeply indoctrinated into the Patriotic Front aims and ideals. They are also convinced

that the people are with them. They feel that the people truly consider them freedom fighters, fighters for the freedom of the people of the new Zimbabwe. Thus when they come into kraals and villages and find to their surprise that the locals are sullen and unresponsive to their teachings, they take to killing them in as savage a way as possible.

This same phenomenon, the indoctrinating of false beliefs, was frequently seen in both the Korean and Vietnam wars. In both cases the Communists coming from the North had been led to believe that they would be welcomed as liberators by the South Koreans in 1950–51, and the South Vietnamese between 1964 and 1970. As the frustration of the Communist zealots built up, so did the savagry they displayed in their killing and torturing of civilians. The Communist indoctrination of terrorists has a giveaway uniformity that can be spotted immediately. The best that can be said about this type of indoctrination is that when a company of Communist terrorists moves in on some locals, it doesn't kill a "sellout" without first trying to "teach" him. However, when the locals appear to get tired of the lecturing by the political commissar, then certainly it is fair to kill them.

By the time Morrison was captured, in the early part of 1977, he had over 100 men in his command. He was considered an up-and-coming member of the ZANU military structure and actually stayed in the same house with Robert Mugabe, Rex Nhongo, and the so-called chief of staff, General Tongogara. He knew these leaders well and has had long discussions with them on the conduct of the terrorist war and the political structure that the Patriotic Front will bring to Rhodesia if it takes over power.

The white man will either flee or be massacred. A straight Marxist socialist system will be put into effect patterned after the Mozambique system of Samora

Machel. Morrison knew his first twinges of concern at this since it was perfectly obvious that the population of Mozambique was starving and only the commissars and officers of high rank had adequate food to eat. However, since Morrison would be a high ranking commissar in the new Zimbabwe, he wasn't as concerned as he might have been. When they all came to power he was assured he would be given a nice house in, say, Borrowdale or Highlands, two of the more affluent sections of Salisbury and he would have a better salary and better living conditions than he had ever dreamed of.

Morrison Nyati remembers vividly those days he spent with Mugabe in Maputo, Mozambique. As Morrison puts it, Mugabe told him, "I think it is very very good to have a president like myself because I understand your problems and you understand my problems. I understand what you need and you understand what I need. If I became president tomorrow and I am your boss, and you go to Zimbabwe after I have taken over as president, it won't be the way it was before you joined ZANU when you were getting $10 a month being a garden boy. When I take power you'll get more than $400 because you will be my soldier. None of the local civilians will have better pay than you; you will be almost at the top of the pay scale."

Morrison Nyati admitted that he and many like him felt quite inspired when Mugabe was talking to them directly, and they were certain that all the promises he made were going to come about. "But then once you get to the front you are fighting security forces, your friends die, and you look at their bodies and you are suffering, you have nowhere to sleep, no blankets and you are comparing yourself with the local tribesman who is living in a kraal and is leading a better life than you are because you are always on the run, always

looking for food. That's when you find everything is different from what Mugabe tells you."

Morrison said that Mugabe told him and all of his soldiers that the sellouts must be killed. He used the comparison of one rotten tomato in a basket. "If you don't get rid of it quickly the others will rot as well. So a sellout is just a bad tomato; you've got to pull him off and shoot him so that these other people will live in peace." Their instructions were to kill the sellouts in any way that they saw fit. Many of the terrorists enjoyed killing and did it sometimes unnecessarily because killing was what they liked doing.

It was in his home area around Mt. Darwin that Morrison was captured. He had a group of thirty-five terrorists with him when they were spotted by a helicopter as they were trying to kill game to eat. The helicopter fired at them and killed six of his men. Then ground forces were directed to his location. Realizing that he would die if he tried to fight—he was almost alone—he just took off his rifle and his webbing and ammunition pouches, threw them down, and stood in an open field where he was soon captured by ground forces.

The troops treated him well, immediately offered him cigarettes and food, and for the first time in several years, he said he felt at home. He was evacuated by helicopter to the security forces headquarters at Mt. Darwin, and at the present moment is a valuable adjunct to their intelligence operations. Morrison reports that the terrorist leadership thinks he is dead, and that is why he is not afraid of reprisals.

The insight he gives into the high command of the ZANU branch of the Patriotic Front is particularly illuminating. The terrorist military chief, Tongogara, told him that when he joined the high command he was convinced that Rex Nhongo was trying to kill Mugabe and succeed him himself as president of ZANU. Ton-

gogara and Rex Nhongo are bitter rivals in the bid to succeed Mugabe. Both are convinced that Mugabe will not last long. The loss of his malehood automatically disqualifies him for leadership of a tribally-oriented African society. Morrison's most interesting observation was that all the time the terrorists were going through training in Mozambique, they were made aware of the fact that their ultimate enemy was the ZAPU element of the Patriotic Front, that once the white man had been driven from power, the real war would start between ZANU and ZAPU for final ascendancy in Zimbabwe.

An exceptionally intelligent man, it did not take Morrison Nyati long to realize that the only possibility for peace in Zimbabwe must come through an internal solution totally exclusive of the Patriotic Front. As soon as one of the African leaders currently residing in Rhodesia is able to assume ascendancy in a moderate black-oriented government, the lies that Mugabe has been telling his terrorists will become apparent. There will still be fighting, Morrison concedes, but the Patriotic Front will not survive in a country that offers full opportunities to blacks and has a black president.

The racial context of the battle that Mugabe's terrorists are waging conceals their ultimate goal, Nyati avows. All the time Morrison was fighting with them it was assumed that the question was not just getting the white man out of power and the black man in power, but putting the ZANU faction, entirely made up of Mashona tribesmen, into power and destroying Nkomo's rival ZAPU, faction composed of Matabele tribesmen. The white man is merely incidental at this point in the struggle for the new Zimbabwe.

Chapter Eight

Strategic Southern Africa

Southern Africa, in the last ten years, has become one of the most strategically important areas in the world. All the major powers, and in particular the USSR, are focusing their attention upon it. Rhodesia, with its immense mineral and agricultural wealth, is the key to a complete domination of southern Africa by the Communist forces.

The Western world, which has enjoyed the friendship of South Africa and benefited from its mineral wealth, seems to have lost track of the fact that it is well on the way to losing this vital area of the world to communism. The sea routes around the Cape of Good Hope have become the most congested in the world, and these routes, at one point only eighteen navigable miles in width, could easily be controlled by South Africa.

A visitor to Cape Town can be taken to a futuristic monitoring station and actually see on the screens every ship going by, both on the surface and under the

sea. After the 1967 Suez fiasco, which resulted in the canal being closed, all sea traffic between Europe and the United States, and the Middle East and Far East, had to be diverted around the Cape. Thus Europe and the United States, which depend on the Middle East for most of their oil, found themselves in a vulnerable position. In a war situation, even a cold war situation, control of the Cape by a power hostile to America would deprive both America and Europe of vital oil imports. Americans need only think back three years to the Arab oil embargo when motorists waited hours to get gasoline and gas rationing seemed to be impending, to realize what the loss of South Africa would mean to them personally.

Even with the reopening of the Suez Canal, the volume of traffic around the Cape has not been significantly reduced. The huge supertankers still have to rely on the Cape route because they cannot negotiate the shallow, outdated Suez Canal. While there are plans to deepen the Canal and modernize it, this will take several more years. The Cape will always remain a major sea route. Furthermore, even if the Canal were modernized to the point where it could take these supertankers, it would still be bordered by politically unstable nations and in the event of war could be closed to all shipping as it was in 1967. The presence of Russian naval power in the Mediterranean is another factor which makes reliance on the Suez Canal route unsafe for Western shipping.

Furthermore, with the United States provoking the hostility of its once faithful ally Turkey, it risks giving Russia increasing dominance of the Mediterranean, even letting it become a Communist lake. The large ethnic Greek population in the U.S., which sees Greece as its real homeland, has greatly contributed to the deterioration of American-Turkish relations. Again we have the situation in the United States where citizens

are putting ethnic or racial considerations ahead of what is best for the welfare of the United States.

The strategic importance of the Cape shipping routes seems to be an important factor in Russian policy in Africa today. The Soviet Union has gradually been establishing port facilities for its ships on both the west and east coasts of Africa.

The Russians are extending their influence into the states that comprise the horn of Africa, too, because the control of this area enables any power to command the sea traffic passing through the Suez Canal. It should be a chilling realization to Americans and Europeans that port facilities which are increasingly becoming available to Soviet ships in Somalia, Tanzania, and Mozambique on the east coast of Africa, and Angola on the west coast, enable the Soviets to patrol the Indian and South Atlantic oceans and, in the event of war, to intercept all sea traffic rounding the Cape.

Rhodesia's foreign minister, P.K. Van der Byl, said in an address on 4 March 1977, "Their [the Communists] strategic objective is to dominate the whole of the Indian Ocean, thereby gaining control of the oil routes." Control of the oceans depends on land bases, and the ports of South Africa are ideally suitable for maritime operations in the Indian and South Atlantic oceans. With South Africa offering the United States bases in its strategic Cape area, it is some measure of the latter's over-emotional reaction to Southern Africa's internal policies that it is willing to spend billions of dollars denuding a small island in the Indian Ocean of its native population and building a highly vulnerable base there, rather than accept South Africa's offer.

Looking at a map of the southern hemisphere it is impossible not to be struck by the strategic significance of the Cape of Good Hope. It is located approximately at the center of a semicircle starting at Gibraltar, pass-

ing through the Malacca Straits and ending at Western Australia.

The Cape of South Africa is thus the key to the control of the southern hemisphere.

It is always difficult for individual Americans and Europeans to understand that their day-to-day lives and the well-being of their children can be affected by what happens in Africa. Yet the continuing tacit support being given to the ZAPU and ZANU terrorists by the current administration in Washington is fast eroding the possibilities of a peaceful settlement of the Rhodesian situation and contributing to a situation which can only lead to Rhodesia becoming another black Marxist dictatorship controlled by Russia. Then, via its Machiavellian choreography of black discontent the Communist world will eventually take over South Africa.

The Communist ideology has been gnawing away at the non-Communist world since Russia fell to Marxism in 1918. If it takes another fifty years to achieve the goal of total world domination set by Karl Marx, the Communists are willing to wait. Is the Western world prepared to leave the coming generations to the tender mercies of Marxist imperialism?

Militarily, the importance of South Africa's geographic location cannot be exaggerated. The modern naval base at Simonstown is ideal for operations in the South Atlantic and the Indian Ocean, and there are major ports at Cape Town and East London. There is a comprehensive and sophisticated network of communications extending from South Africa to Rhodesia which, together with the many air bases and up-to-date airfields, make the South Africa-Rhodesia complex one of the most important strategic areas for military operations on the globe.

No less significant is southern Africa's economical and industrial wealth. As the industrialized nations of

the West are becoming increasingly dependent on foreign sources of raw materials, southern Africa's role as a supplier of these strategic materials is becoming increasingly important. Just a few of the major minerals supplied by the Rhodesia-South Africa complex are as follows:

1) 75 percent of all the West's gold

2) 40 percent of all the West's gem quality diamonds

3) 95 percent of the free world's chrome, the two countries being the largest chrome ore producers in the West.

4) South Africa, together with the United States and Canada, is one of the three major uranium producers in the West. In addition South Africa and Rhodesia have vast resources of coal which can supply the world long after the reserves in the United States have run out.

When the Western powers smugly talk about sanctions against southern Africa being used as blackmail to force it to change internal policies, they seem to forget that southern Africa has a highly developed industrial economy that produces more than 80 percent of Africa's total industrial output, and that it is virtually self-sufficient in food. If, in the pursuit of sanctions and diplomatic and political reprisals, the so-called free world ended by effecting the turn over of control of South Africa and Rhodesia to a hostile power such as the USSR, the West would have deprived itself of these essential raw materials, as well as providing the enemy with the final stepping-stone to the conquest of America.

The USSR would then find itself in a position to exert an economic stranglehold on the West as the result of shortsighted and emotionally motivated free world statesmen thinking they are economically bludgeoning South Africa into giving up its sovereignty in favor of

principles espoused by American and British politicians which are failures in their own countries. It should be apparent that the loss of southern Africa to the Communists would be a decisive setback for the Western world, and one from which it might never recover, to the extent of being able to continue functioning in a more or less democratic fashion as it does now. In short, George Orwell's *1984* may indeed come about with brutal Marxist domination of the world by that date if the Western nations, in particular the United States and Britain, continue their efforts to bring down southern Africa.

An apt phrase erroneously attributed to Lenin although undoubtedly reflecting his basic thesis was that the capitalist countries could be undermined and eventually toppled by detaching them from the colonial areas. "The road to Paris and London lies through Calcutta and Bombay."

Alvin C. Rubenstein, Professor of Political Science at the University of Pensylvania, in his article "The Soviet Union's Imperial Policy in Africa" makes some of the most telling arguments and observations on this subject that have been published in 1977. He points out that in recent decades, firsthand experience in the Third World has taught Soviet leaders to modify Lenin's theory to conform with the changing constellation of historical forces at work there—but always within the overall framework of his theory.

Strategic considerations have now been dovetailed with widening ambitions by an increasingly confident and powerful Kremlin elite to advance Soviet interests in southern and eastern Africa. Intervention in Angola, directly and through the proxy of the Cubans, was a calculated move in Moscow's "forward policy" in the Third World.

By the 1960s the Soviet Union was establishing a permanent presence and influence in strategically piv-

total areas that had previously been outside the realm of its capabilities. As Professor Rubenstein points out, "The more closely Soviet diplomacy is examined, the more impressive is the speed and flexibility to the responses of its unfolding opportunities." Arms have helped widen and ease Soviet political access to Africa. The Soviets realized that there was no African proletariat, no well-organized Communist parties, no divisive Communist antagonisms, and that African states were heavily rural. These states were often ripped by tribal and ethnic feuds, and as often dissatisfied with colonial territorial divisions. Thus the Soviet Union, by assuming a major role as a supplier of weapons and advisors, has been ever ready over the years to exploit local rivalries, secessionist impulses, and national liberation movements seeking the end of European colonialism, and more recently white supremist regimes.

By 1974 Soviet commitments to southern Africa greatly increased. Until then the region was dominated by South Africa, Portugal, and Rhodesia. The independent black African states were weak and the prospects of various exile liberation movements based in Zambia, Tanzania, and Zaire were promising. The overthrow of the military dictatorship in Portugal on 25 April 1974 transformed the political situation in southern Africa with dramatic suddenness and led Moscow to intensify arms shipments, especially to the MPLA (Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola) and the FRELIMO (Front for the liberation of Mozambique). Both were Marxist-oriented political and military movements.

Portugal's decision to pull out of Africa after more than 500 years of colonial rule accelerated the decolonization process. With Soviet help the MPLA was able to organize and entrench itself in Luanda and await the influx of Soviet arms and Cuban troops. With the ar-

rival of this aid the Marxist forces soon took over Angola.

In Mozambique the Communist FRELIMO forces quickly took over in the void left by retreating Portugal, leaving only two more countries to be subverted by the Communists, Rhodesia and South Africa. Thus the Communist supplied, trained, and encouraged African nationalist movements are now concentrating on Rhodesia. When they have succeeded in placing a Moscow-orientated black rule in Rhodesia, they will be ready to descend upon their final plum, South Africa.

Moscow has been playing a waiting game, assisting the terrorist activity which intensifies daily as the rival black national liberation movements jockey for position and prestige and put to the test the capability of Ian Smith's government to hold out for terms favorable to it.

In 1977 Moscow went beyond being the arms peddler and propaganda disseminator for the so-called Patriotic Front. A festering Rhodesian situation highlighting American ineptness or vacillation, not only increases African dependence upon outside assistance, mainly Russian, but gives the black nationalists trained in Russia increasing opportunity to establish, through terrorism, their brand of minority black dictatorship directed from the Kremlin.

To reaffirm its support and take advantage of its newly acquired prestige, the Soviet government sent President Nicolai Podgorny on a state visit to Tanzania, Mozambique, and Zambia in late March. It is interesting that President Carter in August invited the president of Tanzania to advise him on how to solve the Rhodesian situation in the wake of trips to eastern Africa by Carter and Podgorny, which resulted in a twenty-year Soviet-Mozambique friendship treaty and a Soviet-Cuban pledge to provide aid for the struggle against Rhodesia. Joshua Nkomo's August visit to Fi-

del Castro, after which he was, incredibly, welcomed to Washington by Secretary of State Vance, reinforces Moscow's expectations of picking up all the marbles in southern Africa. What the world is witnessing in Rhodesia is far from a struggle to achieve majority rule by the black African. The white government of Rhodesia has already pledged its support of a moderate majority rule government that will give the black population what it wants, namely the opportunity to rule itself. The struggle, rather, is nothing short of the next-to-the-last phase of Communist domination of strategic southern Africa.

Moscow's surrogates, terrorist leaders Mugabe and Nkomo, have pitted their Patriotic Front against the black moderates who sincerely want what is best for the six million people of Rhodesia.

The lamentably misunderstood government of Ian Smith is attempting to hold back the terrorists and their Marxist backers in Moscow and Peking, and make it possible for the moderate black leaders who are in Rhodesia and have the support of the people to form a multiracial responsible government elected by a majority of the voters and free of coercion by the Communist terrorists. We saw it in Indo-China, a Marxist struggle that went back to the end of World War II. We also saw Mao Tse Tung's brand of coercion and wholesale slaughter in mainland China. The rulebooks, the instruction manuals, are being followed by the Marxist forces now positioned to take over Rhodesia and then South Africa. The present governments of the United States and Britain, ignoring every red flag warning that another Marxist state is in the making, are well on their way to once again rewarding terrorism by presenting it with its objectives in the hopes that it will then go away.

The free world has not yet lost Rhodesia. There is still time. But the politicians who have the opportunity

to prevent a free world catastrophe such as losing southern Africa have not seen fit for one reason or another to do what has to be done.

The answer to saving this highly strategic area of the world is not difficult to perceive. If the United States could take a pragmatic view of southern Africa and the methods for keeping it Western orientated the answer would be apparent. America can save Rhodesia and South Africa for the free world by the simple expedients of a) removing all sanctions and trade barriers, and b) actively aiding Rhodesia by selling it the tactical weapons it so badly needs, helicopters in particular. Britain would follow America's example. Britain would have to. Within months it would be possible to have elections free of terrorist intimidation of the voters. A moderate black government would quickly arise under the leadership of such a proven moderate African statesman as Senator Chief Chirau, the indecisive though intellectual and worldly-wise Bishop Abel Muzorewa, and the shrewd, forceful politician and churchman Ndabaningi Sithole.

The fact that this solution leaves the militant black terrorists out is apparently so repugnant to the African Czar of the Carter administration, Ambassador to the United Nations Andrew Young, that the free world is in imminent jeopardy of losing the entire southern Africa complex and the free use of the oceans around it.

Chapter Nine

Mozambique

There can be few countries in the world that present so grim and stark an example of the results of a Marxist takeover as Mozambique. Black and white Rhodesians need but look across their border to Mozambique to see what happens in a country destroyed by a Marxist terrorist dictator.

Mozambique was a rich and thriving country under Portuguese colonial rule. It was also a country with a style and culture that drew tourists from all over the world. Rhodesians in particular enjoyed holidays in Mozambique and the port city of Beira became a popular seaside resort for Rhodesian vacationers.

Following the Communist coup in Portugal on 25 April 1974 Mozambique was granted full independence on June 25, 1975 under the leadership of FRELIMO, the terrorist movement of Samora Machel, supported at various times by the Chinese and Russians.

Prior to independence Mozambique was an economically viable country despite the ten years of anti-terror-

ist war between Machel's FRELIMO (Black Nationalist Liberation Front) and the Portuguese colonialists. FRELIMO had been receiving Communist backing ever since its founding in the early 1960s. Now that it is in power the world can witness the total collapse of a once rich and beautiful country whose people were happy and prosperous.

With FRELIMO coming to power the intricate Communist political system was introduced. Like other Communist countries, Mozambique has interlocking committees from a presidium to local party cells that are all geared to keeping a close watch on the people. The Communist hierarchy is made up of experienced hard-line Communists who have received much of their training in the Soviet Union. Communist indoctrination takes place at all levels in the community with so-called dynamizing groups appointed in all areas throughout the country to administer the indoctrination and enforce the party line.

It is also the responsibility of these groups to detect the first signs of opposition from the populace. Needless to say such opposition is instantly stifled. As a result the prisons in Mozambique are overcrowded with political prisoners who have been falsely accused, usually on trumped-up charges, and interned for as long as two years without being brought to trial. There's no such thing as a fair trial in Mozambique. Imprisonment may well be "ad infinitum" as habeas corpus is nonexistent.

As we shall see later in this chapter, conditions in these prisons are appalling and hundreds of people disappear every month without any explanation. In addition to the prisons there are so-called reeducation centers where political prisoners as well as criminals are incarcerated so that they may receive political instruction until they are considered fit to live in the community. These centers have been set up throughout

the country, the conditions inside them inhuman, according to the reports of the occasional survivors.

A tragic result of Mozambique independence has been the destruction of the middle-class African who after long years of hard work had managed to build himself and his family a comfortable and happy life. Now all of his possessions have been taken away without compensation and he is being made to suffer in the reeducation centers for his "bourgeois" efforts. Communications in Mozambique have come to an almost total halt and all the unemployed are forced to work in communal villages which have been set up to increase agricultural production. In actuality the production in these villages is far below what it was under the old system of independent farming. As a result starvation is widespread.

One of the main objectives of Machel's Communist government was to wipe out the country's tribal system so that the people might become total wards of the state.

To this end twenty-seven tribal chiefs were murdered, and after this effective destruction of tribal leadership the tribesmen were moved to communal villages and inducted into forced labor gangs. All traces of tribal heritage are being systematically eradicated by FRELIMO and the people are being transformed into soulless slaves or soldiers. The family solidarity that was the most important aspect of an African's life has been eliminated.

The Africans in Rhodesia are fully aware of what is happening in Mozambique and it is their greatest fear that Machel's protégé, Robert Mugabe, will somehow succeed to power in their country and institute these same methods.

In Mozambique indoctrination of Communist ideology is propagated throughout the entire educational system. Even at primary schools communism and revo-

lutionary war are glorified. Senior schoolchildren, about to enter their final two years of education, are being taken from their schools and sent to the army, air force, and navy as well as to educational and agricultural establishments to help alleviate the shortage of educated personnel. When Portuguese colonial rule ended the FRELIMO terrorists under Samora Machel used murder and intimidation to divest Mozambique of almost its entire educated population, and thus of the people who had made government work. Since there is as yet no educated class to fill this void, Mozambique is trying to fill it in whatever way possible. Schoolchildren play their part here, being expected, in addition to their studies, to attend at least one hour's political-military training every day.

Under Machel's Marxist regime no Mozambican youth can decide his future career for himself. The government makes the decision for him. Each Mozambican, whether male or female, is committed to compulsory military training.

During the transitional period from the end of Portuguese colonial rule to total independence under a Marxist dictator, conditions for the white population in Mozambique were made virtually unbearable. A victimization campaign was launched against the whites—restrictions were placed on immigrants and their belongings, instant arrests were made if specific documents could not be produced on demand, and all places of entertainment were closed—thus causing a mass exodus of skilled Portuguese workers from the country. Nevertheless, approximately 20,000 Portuguese decided to remain in Mozambique after independence, taking out two-year contracts with the government.

Conditions worsened and Marxist legislation was passed overnight that resulted in the expulsion of all Mozambique residents who had retained Portuguese or

other foreign passports. As a result of this and other legislative moves skilled and semiskilled Portuguese workers completely lost faith in the FRELIMO government. A vast exodus of skilled workers occurred after 25 June 1975, and the country is still suffering from a severe shortage of trained personnel.

Administrative and public services have deteriorated to the point of nonexistence and production in the economic sectors is virtually nil. Crash courses for local Africans in various spheres were introduced in an effort to have some suitably qualified personnel available to fill vacant positions, but these have proved inadequate. To alleviate the shortages in essential areas, skilled personnel from Communist countries have been arriving in large numbers since independence.

The production of sugar and cashew nuts, formerly two of Mozambique's main exports, has almost reached a standstill. Although 90 percent of the population is involved in agriculture, there are widespread shortages of essential commodities. Despite the donations of wheat, rice, and other vital commodities from various Socialist and Communist states, it is apparent that there is still not enough food available to feed the people. The floods at the beginning of 1977 and the mentality of the rural African who is content to produce only enough food for his own needs, has exacerbated the situation. However, at the moment there appears to be no organized plan to introduce an expanded planting program for next season. The buffalo in the game parks have been virtually exterminated to supply the need for meat in urban areas. And when goods are available in stores, they are so overpriced and the lines of people are so long that shopping has become a ordeal.

The Marxist nationalization which took place after independence has resulted in the almost total eradication of initiative and incentive among the people, and

there have been no signs of reimbursement for property taken from the people by the state. Communist party administrative committees have been appointed for all business firms and strict party principles are adhered to. Nevertheless, over the past year it has become evident that misappropriation of funds and the corrupt administration of businesses are commonplace. All private schools and medical services were nationalized and as a result these facilities are wretchedly poor or nonexistent. Various Communist countries, African and otherwise, sent medical personnel to Mozambique to take the place of private doctors who had left, but even these have become disillusioned and many are trying to leave.

Two years of independence under Machel's Communist government have proved disasterous. Mozambique is now totally dependent on handouts from other countries, paid for by those countries' payers.

Skilled personnel from Communist countries such as Cuba and Russia are arriving to develop new methods of production, especially in the sugar and fishing sectors of the economy. It's through such means—cashing in on the chaos that instant Marxism invariably produces—that Russia has once again been able to take effective control of yet another country.

On 31 March 1977 the Twenty-Year Russia-Mozambique Friendship Treaty was signed, giving Russia and its satellite states open access to total economic and military involvement in Mozambique's affairs.

Prior to independence FRELIMO assisted Rhodesian terrorists operating out of Mozambique. Now FRELIMO had committed itself, within the country's capacity, to the "Liberation" struggle in Rhodesia. Mozambique has stated that "Zimbabwean" liberation is part of Mozambique's liberation because until colonialism is destroyed in Rhodesia, Mozambique cannot be truly free. Thus Mozambique has given its total sup-

port to the Patriotic Front and has proffered all possible assistance such as camp facilities near the border, offices in Beira and Maputo, time on radio Maputo and press coverage.

In addition, soon after independence the Solidarity Bank was introduced to provide funds for national disasters and support for the Rhodesian terrorists. Each Mozambican worker was obliged to donate one day's wages a month to the bank, a move which resulted in considerable discontent since the support of the terrorist war in Rhodesia was already affecting the rural African along the border who was forced to provide food for the terrorists out of his own meager supply, as well as shelter.

It is the military assistance to the terrorists that is responsible for the hot pursuit raids into Mozambique by the Rhodesian security forces. FRELIMO has gone further than merely supplying bases, arms, and ammunition. FRELIMO troops are now actively fighting with the terrorists inside Rhodesia. And it is interesting to note that even bolstered by Mozambican soldiers, the terrorist bands have yet to pluck up sufficient courage to attack Rhodesian security forces directly, concentrating rather on defenseless African kraals, missionaries, isolated farmhouses, schools, and small clinics.

To protect the innocent victims of these FRELIMO-terrorist attacks it becomes more and more frequently necessary for Rhodesian forces to cross the border into Mozambique and neutralize the terrorist strongholds which provide their jumping-off bases.

The Communists have cleverly used these raids against terror bases to delude the United Nations and the press of the world, and of course the World Council of Churches and most recently a segment of the Catholic Church, into the notion that Rhodesia is committing aggressive acts against Mozambique when in reality the opposite is true.

Each time Rhodesian forces pursue terrorists back to their camps and destroy them the Mozambique government shrieks out to the United Nations, which in turn pays compensatory damages to FRELIMO, which uses this money to rebuild the terror camps and rearm the terrorists.

The constant threat of Rhodesian retaliation for terrorist depredations launched from staging areas in Mozambique has helped Samora Machel divert attention from Mozambique's internal problems and unite his people behind the terrorists' efforts to overthrow the Rhodesian Government.

The two following accounts of personal experiences in Mozambique will indicate to the reader just what it is Rhodesians are fighting to prevent from occurring in their homeland.

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH LONDON

IN AN AFRICAN JAIL
by J. Douglas White

White, an American electronics designer who now lives in London, flew to Maputo, capital of Mozambique, last spring to visit a friend, an American working there for a French oil company. This report on White's misadventure in the former Portuguese colony, now governed by the one-time guerrillas of the FRELIMO movement, is excerpted from the Sunday Telegraph *of London.*

In Nazi Germany, the knocks came at midnight. In Marxist Mozambique, they come at high noon.

Three smiling plainclothes policemen flashed Frelimo badges, sauntered into the apartment and ordered me to sit. One, slight, with full beard, asked questions in faltering English. Why was I there? What was my occupation? Why did I, an American, live in England? Where did I get this Time magazine?

I could discern no pattern to his questions. The three examined every letter, every scrap of paper in my room, and everything on the floor except my address book, which one of them pocketed.

James (White's host) was due home for lunch, but arrived at 3, breathless. His refinery had been nationalized, and Romanians were to replace the French and English staff. He had been held all morning, and the government had taken his briefcase.

The three smiling men were waiting beside the door when he arrived. They questioned him, went through his papers and kept his *curriculum vitae,* address book and a bill from his London real estate agent. They demanded to hear his cassette tapes and conducted a search of the bedrooms, bathroom and kitchen to the music of "Die Valkyrie."

Since nothing incriminating was found, we assumed we were due for an apology. Instead the men, still smiling, ordered us out of the building and into a white car marked ESTADO. They drove us to a white-and-lavender former storeroom on a side street, which was the Criminal Investigation Division (CID) headquarters. We were escorted into a large, dirty room and directed to sit on a dais in a picture window, where our further questioning attracted a crowd of passers-by.

Around us, male and female officials, wearing identical ill-fitting uniforms, shuffled papers and called each other *camarada* as if engaged in some comical satire. But when they took our wallets and passports, it was more than clear they were not play-acting. Armed guards arrived and ordered us into a van. A short drive delivered us to the Maputo civil prison.

The prison's yellow facade, even with peeling paint, looked like an impenetrable Kremlin wall. Doleful women, huddled on the pavement before the rusty green doors, were kicked aside as our guards marched us in. The bright sunlight abruptly ceased as the prison doors clanged shut.

We were led into a small, dim room, where a

bored guard logged us in. We asked him if we could contact the American embassy. Not James' company? No. We were cut off from the world.

Dingy blankets were issued. A guard led us down a hall and left us in a big octagonal dome filled with other prisoners. Immediately, the resounding prison din ceased. The men rushed to surround and question us. "The knock came at high noon? Then you are political prisoners, too!"

The prison had four wings extending from the octagonal room, forming a cross. The wing through which we entered contained offices; the others had 16 cells, each containing four double-deck bunks. Aged cobwebs hung like black strings from the high, blackened ceilings. The remnants of screens in the barred windows rusted in shreds.

Of the 180 or so prisoners, 28 were Portuguese, eight Indian or Pakistani, and the rest blacks of various nationalities. We found empty bunks in Aisle B, opposite the entrance, and shared Cell 2 with four blacks. They were brewing tea when we entered and asked us to join them. That was the first of the abundant kindnesses we were shown in prison. One of the men made up our bunks while we stood idly by, shakily, holding tin cups, dumbfounded by our surroundings.

Soon a young Pakistani came in and asked us to follow him to Cell 6, where we were introduced to Oliveras, a burly, hairy-chested, clean-shaven Portuguese of perhaps 30, wearing khaki shorts and sandals. He spoke in a low, unemotional tone. James speaks Portuguese, and relayed what he said:

"When you get over the shock of being here, you will find it not too bad. You will not eat the prison slop, of course: it's unfit for humans. Relatives and friends are allowed to bring our food. Until you are able to contact the outside, you will eat in Liveras' cell. You smoke? Here are cigarettes. Take this toothbrush. It's used but good. And this towel. There is a

razor here and soap, which you may use at any time. . . ."

We thanked Oliveras profusely. He never smiled.

At 4 p.m., food began to arrive in baskets, sacks, boxes and aluminum pails. The recipients' names were shouted repeatedly by the trusties—prisoners assigned special privileges because of their good conduct—adding to the already deafening noise.

At mealtimes, most of the inmates formed groups and pooled their food. Oliveras had three sittings in his cell. He ladled out food like an Italian mama: After you said "Enough!" there was always another spoonful.

At our first meal, we heard some of the other prisoners' backgrounds. Some had owned small businesses or farms; two had owned taxis. The government had simply taken these from them and thrown the owners into prison.

Most had been transferred from Machava Prison, where they had been tortured. They held up swollen and scarred hands to show where knives had been inserted between tied fingers and twisted, so that the knuckles were cut and pried apart. Some had been thrown into chin-deep water in a squatting position and had weights piled on their heads. Others had their faces held over spikes while guards danced on their shoulders—all this to find if they owned more property, or if and where they might have money hidden. None had been charged with a crime, although some had been in prison for up to 21 months.

Oliveras' crime, he assumed, was that he had sold a house for profit. He had been held in prison for 18 months without being charged.

The next morning began with the sloshing sound of wet burlap bags being dragged down the halls, so as to clean them. Soon the doors to the octagonal room were unlocked, and the prison's reverberating uproar started again; every kind of sound the human voice can produce—except laughter.

On the morning of that second day, we requested, repeatedly, at Oliveras' suggestion, an interview with the prison superintendent. It was finally granted. Escorted into his office, we found him charming, the black equivalent of the impeccably mannered Germans who ran the concentration camps. No, he was not allowed to contact the American embassy, he said, but promised to notify the head of the refinery, a friend of James'. The superintendent probably suspected that we had already smuggled a note out, which was correct.

On the morning of the third day, we stood vigil by the front door until the 11 o'clock food parcels began arriving and the names were shouted out. At 1 p.m., we were eating in Oliveras' cell when a commotion occurred at the front door. Then James' name was bellowed. A picnic hamper had arrived that would have done Fortnum & Mason proud; it was white and covered with a pink tablecloth and contained all the things one would hope to find, plus malaria pills and toilet paper. We knew it was the work of the English wife of the refinery head.

We rushed the veritable banquet to Oliveras' cell, and a cheer went up from the diners—not for the food, but for the fact that our whereabouts were known.

That afternoon, a vice consul from the American embassy arrived, but he was not encouraging. Our morale received another blow the next day. Another vice consul came and strongly advised us to accept prison life and adjust to it. It had taken 10 months to get the last American out of this jail, he said, and 18 months for the previous one.

Adjust we would. James promised to teach me French and I made plans to scrub down the cell and repair the window screen.

That afternoon, pandemonium broke out when 15 Portuguese names were called. They already knew from outside contacts that they were in line for de-

portation. They rushed to their cells and donned two pairs of trousers and two shirts each, because they knew they could leave the country with only what they wore. They gave their toilet articles to friends and assembled in the octagonal room. There was much hand-shaking and back-slapping. An hour passed. Then two, then three. Tension mounted and the men drooped.

Only minutes before their plane was to leave, a guard arrived and the 15 men were assembled at the front door within view of the rest of us standing in the octagonal room. Respectful applause sounded when each name was called and the man turned to wave before leaving through the big green door. There were no dry eyes as the last man waved and disappeared.

Next day, 21 black Mozambicans were sent to a "re-education" (forced labor) camp and seven Portuguese arrived from Machava Prison, all with swollen, scarred hands. Around 10:30, James and I were having coffee in Oliveras' cell when a trusty quietly told us to get ready to leave. There was no applause as we were escorted through the big green door. Outside, the doleful women still sat and waited.

The smiling leader of the three plainclothesmen who had taken us from the flat waited in a van. As he drove south, we fearfully watched the turn signal, for we knew that Machava Prison was to the right. At the crucial intersection, he slowed down and elaborately signaled right. His smile broadened as he turned left.

Our money and passports were returned to us, we were driven to the flat and told we had 48 hours to leave the country.

Our first steps were to the American embassy, where we were received by the deputy chief of mission, Johnie Carson, who acknowledged our thanks with a smile. We told him we were anxious to leave Maputo immediately and, although the daily flight was fully booked, he secured seats for us.

Back in the flat we gathered all the food and toilet gear we had accumulated, and a vice consul, James Overly, agreed to deliver it to Oliverás. The embassy limousine took us to the airport, and Overly followed us every step through customs.

It is not uncommon for people, even after clearing customs and boarding the plane, to be called back by the Frelimo. Therefore, it was reassuring to see the vice consul standing in the terminal doorway until we cleared the runway. We landed in Johannesburg 45 minutes later.

At Jan Smuts Airport, we were surprised by a sound that we hardly ever heard in Mozambique: laughter.

THE RHODESIA HERALD
MONDAY, AUGUST 29, 1977

WOUNDED TERRORISTS SUFFER IN BEIRA
by a *Herald* correspondent

A PORTUGUESE businessman who has spent the last five months in an overcrowded Beria hospital described last week how he met several Rhodesian terrorists in his ward—all suffering from malnutrition and many who had limbs amputated after being wounded in attacks by Rhodesian security forces.

The 51-year-old businessman—"just call me Mr. Jose"—refused to give his full name because he fears that his friends and the many people he spoke to in Beira would be victimized.

He said: "Some of the terrorists were covered with lice. Their hair was white with it. Most were in an advanced stage of malnutrition—just skin and bone."

EMACIATED

One of the Rhodesians was an eight-year-old boy who said he had been a bearer in a terrorist camp, along with many other boys up to the age of 14. Mr.

Jose said the child was so emaciated he looked like a five-year-old.

About 40 of the 130 patients in Mr. Jose's ward were terrorists. They would be kept in hospital until they were well enough to go to a recuperation centre in Beira. From there they would be sent to the front when they were fit enough.

Mr. Jose said the terrorists he spoke to were very discreet and would not say how they had come to be "freedom fighters" or why they were in Mozambique. Many said they supported the Patriotic Front.

UNDERFED

"But in general they did not seem happy with their treatment in the camps. The said they had no uniforms and had not received pay for weeks.

"They complained of being underfed, and said they went for weeks without mealie meal and had to feed themselves on roots and insects."

In one of the beds in his ward was a young terrorist who had been admitted "foaming at the mouth" and had to be fed intravenously. Mr. Jose said he probably saved the man's life, as he kept a constant vigil at his bedside to ensure that the drip was flowing properly and to summon a nurse whenever it was about to run out.

Mr. Jose was born in Mozambique and has been manager of a British shipping agent in Beira docks for 33 years. He makes regular visits to his family in Salisbury.

Since the coup in Portugal in 1975, he said, the situation in Mozambique had deteriorated steadily. Events had been taking a sinister turn during his last five months in the country.

"I think Machel is waiting to deport all the Europeans, and then he will start to get rid of all the opposition to his regime in the country.

"And he will probably succeed, because the Russians are backing him all the way . . ."

ERODED

Turning to conditions under the Marxist rule of President Machel, Mr. Jose said the country was becoming a Police State. Justice was being eroded at every level and there was an alarming discrepancy between the laws of the country and the ruthless campaign of persecution by the Frelimo authorities.

"Machel has such a strong security police force—placed in hospitals, jails, in the streets, everywhere—that it will take a very strong force to overthrow him.

"Everyone is afraid of his own shadow. The locals are just too scared to speak out against Machel."

Conditions in the hospital were "very unhygienic", Mr. Jose said. There was room for only 50 beds, but there were about 130 patients, some of whom had to sleep on the floor.

"No precautions were taken to isolate patients with contagious diseases. There were even people with advanced tuberculosis in my ward.

"There was no disinfectant and medicine was in such short supply that treatment had to be interrupted frequently. The beds had no sheets and the mattresses on which we had to sleep were filthy. And flies—they were there in their millions."

DEATHS

During April—his first month in hospital—there were 27 deaths in his ward alone.

Mr. Jose told of a young African docker who had fallen into the hold of a ship and broken several ribs. "He was bleeding internally, but they didn't operate. They just gave him a bed in my ward and left him there. He had to feed himself, but he could hardly move.

"Eight days later they carried him out dead."

Mr. Jose said he had heard that some of the doctors from communist bloc countries were leaving before

their contracts had expired. "Only the Cubans will stay," he said.

A Dutch doctor admitted to Mr. Jose that he was fighting a losing battle against sickness in the hospital. "He said the conditions were inhuman, and that he was leaving too."

DETAINED

Mr. Jose said about 60 percent of the patients were detainees. Most of them had come from the "so-called re-education centers which are just concentration camps."

"By law, only Mozambique nationals are sent to these camps, but many Portuguese are being detained there."

Only detainees with serious ailments such as epilepsy or heart attacks were sent to hospital from the "concentration camps."

"I saw some with big scars on their arms, from being tied up while they were punished. They all told me the same stories about conditions there."

The inmates, he had heard, were forced to work in fields from 4:30 a.m. to sundown, with only a handful of mealie meal and a piece of salted fish. They were allowed only a little water.

Even minor infringements were punished by brutal floggings.

Mr. Jose said the Portuguese detainees told him that the police would come round every few months, asking them to acknowledge the charges against them.

If a detainee protested his innocence he would be kept in the concentration camp until the police had decided he was dispirited enough to "sign his own sentence."

"Portuguese nationals were helpless in the face of such persecution," said Mr. Jose.

"The Portuguese authorities in Lisbon don't care what happens to their subjects. They feel that once

you are in jail in Mozambique you have committed a crime."

DISCOVERY

Mr. Jose said his own detention came about accidentially. A clerk who worked in a clearing agency belonging to a friend of Mr. Jose "maliciously linked my name with the discovery of a pile of firearms and foreign currency, about which I knew nothing."

When Mr. Jose protested his innocence he was threatened with violence. Later that day he accompanied a group of policemen to a search of the house he was sharing with a friend.

Mr. Jose spent the next seven days in the police cells. In the cell Mr. Jose had to sleep on a concrete floor while the rain poured in through the broken roof. He was not allowed to change his clothes. By the seventh day he was suffering from bronchial pneumonia, on top of a severe asthmatic attack.

On April 13 he was taken to hospital—where he was to stay until August 4. In the five months he lost 48 kg.

He was never sure of the reasons for his detention. Police came to question him, but apparently their investigations were fruitless.

FROZEN

"By law, they have a maximum of eight days in which to prepare a case for trial, but they extend it indefinitely."

In the meantime all his assets were frozen, and his personal belongings were confiscated.

On August 4, five months after he had returned to his job in Beira from a visit to Salisbury, a nurse came to his hospital bed and told him he had 15 minutes to get ready to leave. He was to be deported to Portugal.

INNOCENT

He travelled to Maputo to catch the flight to Lisbon, but was forced to wait in Somaxil civilian jail for six days before he could get a seat.

"There were more than 700 detainees in that jail. Some had been kept there for over 18 months without trial," said Mr. Jose.

"I eventually left Maputo with the clothes I had on—and all this because an African clerk gave my name to the police out of malice."

Mr. Jose, who arrived in Salisbury on August 30, said he was disillusioned with independent rule in Africa.

He said he had no plans for the immediate future.

Chapter Ten

The Rhodesian Armed Forces

Without doubt the finest counterinsurgency force fighting in the world today is the Rhodesian Army. It is a small force by most standards, numbering 10,000 men under arms at any given time. The Rhodesian Army is also the only truly integrated army in the world. There has never been a racial incident in the army's history.

The U.S. ambassador to the United Nations claims that the United States has the only integrated army, but he does not take into account the fact that an army cannot be truly said to be racially integrated if it is fraught with constant racial strife—black U.S. troops frequently "fragged" (grenaded) white officers and noncoms in Vietnam. The makeup of the Rhodesian security forces in the field is approximately two thirds black and one third white. Of course every white Rhodesian male between the ages of eighteen and fifty is subject to military duty for as much as half of each

year, but at any given moment it is fair to say that the army is mainly made up of black volunteers.

The basic units within the Rhodesian fighting forces are the Rhodesian African Rifles (RAR), the Rhodesian Light Infranty (RLI), the Special Air Service (SAS), the Selous Scouts, the Grey's Scouts, the Rhodesian Air Force, and of course the British South African Police (BSAP), perhaps one of the most effective police units anywhere in the world today.

The Rhodesian fighting forces have provided the security that has enabled the Rhodesian Government to develop as rapidly industrially and agriculturally as it has. It is little wonder that Communist "front-line" presidents insist that as part of any settlement the Rhodesian Army be dismantled, thus laying the country open to Marxist subversion.

Members of the Rhodesian forces past and present have included Americans, British, and foreigners from almost every country in the free world, even from Hungary on the other side of the Iron Curtain. A commander of the Rhodesia Light Infantry (RLI) told this author that they had records of as many as thirty-six different nationalities represented in the unit. Rhodesian units fought in both World War I and World War II and, as already noted, Prime Minister Ian Smith flew Spitfires in World War II and was injured in a plane crash. June 10, 1977 was a momentous occasion for the Rhodesian security forces, because that day sixteen black officers graduated from the eleven-month Potential Officers Course. They have now taken up their commands in the various branches of the army.

About thirty African soldiers considered to have officer potential had been selected, and prior to starting the course they were given intensive studies for six weeks in English, to assist them in understanding the intricicies of the intellectual problems they would study during the course of reading the manuals that would be

assigned them. All the black officer candidates were promising non commissioned officers with long experience in the Rhodesian African Rifles behind them.

Officers Mess etiquette was a particularly important area of new understanding to be learned by the black candidates and some of them, true to the spirit of polygamy which is an integral part of the African culture, albeit frowned upon by the missionary school system in which many Africans are reared, had more than one wife. A single wife had to be chosen to attend officers' mess functions.

Perhaps the most interesting unit in the Rhodesian forces is the Selous Scouts. The Selous Scouts can best be compared to the United States Army Special Forces or Green Berets of the1960s who did so much of the fighting in Vietnam. Indeed there are a number of Green Berets actively fighting with the Selous Scouts today. The Selous Scouts are of necessity a secretive organization, and no Selous Scout, black or white, is allowed to have his photograph taken. They conduct sensitive missions and hot-pursuit raids into Mozambique which have largely been Selous Scouts operations.

The Selous Scouts are a totally integrated outfit, with blacks and whites fighting side by side under the most hazardous conditions imaginable. They are the best and they have to be.

The Rhodesian security forces do not have the luxury of being able to call helicopter coverage, artillery barrages, or reinforcements in a tough situation. The Selous Scouts are so effective that they are hated more by the terrorists than any of the other branches of the Rhodesian security forces. Whenever a terrorist leader finds it inexpedient to take credit for a massacre or an atrocity he blames the Selous Scouts for it. Even Joshua Nkomo, who lost out on the bombing of the Woolworth's store in Salisbury on August 6 because he was in the Carribbean all the time, blamed it on the

Selous Scouts rather than let his arch-rival Mugabe claim the credit for it. In the event that international pressures actually succeeded in forcing a neutral army from the U.N. on Rhodesia or a peacekeeping force, and in disbanding the Rhodesian security force, Rhodesians believe that the terrorist armies would actually gain control of the military situation.

It is the proposal by the Anglo-American negotiators to disband the Selous Scouts and substitute the Marxist terrorists for them in the Rhodesian Security Forces which poses the biggest threat to present peace talks.

Because of the intense respect the black and white members of the Scouts have for each other, this unit is able to accomplish missions which would otherwise be impossible.

The training of a Selous Scout is the most arduous this author has witnessed in any army unit he has ever visited. The Scouts are all volunteers and prospective members are well aware of the rigors they will have to face to gain acceptance into this, Rhodesia's most successful counterinsurgency unit. The bush training camp is on the shores of Lake Kariba, surrounded by deep and heavy undergrowth where temperatures can rise over 110 degrees Fahrenheit in the summer and shrink to freezing in the winter. The camp is called Wafa Wafa Wsara Wsara.

There is no shortage of volunteers. The activities of the Selous Scouts have made them a legend in less than two years and there is an increasing demand for places in the unit. Visiting the training camp, this author talked to some of the recruits. One of them vowed that the Selous Scouts was the best fighting unit in the country. I asked him why he endured such severe hardships in the course of transferring from one army unit to another. He was an experienced black soldier and said that the reputation of the Selous Scouts had spread widely throughout the Tribal Trust Lands. They

were feared by the terrorists, the recruit added. One of his companions, a thirty-year-old white territorial soldier agreed. "If you have to fight a war, you may as well do it properly," he declared. "Our main task is to kill terrorists, and with a unit like this you know you are with the best fighters in the world. You know you can count on them completely."

The white territorial (drafted) soldier was one of twenty-six survivors from a course that started two weeks earlier with eighty men, all of them seasoned campaigners. This trooper rubbed shoulders during the training course with men of many different interests, ages, races, and nationalities. The men who join the Selous Scouts are united in their determination to bring an early peace to the country.

For this objective they are prepared to slog their way through thirty-five days of trials and hardships calculated to break any but the strongest spirit. It is obvious the Selous Scouts' stringent selection procedures and methods of operation pay handsome dividends. This commanding officer Lt. Col. Ron Reid-Daly, founded the unit in 1974.

Lt. Col. Ron Reid-Daly carved out a distinguished military career for himself rising through the ranks to become an officer. He served with the Rhodesian regiment that went to Malaya to help the British fight the communist terrorists there. He estimates that the Selous Scouts gave assistance in the destruction of more than 1,200 terrorists.

"I wouldn't say that we physically cut each bloke's throat," he chuckled. "But our tracking resulted in these kills. Killing them is no problem. Finding them is the problem."

Reid-Daily had been asked to trade his approaching retirement from the regular army for the job of forging the new unit, the Setons Scouts, into which he was to incorporate the features of speed and stealth that had

made the Rhodesian trackers so successful. He accepted the job but stipulated that the criteria of selection for the unit should be extremely harsh.

Since its founding, the Selous Scouts has produced a new type of fighting man who has emerged as one of the most effective "secret weapons" in the Rhodesian Army. Thus only hardly bush-trained men have qualified to wear the Selous Scouts insignia, which depicts a large bird of prey, the osprey.

The unit is named after Frederick Selous, a famous hunter and scout who explored Rhodesia at the end of the last century and was killed fighting in World War I. The Selous Scouts are as at home in the steaming heat of the Zambezi Valley or the jungles of the eastern highlands as they are in their base camp 25 miles from Salisbury. Frequently when they are given an opportunity to take a furlough they prefer to remain in the bush to continue their fight on equal terms with the roaming bands of terrorists. They have learned to exist almost indefinitely in the bush, however harsh the conditions facing them may be. Their tracking abilities have become legend and they have been known to follow groups of terrorists for weeks by living off the land and pursuing tracks which to anyone else would be invisible.

As many as 400 trained soldiers may be screened in a given month in order to select 100 suitable candidates for the training course. Of these 100 only one sixth will survive the first four weeks of torturous effort. A recent course started with 126 volunteers and ended with only 15.

It is with good reason that the men are deprived of food and sleep and forced daily through grueling training exercises and a rigged assault course.

They will carry out on a regular basis as arduous military tasks as were ever assigned to troops in the history of warfare. During training they are fed one

"rat-pack" (a daily field ration) which must last two men three days. The only supplement to this diet is an occasional handful of "green meat," so rotten that it is crawling with maggots, and pieces of baboon or raw sections of a slaughtered animal.

"They go all out to break you," twenty-two-year-old recruit told me. "But we're as good as you can get." The recruit went on, proud that he had become a member of the Selous Scouts: "They keep at you all the time, picking on you, pressuring you, never letting up. The real battle is psychological. You have to fight yourself not to give up. You've got to prove to yourself you can face it."

The instructors admit grudging respect for those they cannot break. All of them have been through similar courses and know exactly how to wear the students down. "You get to know the phases they go through," the course commander, Lt. John Fletcher, says. "To begin with they are a bit sullen and despondent. The pressure tells on them. Then they start to team up and fight back, gain determination. From there on you know they are going to be alright."

The final phase of the physical endurance test comes after two weeks when the remaining recruits undertake a racking four-day, ninety-mile forced march, carrying more than seventy-five pounds of weight on their backs. It is the toughest test of all, and claims the most victims. Already worn down by the physical pressures of the preceding weeks, some of the men lack the extreme determination necessary to drive their bodies beyond normal levels of endurance.

Once the recruits are wearing the treasured osprey on their beret, they start immediately into combat operations. As of August and September 1977 the Selous Scouts are preparing to meet an onslaught of trained terrorists expected to enter the country as the transfer of power to moderate majority rule gets under way.

Just as the North Koreans fought their most savage battles while the Panmunjon peace talks were taking place, so it is expected that the "freedom fighters" will put on a maximum display of terrorist activity at this time.

Selous Scouts are quickly flown from one area to another to plug gaps in the border. Trained parachutists, they can drop from high-flying planes that can't be seen or heard from the ground.

The Rhodesian parachutests are a hardy breed of paratroopers and are dropped wherever the enemy is suspected of lurking and are adept at extricating themselves from the branches of trees.

Americans with the Scouts are at the most sensitive points along the Mozambique border, proud to be fighting with some of the best officers and men in the Rhodesian armed forces.

It is no wonder that the front-line presidents, whose ineffective little armies are afraid to confront the Rhodesian security forces, bitterly complain to the British and American negotiators about the Selous Scouts in particular when they insist on the dismantling of the Rhodesian Army. The Scouts are taking a heavy toll of the terrorist invaders in Rhodesia.

GREY'S SCOUTS

Sharing the home base twenty-five miles west of Salisbury known as Inkomo Barracks with Selous Scouts in another powerful if less secret military organization known as Grey's Scouts. Grey's Scouts are the Rhodesian mounted infantry or cavalry unit and they are commanded by an Irishman, Major Tony Stephens.*

* See the foreign legion section of this book for Major Stephens's background. Major Stephens's second-in-command is an American, Major Mike Williams, whose story is also told in the Crippled Eagles section.

Grey's Scouts has attracted many foreigners to its ranks and because of the colorful action pictures that have been taken of its horse soldiers in action, it has received considerable publicity in the United States. The number of horses in the unit is classified information, but farmers and horsemen all over Rhodesia have contributed horses to the unit as well as South African friends of Rhodesia.

Grey's Scouts closely resembles the cavalry units of the Indian Wars of the American West. Major Williams reports that the most effective weapon he carries is his old cavalryman's saber, which terrifies the terrorists and puts them to flight.

Basically the Scouts are trackers. In certain areas they can follow the spoor of terrorists faster and more efficiently than trackers on foot. Terrorists are particularly frightened of these horse soldiers and recently Communist propagandists have evolved a clever way of harassing them. The terrorists steal from the villagers or commit an atrocity and then force the storekeeper or kraal head to go to the nearest missionaries and blame the incident on the men on horses. The missionaries, once again duped by the Communists, run to the authorities or police and lodge a written complaint against Grey's Scouts. This ties up the officers and men accused in the administrative detail involved in answering these false charges and cuts down on their patrolling activities.

Edward Wandell Jr., an ex-Marxie from Pennsylvania, joined Grey's Scouts in December of 1976 after trying many different jobs in the United States, most recently in the restaurant business. Ed is married and has one son. His wife and son are in the United States but he expects to bring them out to Rhodesia.

The training was rigorous but he had the foresight to prepare himself before leaving the United States. He

lived near a stadium that wasn't in use, got up at 5:30 in the morning, and ran three or four miles a day in the stadium. He also started weight lifting and put himself on a diet. And so, at thirty-one years of age, he arrived in Rhodesia in good physical shape, and because he had done a lot of riding while working in Arizona he applied for Grey's Scouts.

Ed enjoys the responsibility of having a horse to take care of as well as himself. Like all the men in the unit, he went through lessons in veterinerary procedure and the other skills involved in horsemanship. As is the case with so many of the Americans in Rhodesia, Ed Wandell came here to fight the Communist insurgents. Disgusted at the political defeats the United States suffered in Korea and Vietnam, he resolved to do something about the Marxist terrorists fighting in Rhodesia. Ed has seen a great deal of action in this terrorist war in Rhodesia. Wherever his detachment of Grey's Scouts go they come across atrocities perpetrated by the terrorists. The horsemen attempt to pick up terrorist spoor and chase them.

As I talked to Wandell, Mike Williams, and some of the other Americans and foreigners in Grey's Scouts, the conversation turned to the the most dramatic and shocking area of their work. Invariably they are the first to come across the massacres and atrocities committed in tribal areas by the terrorists. Scornfully Ed Wandell referred to U.S. ambassador to the United Nations Andrew Young who said that he finds Robert Mugabe a gentle, intellectual type who could be a professor. It happened that Wandell read this in a newspaper when he was in the bush and had just come across another atrocity by Robert Mugabe's ZANU terrorists.

Ed shook his head, "I wish Young would come over here, go out into the Tribal Trust Lands, go to a vil-

lage that has been attacked by terrorists, see the maimed, the raped, go out into the bush and look for the bodies of people who tried to escape but were shot and just left to bleed to death. It's barbaric. They are total savages. But yet Mugabe is sweet and gentle."

The horse soldiers spend a lot of time in and around the Tribal Trust Lands. They are sympathetic to the plight of the tribesmen. Sometimes when they go into a village or a kraal after having been on their rat-pack rations for a number of days, they get the villages to cook native food for them. The tribal heads are always happy to receive the money that the Grey's Scouts pay for this food. And the Scouts hand out candy to the children and give the tribesmen sugar, coffee, and other items from their rat-packs.

The terrorists, in contrast, come into the village and beat the people, shooting many of them and taking all the food, the cattle, the chickens, the corn and mealie, leaving the villagers with nothing. Ed Wandell shakes his head at the misconceptions in the United States. "Go out and see these poor villagers and what happens to them at the hands of the terrorists. So far as being a race war in concerned, that is a bunch of crap. This isn't a race war, this is a true Marxist-Communist insurgency, and it is not going to end with majority rule."

Ed believes, as do all the Greys who are so close to the tribal areas, that the fighting is going to get worse and the talk about disbanding the Rhodesian Army by Andrew Young and the Carter administration is sickening.

"It would take a foreign army years to learn how to handle the situation here in Rhodesia. They don't know the people, they wouldn't know how to react." Ed Wandell wishes that Americans, Canadians, Australians, Britons, all the people of the free world who

think they know the answer in Rhodesia could come to Rhodesia, get on a horse, go out with the Grey's Scouts and see the real African Rhodesians.

"Most of them don't go for a black government," Ed observes. "They are pretty happy with the way things are right now. They are happy in their Tribal Trust Lands. They don't need cars, they have their beer blasts. Every Saturday night, as a matter of fact. They go off into their little huts, drink this beer they make, and they dance and beat their drums. The government is constantly introducing irrigation schemes that increase the crop yield the African can produce. He is content, he makes money, he lives in his round hut with a dirt floor. This is what he wants.

"The store owners I've met make good money, sometimes $5000 or $6000 a year. That would be about equivalent to an American making $15,000 a year. But the store owners want to live in their round hut with the dirt floor, and they are with the rest of the tribe at the Saturday night beer blast."

"The political unrest is not with the bulk of the black population of the country," Ed Wandell points out. "It is with the 10 percent that come into the cities like Salisbury or Bulawayo."

Ed describes the most traumatic experience his detachment of Grey's Scouts has experienced since he joined them. He told about a particular store which sometimes had beer on hand, Coca-Cola, and bread. Sometimes when the Scouts didn't have money with them they took the batteries out of their radios and traded them with the store keeper for what they wanted. Batteries are difficult to get and expensive in Rhodesia. The horse soldiers and the store owners became quite good friends. The owner's son was a tailor who sat on the front porch of the store and worked his sewing machine making dresses to sell to the villagers.

One Saturday morning they didn't have enough money to pay for the Coca-Colas and beers, but the storekeeper gave them credit. That Saturday night the terrorists hit the store. The storekeeper was called a "friend of Smith's dogs" and before riddling him with bullets, they gouged an eye out of his head and cut his nose off. When the Scouts came back to pay the money they owed him, they found him lying dead in a pool of blood.

His son, the tailor, who had got away was found by the terrorists. They caught him, brought him back to the store, tied his hands behind his back, and shot him in one leg; then they shot him again in the same leg, and after that in the other leg. It took the horse soldiers a long time to find the son's body because even though he had been shot up he hadn't been killed and was able to crawl off into the bush where he finally died.

The Grey's Scouts detachment followed the terrorists' spoor which led to the Mozambique border, exactly where the terrorists come in from so frequently. Nobody knows better than Grey's Scouts how terribly the tribesmen in their Tribal Trust Lands are suffering in this war.

"I listen to rebroadcasts of President Carter speaking or I read a speech of his in the newspaper or I hear Young, or Vice-president Mondale, or Secretary of State Vance and it makes me almost literally sick that they can speak of terrorist leaders like Mugabe and Nkomo as gentlemen to whom they seek to transfer power in Rhodesia. Then they speak of Samora Machel over in Mozambique who harbours the terrorists who commit these crimes against humanity and encourages them. I'd like to get Carter in Grey's Scouts for a couple of weeks, if he can ride a horse, and let

him see what this war is really all about. Nobody sees it any closer up than we do in Grey's Scouts."

The SAS (Special Air Service)

"Who dares, wins"

With this as their motto, the SAS has to be the most extensively and diversely trained unit in the Rhodesian Army. The Rhodesian SAS is a direct descendant of the Special Air Service which accomplished such great and daring work in the Second World War when they raided enemy airfields and disrupted their lines of communication. During the antiterrorist operations in Malaya in the 1950s the British 22nd Special Air Service regiment linked up with the Rhodesians who took to the regiment's specialized form of warfare instantly. With the return of the Rhodesia regiment to Africa the government decided to form a parachute detachment. In 1960 an RAF squadron leader arrived in Salisbury to train Rhodesian paratroopers.

In July of 1960 it was decided to form a regular Special Air Service squadron. Six Rhodesians were sent to England for paratroop instructor training. When the instructors returned the SAS parachute courses followed one after the other. The Rhodesian SAS saw combat duty in Aden during the attempted Communist coup there. The SAS is one of only two all-white unit in the Rhodesian security forces.

Technically the SAS is the most accomplished unit in the Rhodesian Army. The recruit training period takes eighteen weeks, followed by a ten-week SAS adaptation course. During this time the SAS trooper learns first aid, elementary communications, static line parachuting, boat handling, and special tactics. A test period lasting a week at the end of the course reveals

how much the SAS trooper has assimilated of all he has been taught, and if he survives it, he is eligible for his wings and the fawn beret he wears.

But the training still goes on. The SAS man has to undergo a series of specialist courses, each lasting five weeks or more, on such subjects as combat medical techniques (involving a stint at a hospital), advanced communications, demolitions, and free-fall parachuting. He also receives intensive training in tracking and bush craft and gets into advanced boatmanship. He then goes through a three-month underwater scuba course and another three-month language course since fluency in the indigenous African language is an important part of his qualification.

In 1974 the Rhodesian Government, responding to international pressures to end the terrorist war, observed, a ceasefire against the better judgment of the military, which lasted almost three months. This cessation of hostilities on the part of the Rhodesians gave the Communists the opportunity they needed to regroup and set up terrorist training camps and bases from which to launch attacks into Rhodesia from inside Zambia and Mozambique. The 1974 coup in Portugal which resulted in the Portuguese leaving Mozambique opened that country's border to the terrorists.

It took the entire year of 1975 to regain what initative the Rhodesians had lost during this disasterous ceasefire period. It was at this time that the SAS saw some of its most extensive action. Using all the skill and craft that they had developed over the years, in less than a year the SAS neutralized the border across which terrorists had been coming to make indiscriminate attacks on white farmers and black villagers.

As 1977 ends in uncertainty and escalating terrorist activity and the Communists are being heavily resupplied in Mozambique and Zambia, the SAS is likely to

see combat action on a scale that will put its immense skills and fighting ability to the greatest test since the unit was formed in 1960.

THE RHODESIAN AIR FORCE

Alae Praesidio Patriae—"Wings Guard our Country"

The Rhodesian Air Force became a regular defence unit in 1947, but it owes its existence to the events leading up to World War II when the Rhodesian Parliament voted money to be used to help in the defence of the British Empire. Rhodesia's contribution to the Second World War in the air is well known even though it is conveniently ignored today in a world of fickle and shifting loyalties. The number of young Rhodesians who served was out of all proportion to Rhodesia's manpower resources. In the war in the air, the Rhodesians made up the bulk of several RAF squadrons and they fought with particular distinction. In six years of war, a total of more than 2,500 Rhodesians served in the Royal Air Force. Twenty percent of them were killed in action. After the war the squadrons were disbanded, and military aviation in Rhodesia came to an end—though not for long. As men began to come home from the war service, many of them with no other qualifications but flying and servicing aircraft, they naturally joined up with the Southern Rhodesian staff corps. It wasn't long before they persuaded the authorities of the need to re-establish military aviation in Rhodesia.

The first effort at acquiring airplanes was a harbinger of things to come. It proved how the Rhodesian Air Force could rely on its own inventiveness and initiative, as indeed it always had. Six Tiger Moths that had been scrapped and abandoned were rebuilt.

In 1947 the small group of Rhodesian Air Force men and their obsolete airplanes received due recognition, and on November 28 a notice establishing the air force as a permanent unit of the defence structure was officially gazetted. Slowly more aircraft were added and the Rhodesian Air Force was clearly on its way to the position of importance it holds in the defence of the country today. During the period of the Berlin blockade when a war with Russia seemed a possibility, there was close cooperation between the Rhodesian Air Force and the RAF. More and more modern aircraft were acquired, planes that might be required for service virtually anywhere in the world. It was during this period that the Rhodesian Air Force acquired the Vampires, Canberras, Hunters, and Alouette helicopters that have been the foundation of its strength in the terrorist war.

When the Rhodesian government declared independence in November 1965, the air force had to face the fact that it could no longer rely on traditional friends and suppliers for aircraft and even for the spares it would need for day-to-day maintenance. Many casual, and even expert, observers predicted that it would not be long before the Rhodesians were grounded for good. It was thought that with the air force out of the way, the country would have to accept settlement with its enemies on almost any terms. But the prophets reckoned without the ingenuity of a body of men determined to stay in the air, come what may. Air Marshal M.J. McLaren, former commander of the air force, for the past four years Deputy Commander of Combined Operations, noted recently that although airpower has long been accepted as the key to victory in conventional war, it has only very recently been applied to counter-insurgency operations. "The terrorists is supposed to be an invincible foe, difficult to find, hard to identify, and impossible to destroy. Over the last ten years, however,

we have been able to demonstrate that airpower is not only useful but absolutely essential to combined anti-terrorist operations. Hundreds of terrorists have been found and identified, and destroyed from the air—and air support enables our ground forces to move rapidly around the operational air. Air supply keeps them equipped and air rescue facilities boost their morale and save lives.

"Techniques in the use of air power in the anti-terrorist campaign are still being developed and refined. Suffice it to say that the young men in Southern Africa who are involved in the development are contributing greatly to thwarting the [Communist] blueprint and the confounding our enemies."

Because the immediate threat to Rhodesia today is from Communist terrorists, much of the air force work is geared to counter insurgency operations; nevertheless, it remains a powerful deterrent to any potential aggressor in a conventional confrontation.

At this moment there are several squadrons, each with its own special mission both in the antiterrorist operation and, should the occasion arise, in protecting the country from outside attack. The first squadron is the Hunter Squadron. These supersonic pursuit ships are now several years old but they have proved themselves again and again in the trouble spots of the world.

They have a powerful capacity to deal with air attack, but in Rhodesia they have shown themselves to be equally effective against land-based forces. Certainly the Hunters have scored many kills in precision shooting against both terrorist camps and fleeing groups.

The second squadron is the Vampire Squadron. Armed with rockets, cannons and a payload of bombs, the Vampires have deadly potential.

An important adjunct to Air Force operations are the light aircraft which are particularly important in the

casualty evacuation of wounded men to hospitals as well as in reconnaissance work. One American pilot, Roger Bowers, a former U.S. Army pilot in the Vietnam war and now one of Rhodesia's "watchdogs of the bush" has been notably successful in flying the light twin engine planes.

It was Bowers who rescued his fellow American Keith Nelson of DeKalb Illinois when his legs were blown off in a land mine accident and flew him at top speed back to Salisbury hospital.

In addition to these 'casevacs' as such operations are called, the light aircraft have a strike potential and many kills have been recorded when light aircraft pilots such as Bowers have had to attack in self defense.

The fifth squadron, the Canberra Squadron, is equipped to strike deep into the heart of the country should the need arise. Equipped and ready to strike targets in southern and central Africa, it is thus providing what is possibly one of the biggest deterrents to would-be aggressors. Although maintained principally for its deterrent value, the squadron is very much involved in the terrorist war through its visual reconnaissance, and its aerial survey work. In one particularly hectic period, it flew ten reconnaissance missions and made nine air strikes against terrorist bases in the northeastern border area.

No modern air force would be complete today without its "choppers." Helicopters have become almost indispensable, and certainly in the jungle war that Rhodesia fights, these whirlybirds play a unique and vital role. They make up the air force's Number Seven Squadron.

Number Seven is equipped with French Alouette Mark IIIs, highly versatile machines. It is almost impossible to list all the tasks in which the choppers are involved in the present counterinsurgency operations.

Certainly they plan an essential role in ferrying troops into action.

The Alouettes are also largely responsible for that vital task in the war, casualty evacuation. It is a great morale booster to Rhodesia's fighting men to know that if they should be wounded in battle a chopper will soon get them to the best medical attention available. The squadron has also contributed significantly to the morale of the country as a whole. On many occasions it has been called in to evacuate civilian casualties, black and white, from accident sites and from the war zones—and it has always responded swiftly to such mercy appeals.

It was in 1974 that a program of concentrated helicopter effort against the terrorists began to be formulated. In time this led to the fighting system now known as "fire-force." Basically this involves having highly-trained troops on constant alert in close proximity to a helicopter. As soon as a terrorist sighting or contact is reported, these crack troops are flown to the location. When ground trackers get on to the trail of the terrorist group, they can be as much as twelve hours behind but by judicious use of choppers, they are often able to catch up with them remarkably quickly.

It is interesting to note that American helicopters pilots in the air force sometimes find it difficult to accustom themselves to the Alouette whose rotar blade turns in the opposite direction from that of the American-built helicopters which most of the pilots of Rhodesia used to fly. However, an intensive ten-week training course straightens out the American pilots flying the choppers in Rhodesia. An American chopper pilot with much duty in Vietnam behind him, Hubert Kurkendel, is just finishing this ten-week course now, and will soon be out in the operation area putting his Vietnam combat skill to work in the war against the Communist terrorists.

A lesser known but vital air force function is the training and use of watchdogs. An American in the Rhodesian Air Force, James Tribble, and his American Doberman, Thore, who is a graduate of the American Dog Training Academy and a veteran of a six-month course in command, attack, and guard-dog training, arrived in Rhodesia early in 1977 to serve the Air Force Dog Training Section.

Jim's wife Donna joined him in Rhodesia in July of 1977 and is adjusting to the environment. The thirty-five-year-old former international sales and marketing manager for an electronics firm in Latin America has always enjoyed working with dogs. He was reared on a ranch in Texas and from an early age developed a natural affinity for animals. Jim lived for eight years in Latin America where his mother was a Panamanian diplomat and his father was in the navy.

The reason Jim came here, he says, is that, "I felt deep down that the Rhodesian people had a fight to build their own destiny just like the colonies did when the thirteen states declared UDI in 1775. I realize that we are in a different time, but if we were to reverse the situation and suppose we had been forced to give majority rule to the Indians at that time, we would probably have resisted as the Rhodesians have in the past."

Working at the large Thornhill air force base in Gwelo, Jim Tribble and his Rhodesian Airforce dog trainers are building a canine corps second to none in the world. Because of the large areas that have to be guarded at air force installations dogs can do a better job of keeping the perimeter secure than could conventional guards. Furthermore, every man is needed in the war against the terrorists and could not be spared to guard the perimeters of air bases. Jim is officially an air police sergeant, a job he held in the United States Air Force for several years.

Jim Tribbles feels that although he is in the Rhode-

sian Air Force fighting for Rhodesia, he's actually fighting for the future of the United States. As is the case with all the Americans in Rhodesia, he hopes America will wake up to the dangers of Communist imperialism and not give away one more country, Rhodesia, and then one more until finally we are fighting the last ditch battle at home.

THE R A R

A hundred years ago the Matabele warrior enjoyed the reputation as a fighting man that was second only to that of the dreaded Zulu of Natal to the south, which is not to be wondered at as most of the blood in his veins was of Zulu origin. In those days his main weapon was the stabbing assegai and his uniform a skin kilt and a plume of ostrich feathers. Today the Zulu warrior's descendant, in the camouflage uniform of the modern soldier and armed with an automatic rifle, is maintaining tribal tradition by playing a valuable and effective role in the battle against his country's enemies, the Communist terrorists.

Africans have a traditional role in the Rhodesian Army. They were first enrolled to work and fight alongside the white Rhodesians over sixty years ago when a native regiment was raised for the campaign in German East Africa, and gave service of such quality that their commanding officer, Colonel Methuen, D.S.O., erected a stone cross, thirty feet high on top of a kopje (stone hill) overlooking Umtali to commemorate his African soldiers. To this day the cross is visible day and night when it is illuminated and shines like a beacon in the darkness.

After the First World War, the Rhodesian Native Regiment (RNR) was disbanded on the assumption

that there would be no more wars. When mankind's hopes were dissipated in 1939 immediate steps were taken to revive it in the form of the Rhodesian African Rifles, and as such it has earned an honoured place in Rhodesia's military history.

Its soldiers saw service with the East African Brigade in Burma, and covered themselves with glory at the battle of Tankwe Chung on 26 April 1945 when they drove the Japanese from two strategic points in extremely difficult country in Arakan. The RAR lost eleven killed and thirty-one wounded, but Tankwe Chung is a battle honor and the date of the battle is celebrated as the regimental birthdate.

The RAR has a long tradition among African soldiers and there are second-and even third-generation RAR soldiers in the unit today. Trained by European officers and sergeants as well as African sergeants, the RAR now has its first contingent of black officers, who graduated in June of 1977.

The second battalion of the RAR was raised in 1976 and there has been no difficulty in recruiting men for it. The only obstacle to recruitment is the shortage of training staff. An American training officer, Lt. Hanley Clifford of New Hampshire, is devoted to his men and scoffs at the traditional American criticism of Rhodesia and the allegations that the blacks, particularly in the army, are not happy with the current Rhodesian government. The African RAR trooper is fighting for the government, loyal to it, and without the Africans the government of Rhodesia could not stand. As Lt. Clifford points out there is no trouble between the white and black troops in the army. At the training center forty unarmed European officers control hundreds of armed African troops. There has never been so much as a suggestion of racial unrest or disloyalty to the officers by the troops being trained.

THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICAN POLICE (BSAP)

BSAP is the senior service in Rhodesia, having been established even before the pioneer column arrived in 1890. It was not until 1926 that the Defence Act was introduced and the official Rhodesian Army formed. Under it's commissioner, P.W.D.R. Sherren, the BSAP performs perhaps the widest variety of services of any of the branches in the security forces.

In 1939 when young nineteen-year-old trooper Sherren, a new immigrant from Britain via South Africa, first joined the BSAP the horse was still a major form of police transport. Commissioner Sherren reminisces about the early days of his service. "I remember only too vividly the extended horse patrols of that era—some of them lasted as long as two months. You set off with members of African police, your personal servant, mules, donkeys, pack saddles, and all the trimmings; you were a completely self-contained unit for the period you were away from your police camp."

A number of Americans have participated in the demanding five months of intensive training and become fully fledged BSAP members. The training is broad-based, ranging from ballistics to bush craft. It covers all the skills the policeman will draw on time and again, particularly if posted to any of the scores of remote, widely scattered district stations. That is where the demands on his initiative and decision-making ability are likely to be greatest. In case of a murder he can be called upon to do an on-the-spot investigation, hunt for the killer, prepare the evidence, and take the case right through the court hearing.

To fight both crime and terrorism the Rhodesian policeman has at his disposal the most comprehensive communications network in the country. This is one of

the policeman's principal allies and it helps the BSAP spread its manpower resources—small in comparison with the vast distances to be policed—to the best advantage.

The BSAP also has an air wing, the pilots of which are from all walks of life and every corner of the country. They mainly use their own aircraft. They are in increasingly heavy demand for everything from courier work to getting vital supplies to patrols, often lonely ones in border areas. Armed police launches, the Rhodesian navy in effect, patrol Lake Kariba which is the border between Zambia and Rhodesia, and they also patrol the Zambezi River. Frequently they come under fire from the Zambian shore.

Of particular interest is the Police Ballistics Department. All expended shells from terrorist weapons are brought back to the laboratory and analyzed. The ballistic experts have been able to follow specific terrorists from crime to crime around the country by means of identifying and comparing cartridge cases. It was thus that the infamous slaughter of missionaries at the St. Paul's mission was proved to have been committed by an old-line Mugabe terrorist, the same terrorist that killed Sharon McRoberts and her grandmother and committed countless other murders.

The BSAP also has teams of scuba divers which can be rushed at short notice to tackle urgent underwater assignments in Rhodesia's many rivers, lakes, and dams. They search for bodies after drowning accidents, group in the mud and sludge for murder weapons or stolen goods, and in one recent case recovered vehicles dumped in an abandoned and flooded quarry by car theives. There is even a woman diver, Detective Woman Patrol Officer Kathy Hall, an attractive young woman in her late twenties who helped to salvage $2,500 worth of movie equipment weighing

several tons when in November 1976 a barge was wrecked on Lake Kyle in a sudden storm.

Terrorists are not guerrillas. They are criminals and treated as such. Therefore every terrorist who is caught alive is tried as a criminal and it is the job of the BSAP to provide existing evidence that the captured terrorist has indeed committed the murders of which he is accused. Understaffed like most other police forces, the BSAP has eased the problem by introducing an increasing number of women into its ranks. The opportunities open to them are almost as varied as to the men, and not because of any chauvinistic patronage grudgingly granted on account of the manpower shortage either. The proven ability of women to do the job is readily acknowledged. Apart from essential office work, women police officers act as dispatchers directing B-cars (patrol cars) to the scene of road accidents and crimes. Very often the driver behind the wheel responding to the call is a woman, too. With her ability to keep a cool head, her investigating efficiency and her high standard of driving, a "Police B-girl" can be sent speeding to the scene of a surburban housebreaking or just as readily to a backstreet stabbing.

It might also be noted that the Los Angeles police force is not the only one that has a SWAT team. The Police Emergency Units, modeled on the SWAT squads, are in increasing use in Rhodesia to combat terrorism. The teams are based in the major cities, Salisbury, Bulawayo, Umtali, and Gwelo and their speciality is to counter urban terrorism although they are equipped and ready to meet any situation where specialized tactics are needed to minimize casualties.

The main antiterrorist arms of the BSAP are PATU (Police Anti-Terrorist Unit) and the much decorated Support Unit, composed of European and African regulars. The support unit operates in the main terrorist hot spots, often traveling days at the time

carrying its own food, water, and supplies. Tracking operations are often long and arduous. One section caught and clashed with thirty terrorists after tracking for thirteen hours. They killed three and captured a large quantity of arms and ammunition.

Nor should "Dad's Army" be underestimated or ignored in any study of the police. Many of these older men, some in their sixties, have had extensive combat experience in previous wars and are making use of it in Rhodesia. Back in uniform again, the Special Reserve, as "Dad's Army" is officially called, seems to be enjoying every minute of its return to active service. The men provide police presence in the residential areas, helping to suppress crime, and giving the regular force thousands of extra eyes.

The Rhodesian security forces can and will hold out indefinitely against the Communist-backed terrorists of the misnamed "Patriotic Front." The Rhodesian armed forces are the best in Africa. Even if the forces of all the other black African nations together tried to attack Rhodesia they would be repulsed, and they know it. Therefore, what they can't win militarily they are attempting, with the aid of the British and American governments, to win politically.

The so-called front-line Presidents to whom Andrew Young appears so beholden have learned their Marxist lessons well. With the example of American political action giving away Vietnam to the Communists and backing down in Korea, pulling out American troops in the face of pressure from the north, the Communist leaders and their black pawns are confident that a repeat performance will occur in southern Africa.

The First Battalion; The Rhodesian Light Infantry:

Rhodesian Light Infantry is the only all-white, regular Army battalion in Rhodesia. It was first es-

tablished in February 1961 and based at what is now the territorial training barracks at Llewellyn, near Bulawayo. In August of that year, the battalion was moved to Salisbury, to what is now Old Cranbourne Barracks.

In 1964, the organization and the role of the unit was changed from that of a conventional infantry battalion, to that of a Commando (seek and destroy) unit. In the same year, the Rhodesian Light Infantry was involved in its first anti-terrorist operations.

Commanded by a Lieutenant Colonel, there are five sub-units within the battalion: three commandos, a support commando and a base group.

The four Commandos comprise men who undergo an intensive seventeen-week training period in basic infantry warfare, both in the classical warfare role and in counter-insurgency (COIN). Due to the military situation in this country, emphasis is naturally on COIN warfare.

However, what differentiates these men from a standard infantry unit is that each soldier undergoes specialist training. The three commandos are taught to handle more sophisticated weaponry and each man receives para-training. The Support Commando troops are taught the various skills of firing mortars, reconnaissance and tracking.

Despite the comparatively short four-month period of training, the men of the four commando groups pass out as highly competent anti-guerrilla combat forces, and their battle record indicates uncommon skill, efficiency and success.

However, without a base group providing the necessary support, no unit would continue to operate successfully. The RLI base group provides the men in the field with the essential services, such as radio communication, prompt medical care, transport and vital resupply, as well as the inevitable administration network.

Once trained, the function of the unit is at present purely anti-terrorist—to track down, eliminate and/or capture insurgents. However, the unit is also required to fill a conventional role and after a six-week stint in the operational areas, each commando is returned to base for a ten day period of R&R. While the term is commonly used to indicate rest and recreation, only two days of that period are set aside for entertainment. The other eight are spent in Re-training and Re-fitting, to maintain constant military preparedness.

A relatively large proportion of the men of the RLI are foreign nationals, approximately fifteen per cent of the total. Captain Colin Dace the administration officer of the unit, says that although there are nearly forty foreign nationalities represented in the force at the moment, in the past the RLI has had men from all nationalities, except Russians.

However, the foreign nationals electing to sign up with the RLI encounter various problems, of which language has proved one of the most serious. Those recruits unable to speak English have to be turned away because there are no facilities to teach the men while undergoing training.

The most serious problem though, is desertion. Captain Dace says the majority of the men who go AWOL and desert are foreign nationals who seem to think that by joining the regular Army, they come out here as mercenaries with special dispensation.

"A lot of people come out here thinking they will join the Rhodesian Army, be given a rifle and sent out to the bush immediately. They think they'll get up early in the morning, kill a couple of terrs (terrorists) before breakfast and return to camp to laze away the rest of the day sun-tanning, drinking beer and indulge in a spot of wine, women and song in the evening. The reality of the situation shocks them."

The Captain went on to describe how a couple of

foreign recruits deserted after only two weeks of training with the RLI, because they could not keep up with the stringent physical training schedule, and then went 'home', and sold their 'war-stories' to newspapers.

"We can well do without these type of men, because they give the rest of the recruits, foreigners I mean, a bad name among the local Rhodesian residents. Those who come here with the purpose to fight terrorism and Communism are often unfairly criticised for being mercenaries, war-mongers and glory-seekers. It just isn't true, but there's very little they can do to combat it."

"The men who desert are the men who seek personal glory, and, unfortunately, there is no real way we can check on each foreign recruit's credentials or experience. We have to accept them at face value, and often they prove to be worthless.

"We've had a few occasions where men have claimed to be ex-British commandos or American Green Berets, but they've been found out when it comes to the crunch. During a contact these men, who've been given rank and command to control a group of soldiers, have cowered under fire, and a young Lance Corporal has taken command to get them out of a sticky situation."

The administration officer also told of instances when foreign nationals have joined up with the Rhodesian Army, received the superior training that each man undergoes and then deserted at the end of the course to join up with mercenary units elsewhere in Africa, notably in Angola.

"You see, any organisation recruiting mercenaries for a war in Africa, or for that matter any other country in the world, will accept a Rhodesian Army soldier on the spot, because of the strict and effective training they receive here.

"Attracted by promises of good money—the pay in the RLI is not that high for a troopie (footsol-

This is typical of the small African kraals that are nightly terrorized by Robert Mugabe and Joshua Nkomo terrorists seeking to separate the black population by fear from benefits of the central Rhodesian Government.

Photo courtesy of CNS

The Rhodesian Army conducts extensive education programs in the tribal trust land threatened by terrorism. A warrant officer from the Rhodesian African Rifles showing the crowd a terrorist stick grenade.

Photo courtesy of CNS

Picture of 14 mm. Soviet Anti-aircraft weapon captured by Rhodesian Security Forces during recent hot pursuit operation into Mozambique. Also pictured are Soviet 82 mm. Mortar Tubes AK-47 Rifles and a large quantity of small arms ammunition. *Photo courtesy of CIS*

Ammunition captured during the recent Rhodesian raid on terrorists headquarters in Mozambique includes Chinese Communist 82 mm. mortar rounds, Soviet 7.62 mm. small arms ammunition and U.S. manufactured M-962 hand grenades.

Photo courtesy of CNS

Senator Chief Jeremiah Chirau, the moderate Black Nationalist, who decries violence and is in fact the only elected Black Nationalist leader in Rhodesia.

Photo courtesy of CNS

Senator Chief Chirau being briefed by a mixed stick of Rhodesian soldiers. *Photo courtesy of CNS*

Prime Minister P.K. van der Byl *(c.)* at the investiture ceremony for Chief Mola *(4th from L.)*. Other members of the party include *(L. to R.)* acting Chief Ngandi, Chief Naberi and Chief Sanpakaruma. Tribal chiefs are a special target for terrorists as they attempt to eliminate the traditional and recognized leadership in the tribal trust lands. *Photo courtesy of CNS*

St. Paul's Mission at Musami the morning following the massacre of seven Catholic missionaries by Mugabe ZANU terrorists. *Photo courtesy of CNS*

At 10 a.m., November 22, 1976, Robert Mugabe's "Patriotic Front" terrorists ambushed African Development Fund field assistant Barend Mynhardt and three of his aides on their way to pay black ADF employees. *Photo courtesy of CNS*

This triple murder was ordered by Rhodesian "Patriotic Front" leader Joshua Nkomo. His terrorist lieutenant, Albert Sumbe Encube, on December 5, 1967 stopped a car driven by Catholic Bishop Adolph Schmitt with Father Possenti Weggarten and Sister Maria Frances as passengers, ordered them out of the car, and killed them on the road near their mission at Lupane.

Photo courtesy of CNS

A black Rhodesian tribesman identifies two terrorists who held him down and chopped his left leg off.

Photo courtesy of CNS

This Rhodesian black woman, with her two companions, were repeatedly raped by a gang of Mugabe terrorists and then bayoneted and shot to death.

Photo courtesy of CNS

Although the Mugabe ZANU terrorists are noted for their barbaric treatment of fellow Rhodesian black men, special attention is reserved for whites. Prior to death this man was held down and castrated by the Mugabe terrorists.

Photo courtesy of CNS

The author and "American Ambassador" to Rhodesia (self-appointed) kneels at the site of another brutal massacre of 16 Africans by the communist Robert Mugabe-Joshua Nkomo terror forces.

Photo courtesy of CNS

dier)—these foreign recruits use the RLI to gain the qualifications they need to get the higher mercenary pay.

"Fortunately, the majority of those who desert to join mercenaries, join forces with other anti-Communist groups such as the *National* Liberation *Front* of Angola, which is based in Zaire and carries out raids against Cubans and the MPLA."

Captain Dace says that the best foreign recruits in the RLI are British or former British servicemen.

"Although Green Berets and other special forces men are proving invaluable, the former British soldier has virtually no difficulty at all in adapting to the Rhodesian Army lingo, training and discipline. It is based on what existed in the British Army twenty years ago, and these recruits adapt very quickly.

"One thing the RLI is proud of, apart from its fantastic success against terrorists, is its high standards and discipline. I would say that we are among the very best in the world, if not the best, because standards elsewhere are dropping.

"This discipline serves to maintain high morale as well, and even the terrorists admit our superiority in the field. When the RLI is deployed, a commando is usually sent to an area where there is a high concentration of terrorists and terrorist activity.

"When our men appear they give the terrorists a heavy knock and this has the effect of chasing the terrorists from the area, those that survive, anyway. The terrorist has a healthy respect for the RLI."

Chapter Eleven

The Tribesmen

Perhaps one of the main reasons that the so-called American initiative in trying to solve the Rhodesian dilemma is constantly thwarted is America's failure to appreciate African tribal customs, heritage, and outlook. Americans, particularly blacks, superimpose the desires and mores of American Negroes on the African population of Rhodesia and then think they understand the situation. British and American negotiators are trying to foist their own socialist theories on a conservative tribal society which is riddled with superstition and suspicious of European social values. To understand the sort of future these distant diplomats are unintentionally bequeathing the new Zimbabwe (at least Rhodesians hope it is unintentional), it is vital they take the time and effort to develop at least a nodding acquaintance with the historical background of tribal enmities.

Tribal enmity derives from intense allegiance to the family, which consists both of the living and of the

ever-present spirits of the dead. The family is synonymous with the clan, which is bound by allegiance to certain totem taboos. If any one particular family comes to power in an African society that family is going to ensure that it remains in power, forever if possible, to the exclusion of every other clan or tribe.

Even today, as was the case before the coming of the white man, a member of one tribe or clan who is a living part of his special totem taboos does not consider a tribesman with different totem taboos to be a person. Thus in the brutal tribal battles a tribesman who plunges a spear into an alien tribesman and then kills his wife and children does not consider himself as having killed human beings.

Although the Rhodesian military have been able to eradicate this outlook from the young men it trains, back on the Tribal Trust Lands the old customs lurk in the background.

Even the urbane Senator Chief Jeremiah Chirau, one of the three leading nationalist leaders in Rhodesia, cautions that too quick a movement to black majority rule based on a one man, one vote concept could be dangerous. This concept implies an unqualified vote for every adult male and female. Since females never take part in political decision-making in tribal society such a revolutionary development goes against the grain of African tribal life. Even today African females are excluded from meetings called to make policy decisions concerning customs, tilling land, and cattle ownership. In the tribal courts, which are held outdoors, generally under a tree that has traditional significance, the women are seated apart from the men. In recent years the formation of African women's clubs has been supported by many of the tribal authorities to allow women to make decisions on purely "feminine" subjects.

The rule is that tribal decision-making is a function

of the tribal elders only. In discussion leading up to decision-making the younger men may be consulted and they are often invited to what the chiefs call "general meetings" in which anybody can take part in a democratic manner, but a son is never permitted to vote against his father, the head of the family.

Any male is given an opportunity to speak his mind at a general meeting, and what he says is weighed very carefully against his personal reputation and that of his parents. If, for example, his father was a well-known cattle thief, then obviously, whatever he may say in a meeting is measured against the fact that his father was a criminal. If a tribesman happens to be a well-known adulterer then no matter what education his son may have, or what status he may have acquited as a businessman in a European type society, even if he has accumulated wealth, in the tribal setup his words will forever be measured against the fact that his father was an adulterer. The criterion for decision-making in tribal society is based on the words and advice given by the oldest male members. These words weigh far more heavily in the decision-making process than words spoken or advice given by a young educated man.

Of late, however, if the subject under discussion requires a knowledge of education, for instance the location of a school and the employment of teachers, then members of the tribe with experience and qualifications, for example schoolteachers with a high education, will always be recognized in the decision-making process.

From the arrival of the pioneer columns and the setting up of the British South Africa Company in Rhodesia, government has always recognized this tribal method of decision-making. The chiefs at the pinnacle of tribal society have always been consulted from the time that Cecil John Rhodes spent many days in the Matopas, the area in which the city of Bulawayo is lo-

cated, talking with the Matabele chiefs in order to come to an agreement with them concerning peace between the tribesmen and the white man.

In recent times the Council of Chiefs has been recognized as a properly constituted body, and its authority was insisted upon by the British Government in Foreign Office negotiations with Sir Edgar Whitehead, then prime minister of Rhodesia, in drawing up the constitution of 1961. How ironic that sixteen years later the new generation of young British Foreign Office civil servants have failed to realize the importance of the chiefs, preferring instead to confer with radical self-professed black nationalists like terrorist leaders Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe. Why did Prime Minister Callaghan prefer to discuss Rhodesia's future with Joshua Nkomo, who was about to go to Cuba to ask for Communist arms and troop commitments—the only black leader he has received as of September 1977—when he could have talked to the duly elected head of the Council of Chiefs, Senator Chief Chirau?

The result of the one man, one vote systems which Britain has imposed on its former colonies in return for independence is a return to dictatorship by a tribal strong man. In every single case the one man, one vote system has produced identical results. The election becomes one man, one vote only once. Thereafter whoever wins power keeps it. The only way to replace the chief executive is then the military coup. Witness Idi Amin of Uganda as an example of the new African strong man. Nowhere in Africa is there a former British colony with anything resembling a democratic form of government.

A notorious example of a black leader crushing all opposition and establishing a one-party system is Julius Nyerere, Marxist president of Tanzania. He runs a one-party system of government in which he personally appoints almost half the National Assembly, while the

remainder are elected by the only party in the country, which he also controls. Not surprisingly, he has made himself president for life. Human rights exist in Tanzania at the pleasure of Nyerere. Yet President Jimmy Carter and the Anglo-American negotiators seeking a solution to the Rhodesian problem listen raptly as Nyerere sanctimoniously talks about one man, one vote in Rhodesia and at the same time attempts to make the Marxist terrorist Patriotic Front the leading force in the new government of Rhodesia or Zimbabwe."

None of the so-called front-line presidents who mouth platitudes in London and Washington about one man, one vote in Rhodesia allows such a franchise in their own countries.

It should be pointed out that there is only one nation on the entire continent of Africa where a black elected official can stand up in that nation's parliamentary body and criticize the prime minister or top leader. That country is Rhodesia.

The present government of Rhodesia, has brought prosperity to blacks and whites alike. The Rhodesian Africans enjoy the highest standard of living on the continent and it should be obvious why Rhodesians fear a too hasty change in government at this time. They fear a repetiton of the tragedies that have been seen in all other former black British colonies.

Isn't it possible that the British Foreign Office, with a one hundred percent record of promulgating one-party tyrannies in the process of releasing former colonies, is stubbornly dedicated to spawning another disaster?

Black rule in Rhodesia will come about, but any settlement negotiated by outsiders that fails to take into account the country's tribal structure, including that of the white tribe, can only result in a repressive Communist dictatorship. Such a settlement is now being negotiated by the well-meaning, inexperienced, uninformed,

and in some cases racially biased United States and British diplomats of the class of '77.

Although Rhodesia is divided into two main tribal groups, the Mashona and the Matabele, the former is divided into many rival groups whose only similarity is that they speak the Shona language. The various tribal groupings that make up the Mashona account for about 80 percent of the African population of the country and the Matabele make up the remainder.

To understand the future electorate of Zimbabwe it is well to have a look at native customs and mores, many of which obtain today and are still admired by most tribesmen, if not emulated, except in the more remote tribal areas where police surveillance is minimal.

The hideous tortures practiced by the terrorists can best be understood in the context of the tribal background of the terrorists themselves. Robert Mugabe constantly harps on the damage the white man has done to tribal customs. He has encouraged a reversion to many of the grisly ancient customs and has said that if he takes power in Rhodesia he will advocate a return to the times before the white man came in and poisoned the black man with his laws and European way of living. African experts in the Rhodesian Government who have studied tribal mores and customs are convinced that indeed, given the opportunity, the African population would quickly slide back to the old ways.

Witchcraft has been practiced in every tribal society in Africa. Rhodesia certainly is no exception to this. In fact to this day witchcraft is still a major part of tribal life out in the remote areas of the country. Some recent cases are cited here. A witch of the Karanga tribe named Dawu confessed in the white man's court, the High Court of Fort Victoria, that she was a witch who had the power to kill people by visiting them at night. She traveled to the victim's home on the back of a hy-

ena. She went on to admit that like all witches she travels in the nude on the way to accomplish her witchy objectives. In this case she had been asked to bewitch the husband of a woman coveted by a tribesman.

Dawu described arriving at the victim's home on her hyena while he was asleep. She placed her muties (medicine) into small cuts she inflicted on the body. Three days later the husband died and was buried. Dawu then returned to the grave, dug up the body, and confessed that she had cut some of the meat from the corpse and had cooked and eaten it. However, after the case had been heard in court the body of the deceased was exhumed by the police and no pieces of it were found to be missing. Frequently, self-confessed witches believe sincerely in a physical act they claim to have performed when in fact it is really a psychic act. Nevertheless, authorities on the subject of witchcraft in Rhodesia can show that in fact witches do return to the bodies of the deceased in order to take a portion of the flesh, which they either eat or make into some more powerful medicine.

The point here is that any grisly act which can be imagined and which in fact the imaginer thinks about doing, he is very apt to do.

In another witchcraft case, two female witches confessed in court to cooking and eating the top half of a deceased baby. In this case the act did indeed happen and the defence was that the baby had been stillborn and thus not alive when eaten by the witches. The prosecution sought to prove that the child was actually alive before the feast took place.

There are frequent references to witches having sexual intercourse with crocodiles. Perhaps this isn't as farfetched as it sounds. Crocodiles have been known to be domesticated. Interestingly enough a former district commissioner, a white man, after many years of service

in the Tribal Trust Lands was at his request given four acres of land on a river in the Trust Lands he had worked in so hard. He and his wife had decided to live out their days together in the TTL. This is very unusual, in fact one of the few cases on record of a white man being given land in a Tribal Trust area. The former district commissioner and his wife became quite friendly with a crocodile and fed it every day as it swam across the river to greet the white couple in the mornings. When the commissioner went swimming the crocodile swam around and around on the surface of the river as though to protect his friend.

In February 1977 the wife died. Friends came out to express their sympathies and discovered that the former district commissioner was planning to feed the body of his wife to his pet crocodile. It was something that they had both discussed when the wife's demise was discovered to be imminent. The horrified friends tried to prevent this and on the day after the funeral, when the crocodile was to be fed the body of the wife, a Court Order was obtained to prevent this bizarre type of interment.

The witches have many different types of familiars besides crocodiles and hyenas. Snakes and owls are also among their favorite companions. There is a strong belief in witchcraft among the Africans and to tell them that it does not really exist would be akin to telling the Pope that there is not really a God. Most witches, when it comes to trial, prefer to be tried in the white man's court than by tribal law. To this day the witches are made to submit to a trial by ordeal in the tribal courts. In some cases the witch is forced to plunge her hands into boiling water. If the hands come out without being burned or scalded in any way then the allegation of witchcraft stands. If, however, the hands are burned, she is innocent. A second test is that of making the accused witch eat or drink a poisoned

liquid. If the woman vomits immediately then she is innocent. If the poison causes her to have diarrhea but does not make her vomit then she is considered as being convicted of being a witch. This is one of the many reasons why, even today, most tribesmen prefer to go to a white man's court rather than submit to tribal justice.

It has been authenticated that when Mashona chiefs get too old to rule or become impotent they are sometimes murdered, either by having their throats cut or, more commonly, by having their mouths filled with either grass or grass seeds so that they suffocate. In either case some of the blood of the chief's body is taken and mixed with the seed for next year's planting. The blood is supposed to give strength to the new crops.

Incidentally the Matabele chief Gampo, who was murdered by terrorists earlier in 1977, as described in a previous chapter of this book, was known to be impotent and therefore did not have a very high status among his people and the other Matabele chiefs. It may have been for this reason that the terrorists, responding to Joshua Nkomo's order to kill a tribal chief, picked on Gampo, their belief being the spirits would not avenge him.

Another type of ritual killing is the fertility murder. In order to ensure a forthcoming bumper grain crop, a chief may order some of his tribesmen to catch a young boy or girl and kill them by choking them with grass seeds. Then parts of the genitals are cut off as well as the lips and the first joints of the little fingers. These parts of the corpse are brought back to the chief who prepares medicine from them to mix with the grain seed for the next harvest. This same type of ritual murder is also committed in order to increase the strength of the chief himself. This is apparently considered bad form since the medicine is used for the benefit of the

chief personally and the rest of the people derive no benefit from it.

As in the history of the United States, certain people among the Mashona have always been attributed with the power of making rain. The foremost of these rainmakers in Mashonaland and a well-known historical figure to most Rhodesians was Chaminuka. Almost all tribes have their own local rainmakers and in the northern part of Rhodesia among the Kore Kore, particularly those tribesmen living along the Zambezi river, north of the great escarpment, the rainmakers found human sacrifice especially efficacious. The accepted practice was to catch a young girl aged about twelve to fifteen and strangle her with the belt she has worn around her waist from the day she was born. The corpse is then thrown into a deep pool in the nearest river in order to encourage the rain to fall the following season.

Rainmakers held to be truly effective rely on more sophisticated methods. These practitioners skin human beings alive to provide the skins for the special drums they use. Such drums are only played or beaten on special occasions and everybody within earshot knows from the high-pitched piercing tone that this is not the normal ox-hide drum being pounded. It is interesting to note that Chaminuka, the great rainmaker of the Mashona people, was himself skinned alive by the Matabele warriors when they captured him. Chaminuka indeed did have extraordinary powers. It was he who foretold the coming of the white man to Rhodesia and also prophesied that it would be the white race that would keep the peace between the Mashona and the Matabele people.

Parts of the human body are used in many ways to provide charms for the murderer of the unfortunate donor. Recently a tribesman with a penchant for gambling and a habit of losing, murdered two children, one

two and a half years old, the other four. He removed the lips and part of the tongue of the two corpses in order to provide himself with a charm that would henceforth increase his fortune at gambling.

A friend of this writer's was an assessor in a High Court case in Fort Victoria in 1968 when three men were charged with hunting down and killing a stranger to the area of the Chebi district in which they resided. They removed the heart from the body and carefully dried this organ in the hot sun and ground it into a powder which was then placed in a receptacle in one of the three murderers' shops. The intention of the shopkeeper was magically to draw more customers to his shop than rival stores in the same Tribal Trust Land could draw to theirs.

The terrorist leaders constantly preach the virtues of going back to the old days before the arrival of the white man, by which, presumably, they imply reverting to the old practices which were driven underground on the arrival of the missionaries. Were the forces of law and order to be removed, these rituals would return immediately to being commonplace and public. Thirty years ago the killing of one of twins born to a woman was a common occurence. It was done publicly in the belief that a man can conceive in the womb of a woman only one child at a time. Therefore, when twins were born, the second child must be the result of adultery committed by the wife. Adultery is a serious crime in African custom in which the man responsible is punished more heavily than the woman. The other belief concerning twins is that the second child to come out of the womb was conceived by the devil or an evil spirit.

The crime of incest, around which the whole of the tribal Mashona and Matabele kinship system is built, means that no tribesman can have intercourse or marry or raise children with any other woman of the same

tribal or clan totem. The crime of incest is still punishable by death as the tribesmen believe that incest will bring a drought to the clan or tribe of the male committing it. Sometimes incest is not punished by death, but the male offender merely has his hands and genitals burned by fire.

Rape, however, has never been considered a serious crime, nor is it to this day. One of the reasons is that the raped woman could end up with a man child with which to strengthen the male population of the tribe.

The Batonka people of Rhodesia, who live near the resort area of Victoria Falls, to this day practice the art of knocking out with a hammer and chisel the two front teeth of their young girls when they reach puberty. The original purpose of this was to make the girl unacceptable to men of other tribes. Also it stems from the days of slavery when the teeth were carefully examined by the slavers prior to taking the young women away.

Recently this author asked the chief of the Batonka tribe through an interpreter why, with slavery a thing of the distant past, why they still subject the young women to such a cruel ceremony. The chief's answer was "Well, there are still the Matabele and we never know when they may try to take our women slaves."

The Matabele decendants of the Zulu tribes who moved into Rhodesia are far more aggressive and warlike than the agriculturally inclined Mashona. It is the Matabele with whom Joshua Nkomo relates and he skillfully plays on all the old Matabele mores in ordering atrocities and taking credit for them. The Matabele were always extremely meticulous in carrying out the death penalty for certain crimes committed against individuals in their society. For instance, any man caught committing adultery with a wife of a regimental commander was killed instantly. Presumably, adultery was permissible with the wives of the lesser members of the

tribe. If a man was caught committing adultery with one of the chief's wives, not only was he killed but his entire family was put to death as well. The Matabele believe that the crime a man commits is in his blood and therefore would be conveyed to his children through his wives. It was presumed that upon reaching adulthood these children would also commit adultery with the chief's wife or wives.

The Matabele were always on the lookout for an opportunity to pull off a massacre of a large number of the Mashona people. The well-known hunter Frederick C. Selous reported that in following up a Matabele raid in the north-eastern part of Rhodesia against the Mashona he came across the results of a particularly bloody massacre. When the Matabele warriors had arrived near the Mashona kraals they were greeted like long-lost friends. The Mashona people provided them with meat, food, and drink. Everything appeared normal and everybody was very friendly on the surface. However, within two days every man, woman, and child in the villages throughout the area has been massacred by the Matabele. Their technique with small children was to pick them up by their feet and bash their brains out on the nearest rock.

The Matabele still admire the Draconian punishments meted out by the chiefs of old before the white man, his laws, and his missionaries arrived to stifle the great traditions. A classic story is still told about King Mzilikatzi, one of the most powerful Matabele chiefs, a potentate still celebrated in song and story by the Matabele today. One of the king's minions stole his beer by drinking it as it was on its way to the king from the woman who had brewed it for him. Knowing that her own life was in danger for producing an empty pot of beer for the king, she ran wailing to Mzilikatzi and explained that his minion had drunk all the beer on its way to him.

Mzilikatzi immediately ordered his hunters to track down and bring back the accused. It took but a day to find the illicit beer-swiller and bring him before the king.

Mzilikatzi then ordered the heads of all his regiments, his senior personnel or Indunas, and others of his entourage to gather at his court.

When the guilty minion was brought before the king's throne, Mzilikatzi said, "Obviously you have not heard my instructions. Therefore your ears are of no benefit to you."

At a wave of the king's hands the former servant's ears were cut off one after the other.

"You have tasted the king's beer against all orders and etiquette," the Matabele chieftan continued. "Cut off his tongue!" A portion of the man's tongue was then cut off.

"You have smelt the king's beer which is forbidden," Mzilikatzi thundered. "Cut his nose off." The nose was chopped with a machete.

The king regarded the miscreant pitilessly. "You have cast your eyes on the king's beer." The king's guards took a sharp knife resembling a surgeon's scalpel and cut a flap of skin from the top of the forehead which was allowed to hang down over the eyes of the criminal. The disfiguration of the wretch now completed, Mzilikatzi ordered him to be taken away and left out in the veld for the jackals and hyenas to finish off.

Mzilikatzi's successor, Lobengula, lived up to the grisly reputation of the Matabele chiefs. When a subchief named Zwangendaba refused to acknowledge him the true king of the Matabele, Lobengula mounted an attack on his village close to the city of what is now Bulawayo and killed every man, woman, and child of Zwangendaba's people. This was unusual because in raids against tribes such as the Shona, women and chil-

dren were normally spared because they in turn would procreate and produce members of future fighting forces. The most merciful Matabele method of carrying out the death penalty, which was inflicted for the most minor offences, was to push the victim over the edge of a cliff.

The African initiation ceremonies, which induct boys and girls of the ages of twelve to fourteen into adulthood, have by and large moved underground. They are against the law of the white man, that of both the missionaries and the courts. The commonest form of initiation now practiced among the Mashona people of Rhodesia appears to be the removal of male and female children of about the ages of twelve to fourteen to separate camps wehre they undergo the most rigorous hardships designed to fit them for womanhood and manhood. A common hardship is to make them sit naked for hour after hour, during the winter, in the cold water of a stream. Circumcision is carried out at the camps for the boys when they are about twelve years old.

Undoubtedly the civilized school systems in Western countries would benefit greatly by following at least a few of the examples of the instruction given at these camps. The boys are given explicit instruction by elderly males in the arts and variations of the sexual act. This is intended to promulgate happy marriages in the future. The boys are taken into these initiation camps as soon as they have made it known that they have experienced their first wet dream. The girls are usually taken to be trained and put through their ordeals after their first menstruation.

It is quite common for urban African girls in Rhodesia today, especially Mashona ones, to be taught by their elders, either at the camps or by their mothers and aunts at home, to improve their sexual organs by pulling and stretching the labial lips. There are cases

on record in which a bat is killed and its body is dried and crushed into a powder which is then used as an ointment for the purpose of making the labia minora more elastic. The girls are frequently taught how to strengthen the vagina in order to better receive their husband on the day they get married. Realists among the Rhodesians and particularly among the foreign troops in the country would undoubtedly fault the missionaries who have tried to stamp out such customs.

Basically there is very little sexual intercourse between the whites in Rhodesia and the tribal women. However, since the advent of foreign troops in Salisbury in 1975 there appear to be considerably more intimate relationships between white men and black women. This recalls the case of a young American southerner who has been fighting in the Rhodesian army for a year. A powerful individual and an expert in the kind of war of attrition that is going on in Rhodesia today, the Yank is a valued member of his commando group in the Rhodesia Light Infantry. He reports that the African girls still steeped in the old customs are an experience a young man should not miss. Recently, out in the bush, he gunned down a terrorist almost as big as he was himself. He carried the body back to the Commando post and laid it down with a touch of reverence. "I just killed my father-in-law again," he remarked.

The fact is that the terrorist armies do indeed respect and if possible practice the old traditions. Many more of these customs and traditions have been omitted from this narrative out of a desire not to offend readers. However, it should be noted that the terrorist leaders Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe promise a return to the delights of the old days and receive great acclaim from their followers for this attitude. It is curious that the World Council of Churches gives the greater part of its budget to the black African terrorist

movements and yet this same body of reformers has devoted the last seventy or eighty years of its efforts in such countries as Rhodesia trying to stamp out the very customs they are now helping to bring back.

On the other hand Mugabe is dominated by his mentor Samora Machel who has murdered all the tribal chiefs in Mozambique and stamped out the vestiges of tribal heritage and tradition there in order to communize the people and make them work for the state. Communism and tribalism are totally inimical to each other at every level, so while Mugabe is promising a return to the old values as they existed before the arrival of the white man he is actually lying to his followers. What they will get is the opposite of the old tribal heritage. They will become slave workers for the state on farm communes or, if they can be trained, in factories.

The Missionary Role In Terrorism

In late September of 1977 an example of direct missionary influence and involvement in the terrorist cause received worldwide attention. It was the case of the Catholic sister, Janice Ann McLaughlin. Sister McLaughlin—a citizen of the United States—was detained in August this year after police seized a large quantity of documents found in Sister McLaughlin's office and house.

The documents included classified army and government material, five documents entitled the Series of Facts dealing with aspects of life in the operational area, and allegations of brutality and atrocities purported to have been committed by the Rhodesian security forces, and a diary and a notebook in which the Sister refers to terrorists, their activities and their connections with the Catholic Church.

Employed as a communications information secre-

tary with the Catholic Commission for Justice and Peace in Rhodesia, Sister McLaughlin's notebook contained resumes of Communist doctrine. In her own handwriting she had written excerpts of 'The State and Revolution' (Lenin 1917) and the 'Life of Mao Tse Tung' and portions of Stalin and the Trotsky Struggle in Moscow. Specifically the notebook dealt with ways to overcome Capitalism, and indicated her deep involvement, and the involvement of the Catholic Church in the propagation of Communism through the tool of international terrorism.

The notes she made dealing with The State and Revolution and the teachings of Mao were entered during a course she was taking in Kenya. Later entries, written after her arrival in Rhodesia are revealing as to just what sort of person she is.

She writes: "It is dangerous to be with white people too much. You begin to get confused and see too many sides to the issues. You do learn though." In her diary she writes: "I have to learn not to speak my views quite so openly to strangers, like the priest from Marandellas. I was getting too emotional about his anti-Marxist, anti-Mozambique line . . . I feel a lot of educating is needed within the church about Marxism, Socialism, etc., but a very positive kind and not the apologetic kind of how to overcome it."

Throughout her notations, Sister McLaughlin wrote of 'the Boys'—referring to terrorists. She wrote: "I admire the priests who went to join the boys. I hope they'll be accepted . . . All this talk of race relations and multi-racial gatherings is missing the point completely. Power control; who makes the decisions? is the crux of the matter . . . We have to make more radical demands of the church. If I had a black skin I would join the boys . . . The boys say they did the bombing (Woolworths) to show urban people they also are a part of war, must be involved, so safe and smug in Sal-

isbury, part of system. The boys have started publishing leaflets with cartoons of Smith (Prime Minister) on his knees and boys marching forward across the land. 'Freedom comes through the barrel of a gun.' "

These excerpts indicate the intense political involvement of Sister McLaughlin, both in Communist ideology and terrorist attacks, and propaganda.

Later she wrote of her desire to join the terrorists in waging war. "I raised the suggestion of my going to Mozambique. I don't know where the others stand. I don't want to go to Europe to plead for a negotiated settlement at the expense of the armed struggle, and a true change of social structure to benefit the majority."

In cross examination in court, Sister McLaughlin stated that she believed a revolution was needed in Rhodesia, and that she supported the use of guns and explosives to bring about change.

Another item in her diary indicates involvement in espionage, and this is later confirmed by evidence produced in court.

She wrote: "The anonymous phone call to Arthur (Brother Arthur a French Canadian born member of the Catholic Commission for Justice and Peace in Rhodesia) revives the 007 aspect of our work."

In his judgment refusing Sister McLaughlin bail, the Regional Magistrate Mr. Stainer says: "Moreover, for what it is worth, the accused (Sister McLaughlin) was in possession of a Grundig Satellite receiver, and a paper reflecting radio frequencies, corresponding to Security force signals when used in conjunction with an adapter recovered elsewhere, and transmission times in her possession.

Mr. Stainer says: The overall picture is clear. The accused is a dedicated supporter of the terrorist cause . . .

This cause has been responsible for thousands of

deaths and incidents of brutal atrocities, in which innocent people have been killed or maimed for life.

The most recent example (as of the writing of this chapter) was the bestial murder of a six and a half month old white baby, by terrorists operating in the eastern operational area. The infant's parents were ambushed by the terrorists and then a short while later the terrorists snatched the baby from the protective arms of a black woman caring for it, and bayonetted it in the back three times after throwing it to the floor of a veranda.

Sister McLaughlin wrote of these brutes as 'the boys' whom she glorified and expressed hopes to join. Her exact words were: "I'm sorry I just missed the boys (referring to a meeting of terrorist section leaders at the Wedza Mission where she was working). I have romanticized and glorified them so much, that it would be useful to meet them."

In her diary, the American missionary dismissed the deaths of eleven people, eight of them blacks, when terrorists placed a bomb in a supermarket in Salisbury. More than seventy people were injured in the blast, four of them critically.

Her callous remark that they were an example to all people to become involved in the war, indicates a total lack of real feeling for her fellow-man -woman and -child, and voids any claim she may have to champion the cause for 'freedom.'

Sister McLaughlin was deported from Rhodesia, and managed to avoid a seven-year prison sentence. On her arrival in New York September 23rd, she played up to the international Press. She lied about supposed depredations she was made to suffer while in custody in Salisbury, and re-affirmed her desire to join the 'revolutionaries' training in Mozambique.

However, not all missionary establishments are involved in the support and propagation of terror. Al-

though Sister McLaughlin is an American, a fellow-countryman, Dr. Roland Russel Stevens is engaged in making a significant contribution to the fight against Communist Imperialism in Rhodesia.

His contribution is not only on the battlefield, but in the name of humanity. Dr. Stevens has been in Rhodesia serving at the Karanda Mission in the midst of terrorist activity. At considerable personal risk to himself and his family, the doctor administers and runs the mission hospital which serves a population of nearly 100 thousand people. If the figure appears exaggerated, Dr. Stevens and his Evangelical Alliance mission staff treated 15 thousand outpatients a year.

Landmines take a severe toll of the local population, and Dr. Stevens has been able to treat and save the lives of many of the victims of these unseen weapons of terrorism. But his treatment extends to common and not so common medicine—in fact the majority of the cases he sees suffer from inherent diseases, such as congenital syphillis, blindness and malaria, and of course malnutrition.

Some of the lesser known diseases, such as tick fever and Katyama are seen at the mission and Dr. Stevens has also treated his patients for accidental ailments, everything from crocodile bite, to a nasal condition brought about by a man's second wife who bit off the end of her husband's nose during a domestic quarrel.

Dr. Steven's contribution to the local black population of the Tribal Trust Lands that surround his mission hospital, is not entirely medical. His mission also offers spiritual succor to the grieving and desperate families that have had close relatives either killed by terrorists or abducted in the name of revolution.

He spends up to eighteen and twenty hours a day, treating the sick, injured, and panic stricken who stream to the mission for some form of salve. Their appreciation of his work is reflected in the beaming

smiles, praise, and adulation displayed when his name is mentioned by passing mission staff.

This author, at a ceremony held at the unofficial American Embassy on August 27th with black and white Rhodesian security forces in attendance as well as representatives of 11 nations fighting communist aggression, all in full uniform, presented Dr. Stevens' mission with a check for $1,000 to help the mission's work.

These views are seen from the eyes of the local population of Rhodesia, both black and white, whose aims are to foil and ultimately destroy the spread of Marxist rule in Africa. But what about the terrorists? How do they feel about missionaries?

Two terrorists captured by security forces in the south-eastern and southern operational areas, have painted an entirely different picture of missionary work in Rhodesia.

One of the young men, a high-ranking and very capable comrade of the Mugabe faction, spoke bitterly of his personal experience with missionaries. At the age of seventeen, Pampara Jobolingo was schooling at an American Methodist Mission near Umtali. It was in August 1975, and for the first time in the history of the mission, the establishment was visited by a terrorist recruiting group.

Jobolingo says that he was studying for high school graduation that year, and was due to write his examinations in the coming November—a scant three months in the future.

The terrorists apparently knew the missionaries and spoke with them—American men and women—quite openly. After a long discussion, the terrorists turned to the pupils and told of the great opportunities that were awaiting them if they went to Mozambique. They promised the young men and women higher education and spoke of increased job opportunities. Impressed by

the link with his missionary tutors, all suspicion of the terrorist's motives vanished. Jobolingo was among eight young people who elected to accompany the terrorists the short distance across the border only to discover that the entire scene had been grossly twisted.

Instead of the comfort, Jobolingo was subjected to privation and starvation; instead of the higher education, he suffered harsh physical and confusing political indoctrination that is part of the everyday training of terrorists. At one stage he was poisoned, but managed to survive by taking salt to vomit out the poisoned food.

He admitted that throughout the two years he had spent as a terrorist, he had been lied to, deceived, beaten and coerced into doing something for which he had no appetite. During the action in which he was captured, Jobolingo was seriously wounded and lost his left leg. At 19, he is cynical and bitter about those white men and women at the mission, whom he believes betrayed him and who still actively support the abduction of impressionable young people to further the dubious cause of communism.

Harbouring a great hatred for these people, Jobolingo can see no difference between the American Methodists near Umtali and any other missionary group. He says that although many young blacks who managed to flee from Mozambique to the relative safety of Rhodesia, many others—who came back to Rhodesia carrying arms of war—cannot be blamed for their ill-feeling towards the church groups operating in the under-developed areas.

It is small wonder that missionaries are sometimes ear-marked for elimination in the course of field duties, particularly if the group is led by a former mission abductee.

Asked what sort of attitude the terrorists were ordered to adopt towards the missions, Jobolingo said:

"We were told they must all be treated the same as the locals. There was no difference."

"Do you mean they are the same as other whites?"

"No, no. They are the same as the locals. We can expect help for the comrades from them, and they will not tell the security forces about it."

The second terrorist, a medical officer, says he was recruited by a black Anglican missionary, who plied him with promises of the soft easy life in Mozambique. "He said he would get all the luxuries there."

Again, the disappointment rocked the man, and Phineas Mudengwarara expressed disgust at the deception.

A third captured terrorist, Job Nehondo, gave a plausible reason for some of the unaccountable atrocities committed against Missionary workers. When asked about the Musami massacre where nuns and priests were gunned down by Mugabe terrorists, Nehondo was surprised that they were Mugabe terrorists.

"You see," he said, trying to explain the incident, "not all the masses taken to Mozambique are revolutionaries. Some of us are thugs. They come (to Mozambique) because they are being wanted and chased by the police. When they come back they are frightened to see the security forces, so they make a big morale by killing these people (missionaries). Sometimes they kill innocent people and missionaries because they (the victims) are not popular with the masses."

The Black on Black Civil War in Rhodesia Intensifies.

Quite aside from the war being fought by black and white Rhodesian security forces against the Marxist terrorists operating out of Zambia, Botswana, and Mozambique there is another deadly war being waged by the various terrorist factions against each other. Going

into 1978 it is likely that the Nkomo and Mugabe terrorists, precariously allied under the Patriotic Front umbrella, have taken almost as great a toll of their own lives in the internecine fighting as the Rhodesian security forces have scored.

Further complicating the strife between Mugabe's ZANUA and Nkomo's ZAPU forces is the presence of what nationalist leader Ndabaningi Sithole calls a "vast secret army" inside Rhodesia. This faceless horde is ready to take on ZANU and ZAPU to promote the fortunes of some third party nationalist leader, presumably Sithole.

New light was shed on the burgeoning civil war when in September of 1977 two high ranking Mugabe terrorists were captured in the southern part of the country near the Mozambique border. The two seriously wounded men were surprised that instead of being summarily executed they were given medical treatment and taken to hospital. The senior ranking man, Job Nehondo, was a Detachment Medical Officer. His comrade, Pampara Jobolingo, was a section Political Commissar. Nehondo's rise to the rank of Detachment Medical Officer was accomplished in the relatively short period of six months, a tribute to his ability and leadership. He is twenty-five. Jobolingo, at 19 is an astute and discerning young man, and his appointment as a political commissar (often considered the most responsible post within a section) indicates the respect accorded him by his superiors.

The two men outlined their entire experiences during the past two years. Both were recruited for terrorist training in August 1975 and both crossed the border into Mozambique for that training. In separate interviews Nehondo and Jobolingo agreed upon two specific points:

1. At present, the Patriotic Front is irreparably divided. The ZANU faction led by Mugabe, is engaged

in frenetic political and armed warfare against Nkomo's ZAPU. The extent of this friction, and its intensity is such than ZANU and ZAPU are now more determined to eliminate each other than to destroy the Rhodesian Government and the security forces.

2. There is an ideological split between Nkomo and Mugabe and this had led to a conflict between the Soviet and Chinese Communist influences. Mugabe is supported by the Chinese and Nkomo is supported and financed by the Soviet Union through Cuba. This conflict of interests has led to the propagation of a bloody civil war, whether majority rule is to be attained or not, and to the exclusion of the real interests of the country and its people as a whole.

The armed struggle in Rhodesia is no longer between the black terrorist groups and the multi-racial community. It is a conflict of communist ideologies.

Nehondo, who says that his greatest desire now is the termination of the war through the establishment of majority rule, claims that his faction, Mugabe's, ZANU, might once have considered an end to the conflict and the dissolution of terorist forces. However, now the hierarchy of ZANU has learned of Nkomo's ZAPU plans to annihilate all resistance to its proposed Marxist dictatorial rule.

Nehondo says that one of the major reasons why Robert Mugabe has not been replaced by the military commanders, is to maintain unity, because of the real threat that ZANU faces, once the terrorists return to Rhodesia, or Zimbabwe, as he prefers to call it.

Both men had strong feelings about the latest Anglo-American proposals, part of which provided for the disbanding of the security forces, and the formation of an Army of Zimbabwe through the integration of the two terrorists groups.

Nehondo's reaction was laughter, and then a serious explanation as to why the plan could never work. He

said, "No. That won't work, because. . . . ., once these people meet, well armed. . . . . it will mean a battle until one side is finished, slaughtered. . . . to join up with ZAPU would be harder (more difficult to face) than giving in to the security forces."

Asked what would happen to the white community in Rhodesia, once majority rule is gained, Nehondo's reply was at variance with Mugabe's pronouncements,

"Well, I speak now for ZANU, only. We like them, we like them very much."

"But you don't think ZAPU does?"

"I think the hatred is now between ZANU and ZAPU not the white man. Because, you see the high commanders can see that majority rule is near, and they put aside the fighting against the security forces. They put it apart and they fight against each other. Everyone is involved now. Nkomo went to Cuba to get sophisticated weapons for the civil war. They are in Zambia now."

"What, the Cubans?"

"Yes. And also the weapons. He does not use these things (weapons) against the security forces, because he is keeping it for the civil war. To fight ZANU. Whenever it starts, it will never stop."

The former political commissar, Jobolingo, said that although ZANU would be prepared to unite with ZAPU and has tried on several occasions, the integration has never worked.

He spoke of an incident in Mocambique at a ZANU camp called Nyadzonya. The camp is the gathering point for recruits prior to their deployment to training camps.

"There was a time that I was at Nyadzonya, around January 1976 or so, and it happened that a ZAPU infiltrator poisoned the food with the bile of a crocodile and about three hundred people were sick and taken to hospital. There were many other sick too, but we took

milk and salt to vomit it up. But the people taken to hospital, I never saw again."

Asked what would happen if the security forces and Rhodesian whites left the country, Jobolingo replied,

"It is definite, from what I have experienced out there (in the operational area) they are going to clash. . . . . ZAPU and ZANU. It will be a civil war."

"Why can't you get on together? I thought you were all Zimbabweans?"

"Yah. We are all Zimbabweans. But the problem is when the ZAPU people were asked to unite with us they agreed on the idea but in practice they refused it. Our Shamwaris (friends. . . . ZANU comrades) were taken in to Zambia to the ZAPU people to form the Patriotic Front, and then the ZAPU people refused to bring any of their men to the Patriotic Front in Mocambique. There was no exchange and we don't know what happened to our men."

"And again I understand that about three hundred ZANU people were sent over to Botswana and the ZAPU people refused to send some of their men to Mozambique. We believe that they (our men) were killed in Botswana. They (ZAPU) cannot be trusted."

This distrust and ill-feeling was the cause of a large-scale massacre at a ZANU training camp in southern Tanzania in May or June of 1976—news of which was frantically suppressed by the leaders of the Front Line States, and the Organization of African Unity.

The camp is known as Magagau, and it is where Nehondo and a third captured terrorist, Phineas Mudengwarara were trained by ZANU and Chinese instructors. The existence of the camp is sanctioned by the Tanzanian Government, particularly for the maintenance of economic links between Communist China and Tanzania.

The two men told of how they arrived at the camp in March 1976 after what can only be described as a

harrowing journey by ship from Beira to Dar Es Salaam and then by open truck to the camp, near the town of Iringa.

Nehondo and Mudengwarara were part of a contingent of seven hundred ZANU recruits. Their daily rations during the five-day journey consisted of two pieces of bread and a cup of coffee. The lack of latrine facilities and the cramped quarters in which the men were confined, created conditions extremely hazardous to their health, and on arrival at Magagau, the seven hundred recruits were given two days to clean up and recover.

Once settled into their barracks, they were then subjected to a process of sophisticated political indoctrination, supervised by Chinese "advisers". This included a course on the political aims of the revolution and how to implement this when lecturing to the comparatively primitive local population in Rhodesia's operational areas.

Then began a two-month period of physical and weapon training interspersed with lectures, and the men were divided into seven . . . . . companies of roughly one hundred men.

The physical aspect began at four in the morning with long runs through the surrounding bush, and were followed by instruction in the use of the Chinese SKS rifle, the AK 47 submachine gun, the use and handling of grenades and explosives and a basic first aid course.

The more adept and competent of these recruits went on to train in the use of 60 to 82 millimetre mortars, the RPD light machine gun, and the use of the 12.7 millimetre anti-aircraft gun. This more sophisticated instruction was directly supervised by the Chinese "advisers".

However, towards the end of May, the training schedule was interrupted by the arrival of the first contingent of ZAPU men. These men were the first—and

as far is known—the only contingent of Nkomo's forces ever sent to train with Mugabe's forces, as part of the new movement of cooperation known as the "Patriotic Front".

The ZAPU contingent numbered eight hundred, and although sent to Magagau to indicate military cooperation between ZANU and ZAPU, they were effectively separated by being allocated a different barrack area.

Despite outward appearances of cooperation, there was little contact between the two groups, and effective training was suspended. Neither the ZANU nor the ZAPU instructors were introduced to each other and there was a definite, almost tangible tension in the camp.

Nehondo and Mudengwarara said the first move of any hospitality was initiated by the ZANU instructors. They told the ZANU trainees to try to make friends with the ZAPU men, but after several visits to the ZAPU barrack block it was evident that the newcomers were not about to reciprocate.

The ZANUA instructors then ordered their men to try to indocrtinate the ZAPU men, and win their political approval at the least. Still on only first name terms with the "oposition" the ZANU men managed to "convert" thirty-six ZAPU men to the ZANU fraction, and this is when the real animosity began to rear its head.

Stung by the defections, the ZAPU instructors ordered their men not to mingle with the ZANU faction, and eating habits became strained. The only contact between the two groups was in the communal kitchen, but when ZANU men cooked the meal, the ZAPU men went without, preferring to starve rather than eat the food cooked by their "enemies".

At this point it must be emphasized that the difference between the two groups are more than purely ideological. ZAPU forces are recruited from the Matabele tribe of the southwest of Rhodesia, and the ZANU

forces are largely Mashonas. Before the arrival of white people in Rhodesia, these two ethnic groups were engaged in tribal warfare, and although this was defused with the passing of the years, the racial enmity remains to this day.

One weekend, while most of the Tanzanian, Chinese and ZANU overseers were away, enjoying a short break in the town of Iringa, the simmering violence erupted.

Angered by the unsatisfactory cooking facilities, a ZAPU leader started an argument with the ZANU cooks. The arrogant ZAPU man began giving his men orders to take over the kitchen, and Mudengwarara was struck down by a ZAPU man wielding a pole. The action caught the ZANU men by surprise and the ZAPU leader then ordered his men to kill all the ZANU men.

A short one-sided battle took place, with ZAPU men—primed for the confrontation—throwing large stones and sticks at the Zanua recruits and trainees. Shocked by the sudden assault, with a number of men battered and bruised by the fusillade of primitive weapons, the ZANU men ran to the few remaining ZANU instructors in the camp.

At a hurried confrontation conference, the ZANU men urged their instructors to storm the armoury so that they could exact retribution in a far more decisive manner.

Nehondo said that the sight of the ZAPU men strutting around the camp in obvious enjoyment of their "victory", decided the instructors, and the ZANU men were led into the "forest", where a cache of Chinese stick grenades had been hidden for just such an eventuality. He says the instructors were expecting some form of confrontation and a few had tried to make contingency plans to show the superior preparedness of the ZANU forces.

At a signal from their instructors, the ZANU men charged the ZAPU forces then lounging on a "lawn" outside the camp headquarters. Simultaneously, another group stormed the armoury to obtain rifles and AKs.

After the surprise counter-attack, it took the ZAPU men a few moments to recover, and numbers of them emerged from a nearby field of maize (corn) brandishing pistols. Those with rifles and sub-machine guns among the ZANU forces cut them down before they could get into hand gun range, and a running battle developed with armed ZANU men chasing unarmed ZAPU men.

In all nearly four hundred ZAPU men were killed, and miraculous though it may sound, according to Nehondo and Mudengwarara, not one ZANU man lost his life.

The leaders of the ZAPU 'insurrection" were captured, and dragged before the ZANU camp commander.

During "questioning", the ZAPU commanders, David Todhlana and Sam Madondo, admitted a ZAPU plot to eliminate ZANU forces at the camp. They claimed that they had been sent to Magagau by their commander, Mangena, to annihilate the ZANU faction, or—if the attack had not been successful—to create a furore which would force the closure of the camp.

Nehondo said, at this point, that despite the overt attempt to indicate a unity among the two terrorist groups, even the Front Line States were concerned that another conflict would effectively close down the support for the "revolutionary movement".

He says that while President Nyerere and the Tanzanian people generally supported the ZANU faction, his position as a senior member of the Front Line States was at stake in the conception of the Patriotic Front, and revolutionary coordination and cooperation.

The closure of the camp would have meant that the ZANU forces would be forced to train in Mozambique—a country which was politically more aligned to ZAPU through its support of Russian Marxism. Effective training in Mozambique was wisely considered inferior to that in Tanzania, and the ZANU leaders decided to try to hide as much evidence of the "massacre", as possible.

Working throughout the night, the ZANU men bundled ZAPU bodies into the pits of foundations dug for a new barrack block. Sand from a nearby river was carted to the impromptu cemetery and the volley ball court was moved on top of the burial site.

Word of the fighting reached official ears through some of the escaping ZAPU men, who fled to Iringa when their plan was foiled. They managed to persuade the Tanzanian authorities to bring in the Organization of African Unity, to conduct an investigation into the incident.

At this point, Nehondo, the senior man, explains that the OAU representative assigned to preside over the investigation (although Tanzanian) was "in the pocket" of the ZAPU faction. A bribe of half a million dollars was paid to the man through ZAPU representatives, to ensure that the findings of the enquiry would favour ZAPU. The money was supplied to ZAPU by the Soviet Union.

The OAU representative, the Secretary General of the OAU Military Wing, Colonel Hashu M'bita, ordered that the remaining inmates of the camp be removed and for three days a team of investigators searched for "evidence" of the ZANU "massacre of ZAPU". Only seven bodies were found (probably overlooked in the hurried efforts to hide the evidence), and the Colonel was adamant that there were others.

Despite the extensive search and excavations by the Tanzanian investigative team, nothing was recovered.

Mudengwarara—who was in the camp hospital at the time—said that while no further "evidence" was discovered, the investigating team came as close as one metre in digging for bodies, but never suspected the volley-ball court.

Nehondo said that the bickering continued for months, and only ended when Rhodesian security forces conducted the cross-border operation in August of 1976 that wiped out hundreds of terrorists based in Mozambique.

Anxious to exact revenge, the Tanzanian Government—prompted by the ZANU high command—lifted the restrictions imposed on the two terrorist groups in Tanzania while the investigation by the OAU was taking place, all training was suspended and trainees and instructors confined to camp. ZAPU forces based at Iringa were asked to return to Rhodesia to wipe out a security force base. Apparently they refused and shouted to be permitted to return to Zambia, and the safety of their own training camps.

ZANU forces, on the other hand, were anxious to revenge the defeat their comrades had suffered in Mozambique, and the camp facilities in Tanzania were returned to them without reserve.

However, the incident did not end there. According to Nehondo, it was rumoured that Colonel M'bita had planned that the trained ZANU men should never reach Rhodesia—at least not in the form of combat ready troops.

Nehondo said he had heard that the Colonel was determined to earn his "bribe money" and planned that while the trained ZANU men waited for collection at Mtwala air base in Tanzania, two aircraft bringing new recruits from Beira, a seaport in Mozambique, would take the trained men away to be handed over to "the enemy." Nehondo did not know where he and his comrades were to be taken.

The plan went awry, though, when the two empty Boeing 707's belonging—at least ostensibly—to the Mozambican airline, DETA, landed in Maputo capital of Mozambique instead of Beira. Despite papers signed by Colonel M'bita, the pilots and crews were arrested by suspicious Frelimo (Mozambique terrorist) authorities and the daring deception to destroy the combat ready ZANU forces collapsed.

Nehondo also spoke of the reason for ZANU preferring Chinese Communist support, to Russian support.

"Already we have heard something about Soviets and Cuba. Once they help you, they want something big from that country. In 1976 the Cubans asked our (ZANU) leaders: "Can we help?", but our leaders knew that the Cubans, if they helped us would take us over, we would be another colonial country again, Under Soviet rule."

He added,

". . . .Tanzania and to some extent Mozambique supports ZANU. But Botswana and Zambia support ZAPU. When the fighting comes it will involve all of Central Africa."

Asked how the western world could be convinced of the complex problems that exist between the two groups. . . .

"Asked them to ask the Front Line States and Presidents if we (ZANU and ZAPU) are amalgamated in their own countries, before they try to put us together in Zimbabwe."

Mudengwarara concluded that there is already a strong undercurrent of violent rivalry between ZANU and ZAPU, and the Anglo-American proposals are the catalyst that will precipitate total civil war.

The Crippled Eagles—I

SALISBURY, RHODESIA–Call them the Crippled Eagles–Americans fighting Communist terrorism in Rhodesia for an ordinary soldier's pay despite U.S. State Department threats to strip them of their citizenship rights.

There is a significant percentage of Americans presently fighting for Rhodesia and every week a dozen or so more turn up in Salisbury, the beleaguered African nation's capital, to join the army.

It is not hard to find a sympathetic ear among recruiting officers in Rhodesia. One recently arrived Yank couldn't even wait to get through Customs and Immigration at the airport to start making inquiries as to how he could join up. He spotted an individual in military looking garb, walked up to him, and asked, "How do I join the Rhodesian army?"

Two days later, after a check by Special Branch (the equivalent of a combined FBI and CIA) and a screening by an American officer in the Rhodesian Army, the

Yank was at the Rhodesian Army School of Infantry in Gwelo in the south-western part of the country.

Most of the Americans who arrive in Rhodesia come well qualified to fight in the Rhodesian Army. They are almost invariably veterans of the Vietnam War or at least veterans of a three-year hitch in the United States Army. Joining the Yanks in their infiltration of the Rhodesian Army are Australians, Britons, South Africans, Portuguese, French, Germans, even Finns. Americans hold ranks in the army from private, corporal and sergeant up to lieutenant and captain, and there is one American major in the Rhodesian forces. Americans are flying helicopters and fighter planes in the air force, participating in special missions along the Mozambique border and serving in British South African Police units. They serve in such colorful Rhodesian units as the RLI (Rhodesian Light Infantry), truly the foreign legion of the world today. Americans are also in the SAS (Special Air Service), the Rhodesian equivalent of the Green Berets, and Americans play key roles in the Selous Scouts, the elite racially integrated special mission group. It was the Selous Scouts who took part in the hot pursuit operation into Mozambique and in a lightning raid killed 350 terrorists, 600 if one would believe the Mozambique Government reports.

And so it goes in Rhodesia, Americans and many other foreign nationals fighting side by side with the Rhodesians. The Americans firmly believe they are fighting the same war against communism that America has been waging since World War II. Rhodesia is just a new battle. These men know that if Marxist black leaders such as Robert Mugabe, Joshua Nkomo and their sponsors Kenneth Kaunda, President of Zambia and Samora Machel, dictator of Mozambique are able to capture the Rhodesian Government through terrorist tactics, South Africa will go Communist next and an-

other continent and the seaways around it will be denied the Western world. These Americans and their compatriots are convinced that if all of South Africa goes Communist, Americans just born will be fighting and dying closer to home, in the Americas. America stood by and let Angola fall to Marxist terrorists, the Crippled Eagles point out.

Will this happen in Rhodesia? They see the mission in Rhodesia very clearly. If they can participate in the holding action against Communist guerrilla warfare until the United States come to its senses and backs non-Communist black majority rule proposed by such relative moderates as Chief Jeremiah Chirau and Bishop Abel Muzorewa they will have helped make up for the mentality lapse in high American government circles.

These Americans, while fighting heroically, have been put in a perilous position by their own country. Threatened with loss of citizenship they maintain a low profile in Rhodesia. Even American doctors in Rhodesia have been threatened with loss of their rights as American citizens if they use their medical skills to heal Rhodesian soldiers whether black or white. This reporter has seen two letters written by American doctors in response to appeals from the Rhodesian Medical Society asking for doctors in the country to give two or three days a month to caring for wounded soldiers. The Americans frankly stated they could not perform medical services for any member of the Rhodesian armed forces without being in danger of losing their passports and citizenship rights. But they continue to fight the battle against communism.

Truly the Americans in Rhodesia are Crippled Eagles. But they continue to fight this new battle against the old enemy, communism. Americans are fighting in the Israeli army and other foreign military units, they say. Why not here?

The Entebbe Raid played at theaters throughout Rhodesia to packed houses. Americans in the Rhodesian army are aware the captain killed in that raid was an American citizen. He was justly proclaimed a hero in both the U.S. and Israel. Yet when an American dies in Rhodesia it is virtually kept a secret to protect his family from possible official harassment at home.

Another effect of the widespread viewing of *The Entebee Raid* has been intense national indignation at the statement by Andrew Young, U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations comparing Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith to the insane black tyrant Idi Amin, so vividly portrayed on the motion picture screens here.

The fact that Andrew Young has publicly backed exile terrorist leader Robert Mugabe over moderate black leaders in Rhodesia further confirms the worst fears of Americans here.

The Carter administration, they feel, is going to relentlessly attempt to punish them for fighting a battle they eminently believe in. This does not stop the Crippled Eagles. Some day, they say, when reason again prevails in America, their contributions will be counted alongside those of the many brave American brigades that fought in foreign wars, such as the Lafayette Escadrille of World War I, the Eagle Squadron of World War II and the worldwide exploits of the Green Berets, which many of these men were.

But today and in the foreseeable future they continue to battle on for a cause they and all patriotic Americans have believed in since World War II. Halting Communist encroachment in the free world. The advanced weaponry leveled against Rhodesia is entirely the produce of Russia and China. Yet the free world denies Rhodesians, black and white, fighting for their lives, the weaponry which could bring a speedy halt to the Communist terrorism in pro-Western Rhodesia.

With the repeal of the Land Tenure Act on March

4, giving Africans the right to buy land and homes anywhere in Rhodesia, although restricting white Rhodesians from purchasing farm property in the rich Tribal Trust Lands, how can anybody say that Rhodesia is oppressing its blacks? an American asks. And in the bar of the luxury Monomotapa Hotel white Rhodesian soldiers and their black counterparts sit and drink, and argue together.

The Crippled Eagles—II

WAYNE WALKER

UMTALI, RHODESIA–In late September of 1976 Wayne Walker, a forty-year-old veteran of the Korean War (he falsified his age to get into the fight) and of twenty years in law enforcement, arrived in Rhodesia to join the army. Though he described himself as being "mostly" from the South, he was born in West Virginia and went to high school in Trenton, New Jersey. At the moment he most strongly identifies himself with Boston, Massachusetts where he took a one-year course in law enforcement techniques at Northeastern University and met the girl he hopes to bring out to Rhodesia and so terminate his long bachelor status.

With two hitches in the United States Army as a military policeman plus a wide-ranging experience as a police officer and in private security work, Wayne Walker felt he could be an asset to the Rhodesian security forces. The Rhodesian Army agreed with him.

However, instead of posting him to the Rhodesia Light Infantry or the SAS as Wayne had hoped when he completed his training at the Infantry School in Gwelo, he was posted to the headquarters of the 3rd Bigade in Umtali on the Mozambique border.

On the surface Umtali appears to be a peaceful border town. In reality its inhabitants never know when they are going to be subjected to rocket and mortar attacks. They could even find themselves at the point of an invasion by Mozambique Communist dictator Samora Machel's FRELIMO troops. Wayne, now Corporal Walker in recognition of his extensive background in police work, was made head of the Military Police Unite in Umtali. Prior to his arrival there was no organized military police unit at 3rd Brigade. Walker was given eight men, seven white Rhodesians, one black Rhodesian, to train in the arts of military police duties.

While Rhodesia has perhaps one of the finest civil police units in the world, the BSAP (British South Africa Police), the military units have been too consumed with the formidable task of containing the Russian and Chinese supplied terrorists of Robert Mugabe and Joshua Nkomo to spend much time developing a military police unit. Besides the regular task of maintaining order in and around 3rd Brigade headquarters and running Brigade security, Corporal Walker has his stick of men out training on the soccer field of a now deserted Catholic high school close to the Mozambique border. The fine art of using a baton or nightstick is daily being drilled into these neophyte military gendarmes. Then Wayne marches his eight-man complement back and forth across the field in various crowd control formations. "Each of my men has to know exactly how the other will react in any given situation," Walker declares. And his youthful MP's are enthusiastic and dedicated to their American leader.

I asked Wayne why he was here in Rhodesia working for a corporal's pay when he could be back home making a high salary in the burgeoning field of security.

"I guess it's because I am ashamed of my own government," he answered forthrightly. "I haven't had much education beyond high school. Yes, there was the one year in Boston. But it doesn't take an extensive education to see the way the United States is heading. Crime is rampant and when you try to do something about it you're called a brutal cop. I read about South Africa and Rhodesia. I don't agree with South Africa's racial laws, but in Rhodesia that's all over with now. When you think how far Rhodesia has come in two years, almost as far as the United States has come in 200 years, almost as far as racial equality is concerned, and then they sit back there in Washington criticizing Rhodesia not even knowing what happens over here, it just makes me sick."

He is a history buff who reads one or two books on history a week. The historical parallels to the decline of the American empire concern him greatly.

Walker cites the failure of Andrew Young to even visit Rhodesia. "He visited Robert Mugabe who has ordered a daily diet of terrorism and atrocities for Rhodesia. He talked to the so-called front-line presidents like Kaunda of Zambia and Machel of Mozambique who are equipping and helping the Communist terrorists, but would he come to Rhodesia to see the anti-Communist effort here?"

Walker shakes his head hopelessly. "And then when President Carter's chosen ambassador to the United Nations compared Prime Minister Ian Smith here to that mass murderer Idi Amin in Uganda; that ended the United States for me. I just hope the Rhodesians give me a chance to go out and fight the terrorists man to man. Maybe I can make up a little for what Amer-

ica is doing to black and white Rhodesians. The blacks in fact suffer the most."

"Obviously you're prepared to die in this war if need be," I interjected.

"Maybe I'm like that tree in India, the Tapichi. It lives forty or fifty years, blooms once, and dies. Maybe that's what I've been waiting for. To bloom here fighting in Rhodesia and die."

The Crippled Eagles—III

UMTALI, RHODESIA–John Martin of Bismarck, North Dakota is a nineteen-year-old troopie with thirteen months service as a rifleman serving on the Mozambique border in the Umtali area. Stationed at Addams Barracks directly on the new "cordon sanitaire," as the demarcation line between Rhodesia and Mozambique is known, Martin is out on patrol constantly.

"Every time we hear a big bang we figure the FRELIMOS or terrorists are trying to get across the border into Umtali. Usually it's a baboon who has climbed the wire and set off a charge," he grins.

"Do you get much action?" I asked.

"You never know when you're going to make a contact so you're always ready. Actually this corridor has kept the terrorists out of the Umtali area. I haven't had what you would call a real contact but it could happen any day. We're out in the bush for ten days, then back to Addams for a real meal and maybe a night's sleep and then out again."

We were standing on the sandbagged roof of Addams Barracks looking out over Mozambique as we talked. "Nobody gets across that thing?" I asked, pointing to the corridor, a gray ribbon of dirt, like a road, cutting through the green bush in front of us.

Rifleman Martin shook his head. "Last week an old woman of the Manica tribe was trying to get from Mozambique to visit relatives in Rhodesia. The tribespeople don't really understand political boundaries. When she came to the fence she decided to climb over it. Fortunately for her she threw her suitcase over first and it landed on an explosive device. The blast blew her back from the fence but didn't injure her much. At least she'll never try that again."

"How many men go on your patrols?"

"Six or eight to a stick. Usually we're integrated. I always feel better when we have Africans with us. It's an advantage for many reasons. They can talk to the people we come across and they have a feel for the bush."

"It doesn't bother them to shoot their fellow blacks?"

John Martin chuckled. "Blacks have been killing blacks by the millions from the beginning of history in Africa. One tribe is always trying to wipe out another. The Communist terrorists are the enemy no matter what their color."

Of all the Americans in the Rhodesian Army Rifleman Martin probably has the most politically sound reason for wearing the camouflage suit of the combat soldier. His mother and father, Dorothy and Norman Martin have lived for five years in Salisbury where Norman is an architect. John's brother Gary served in the Rhodesian Army, and his oldest brother Robert, an artillery officer, was wounded in Vietnam.

"From what he told me about Vietnam this is the same war," John commented.

Before joining the Rhodesian Army John went back to the United States and visited Bismarck which he had left at the age of thirteen. He tried to find a job and for a while worked as a busboy in a Bismarck restaurant. Traveling around his native country he found it impossible to get what he considered a decent job. For a while he worked in a factory and finally returned to Rhodesia. His parents encouraged him to join the Rhodesian Army since it was that or go back to the United States.

Rifleman Martin finds he likes the army. The bush has far more appeal for him than the city. Many of his friends left Rhodesia when he did, going to England, but most of them came back and are doing their National Service now. John asked one of his Rhodesian British contemporaries how he liked his trip to England. "It was interesting," came the answer. "I've never been in a Communist country before."

John thinks he may make a career out of the army. He has become an excellent shot with machine guns and he enjoys drinking Lion Beer with the other troopies.

"What about going back home to America?"

A worried expression comes over his face. "I don't really understand what's really happening there. And I certainly can't understand America's attitude toward Rhodesia. You'd think people in the government would know the difference between Communist terrorists like the ones over there," he pointed across the border, "and the great majority of black tribesmen in Rhodesia who only want peace and an end to terror. Now I hear that America says Rhodesia has to settle with outside terrorist leaders like Robert Mugabe and Joshua Nkomo instead of with black moderates who live in Rhodesia."

Rifleman Martin shook his head. "I wish my country would send some official people over here to see what's really happening. Maybe then I'd feel better about going back home."

The Crippled Eagles—IV

"It was the most agonizing decision of my life," American Flight Lieutenant Roger Bowers, thirty years old, says of his deliberations over whether to put his considerable skill as a pilot at the disposal of the Rhodesian Air Force. Roger's wife, Chris, nods emphatically in agreement but four-year-old Laurent seems perfectly at home in Thornhill, one of the main air force bases in Rhodesia. She already says petrol for gasoline.

Some of the problems Roger had to consider were the legal repercussions that might occur. "I was at the University of Alabama at the time and I spent a week studying the U.S. Codes that I obtained," he recalls. "The most recent Supreme Court decision ruled that you can't lose your American citizenship for fighting in a foreign army. You could be tried for treason if you fought against American forces or an American ally but there's no chance of that happening in Rhodesia."

He looked thoughtfully at his little family. Laurent was absorbed in building blocks.

"Then there will be the social stigma when we go home. You have to pick a conservative school, preferably in the Southern states if you want to continue your education." Roger was just a few months away from receiving his college degree on his GI Bill of Rights when he elected to go to Rhodesia. With three tours of combat flying in Vietnam as an army aviator behind him, he was a valuable addition to the Rhodesian Air Force.

Why did Roger pick up and take his wife and daughter to this African war?

He says he was a little bit upset about America's lack of action in Angola, letting it fall unopposed to the Russian armed and supported Marxist government of Augustine Neto. "If we were willing to send men to Vietnam and ask them to fight communism, how can it be wrong to intervene in critical places like Angola?" he asks. "As for the sanctions the U.S. imposes on Rhodesia, why don't the U.S. and Britain do something about Uganda? If you're talking about oppression and the denial of human rights there is one of your best examples."

Roger Bowers leaves his wife and daughter for up to twenty days a month and flies out to a forward airstrip in the bush. His plane, called the Lynx, is an updated version of the Sky Master used for reconnaissance and air cover in Vietnam. Affectionately known as the push-pull because its twin engines are mounted in line, one engine pushing from the rear, the Lynx is the workhorse of the anti-terrorist war in Rhodesia.

"That's the worst part of being here," Chis Bowers interjects. "The separation. Always wondering if he'll come back this time."

Roger nodded somberly. "Chris's first husband was killed flying in Vietnam. I was finished flying when we

married and I went to college. Now she's got it all over again."

Flight Lieutenant Bowers is equal to a captain in rank. The pay scale in the Rhodesian Army, while comfortable, is still below that of the U.S. army, giving the lie to the mercenary tag sometimes given to foreigners fighting in Rhodesia. Furthermore there is no way a foreigner can save his money since he can't convert Rhodesian dollars into his own currency when he leaves. Roger was making more money going to college on his GI Bill of Rights than he is in Rhodesia. Nothing angers him and his wife more than when people refer to him as a mercenary. Recently at a dress shop in Gwelo where Thornhill is located a woman heard Chris's American accent and said, "Oh, your husband is a mercenary, come to join up and shoot niggers."

It was widely publicized that mercenaries are paid two thousand dollars a month plus all expenses. Roger doesn't make a quarter of that amount and he is no adventurer. "I think people will be surprised to find a family oriented man over here. I may be an oddity in that respect," he commented.

He smiled fondly at Chris. "As you can imagine it's quite a strain on a marriage being here. If you have any marital problems this is not the place to come and patch them up. The girls have to adjust to a whole new way of life. It takes a lot of understanding to put up with this sort of thing, the long separations. And it still remains to be seen whether Chris will stick it out for the whole time over here."

"And you get terrible letters from home," Chris added. " 'If you don't come home on the next plane you'll all get killed,' sort of thing." She nodded to her husband. "His mother thought it was good for Roger to come over here. Now it's the other way. 'Come home and stop fighting for that losing cause.' "

"She's seen a lot of that mercenary junk on TV,"

Roger said defensively. "She's worried. She saw David Bufkin on TV talking about recruiting mercenaries for Africa. There was an American executed in Angola and there have been exaggerated accounts of killing over here. Back home they don't have a very clear idea of what is really happening in Rhodesia."

Roger Bowers, as is the case with the other mature Americans fighting in Rhodesia, perceives his mission clearly. It is vitally important to retain this strategic, mineral-rich, developed part of Africa in the Western sphere of influence. Observing the starvation and suffering in the former colonies that have come under Marxist rule, he is also motivated by humanitarian considerations. As he points out, Africans from the neighboring countries like Mozambique, Malawi, Zambia, Tanzania, Botswana and others try to get into Rhodesia where food is plentiful, the standard of living for blacks the highest in Africa, and the jobs well paying.

"Of course black majority rule is both desirable and inevitable," he says. "But why should the United States and Britain try to force Communist terrorists like Robert Mugabe and Joshua Nkoma on the Rhodesian people?

"The Rhodesian black and white know they've got to hold out until the West understands the problem. With at least two Idi Amins that I know of out in the bush waiting to take over Rhodesia, I feel I am doing the right thing at this point in my life helping resist this terrorist movement." He shook his head, a wry expression coming over his face.

"Did you see that the new British foreign minister, (Dr. David) Owen, said on TV that the terrorists 'are essentially men of good will being driven to take up arms'? I wish he could see what I see every day. That's what I mean about the West having no understanding about this situation."

The decorations Roger Bowers wears attest to the

combat he saw in Vietnam. Two Distinguished Flying Crosses, The Bronze Star with Valor and five Air Medals, among others. His work in Rhodesia is a continuation of his Southeast Asia experience. He described a recent contact.

"I was flying out of a bush airstrip in support of an advance element of a commando unit of the RLI (Rhodesia Light Infantry) near the Mozambique border. They raidoed up that they were in pursuit of a band of twenty or more terrorists.

"I called down for the commando leader to tell me when he had me visual directly over his head. He had me turn left, then right a couple of times and when I was right over the unit they dropped a smoke grenade. 'Roger,' I called. 'Which direction and how far?' "

" 'Five hundred meters east of us over the vlei,'—that's what they call a stream. I put the Lynx almost down on the deck and spotted the terrorists from the air. Knowing I'd seen them anyway they began firing up at me. We've been known to lose a plane from ground fire and I pulled up sharply, circled, came in on the terrs and fired a smoke rocket to mark their position. Then I radioed back and gave the commando leader their exact position. The commando leader called into the base and in six minutes two helicopters were setting down a fire team on top of the enemy."

"And the terrs bombshelled," this reporter commented authoritatively.

Bowers shook his head. "No, they stayed together and put up a hell of a fight. We flew a lot of casualties back to the hospital before the commando and fire force wiped all the terrs out. You're seeing this more and more now as better trained and led terrorists are coming over from Mozambique. This is turning into a real war. The enemy gets better all the time."

Roger Bowers became even more serious when the

talk turned to civilian casualties. "As we used to say in the 'Nam, I don't know whether the VC or we won that fight but the civilians lost heavily."

He went on to explain the precautions taken there. "We are extremely cautious before hitting a target. I can say without exception that the security forces I've dealt with have been very careful in ascertaining the nature of the target. We ask two or three times to the men on the ground to confirm that the target is terrorists. Do they have weapons? Are they wearing web gear? And usually the ground element will come back mad as hell shouting over the radio, "They're shooting at us! Bloody right they're terrorists."

"The problem is," Roger said, "that the terrorists try to stay in the midst of civilians and naturally a number of these civilians are going to be casualties."

Bowers described one of the many abductions of schoolchildren by terrorists. Joshua Ukomo, in an effort to build up his terrorist army to the size of his rival Robert Mugabe's army, mounts frequent forays across the border from Botswana to take children out of mission schools and back to his training camps across the border. The boys are trained to become terrorists and the girls used as concubines by Nkomo's cadres.

"When an abduction occurs it is usually dark but we can sometimes locate the terrs leading the children back to Botswana. We have been very successful in diving at the terrs, making them think we're going to fire on them. It's amazing how many of the kids can get away in the confusion without us having to fire a shot. We draw fire from the terrorists, of course, but this gives the children a chance to scatter."

Chris Bower looked unhappy, no doubt thinking of the bullet holes in her husband's plane, but she said nothing. It seemed a good time to get off the subject of

the danger Roger faced during those twenty days a month when he was separated from her.

"What's going to happen out here, Roger?" we asked before leaving him.

He thought a few moments. "Rhodesian morale is high but at the same time they're suffering from the old Communist trick of protracted warfare. It took them twenty-five years to completely conquer South East Asia. Here things get tougher every day. Fuel rationing so you can't move around, constant terror murders of farmers, and, of course, the call-ups. There isn't a man in Rhodesia under fifty or fifty-five that isn't subject to call up at a moment's notice. They can't run their businesses, it's miserable for their families and you have to expect a certain erosian in morale."

Chris came over and sat on the arm of the old wing chair in their almost bare quarters which they are gradually furnishing.

"One thing about the U.S. interest or lack of it in Rhodesia," Roger commented. "The security forces here are doing such an effective job of fighting off the terrorists that America hasn't had to make a decision yet. If Rhodesia wasn't holding its own and it looked like the country was going to fall, America would have to decide quickly whether to let the Communists take Rhodesia or whether to give aid. If only America could understand that this is not a racial conflict, that it is Communist camouflage. This is a battle to decide whether Marxist, terror oriented blacks like Mugabe and Nkomo take over or whether moderate black leaders like Senator Chief Chirau and Bishop Muzorewa become the leaders of the new Zimbabwe."

Since this article was written Chris Bowers left Rhodesia taking Laurent with her and they are now back in the United States. The pressure on Roger and other

Americans like him whose wives find it difficult to adjust to Rhodesia is great. Roger left Rhodesia to visit Chris and Laurent at home. Naturally there is apprehension at the Rhodesian Air Force command that Roger will not return. He is a valued flying officer.

The pressure from home has been too much for many of the Americans who joined the Rhodesian Security Forces and they have "taken the gap," as going AWOL is called in Rhodesia.

The Crippled Eagles—V

RICHARD DELANY

California-born Sergeant Richard Delaney, forty, is midway through the fourteen-week officers training course at the Rhodesian Army School of Infantry in Gwelo. He will graudate with the first group of black officers the Rhodesian Army has produced. The Rhodesians got a valuable man in Dick Delaney. Behind him are three years combat experience in Vietnam. He spent 1966 as a Green Beret, returned to the United States and was trained as a helicopter pilot, returning to Vietnam as a warrant officer for two years duty as an airman. As he puts it, his first year he created casualties, his second year he saved them, flying medical evacuation missions.

Almost a year ago the Rhodesian Army has its first all-army marriage. Dick Delaney, recently arrived in the country, met and married Glenda Williams, a member of the Rhodesian Woman's Service, a branch of the

Rhodesian Army. One reason Dick Delaney was not hesitant about talking to this reporter is that he plans to remain in Rhodesia. The harassment meted out by the State Department of the United States against men who are fighting in Rhodesia does not particularly disturb him. As is the case with most Americans in the Rhodesian Army resentment at international politics, particularly the United States's attitude toward Rhodesia, runs deeply. Dick Delaney echoes the sentiment of all the other Americans I have interviewed here in Rhodesia. "If the American Government would take the trouble to learn the truth of the Rhodesian War, the State Department might discover that this is not a racial conflict but a battle between black Communists and blacks who want a moderate majority government in Rhodesia."

"With the war in such a critical state," I asked, "why don't they have you out there flying choppers right now in combat against the enemy?"

Dick Delaney smiled wanly. "I've been to the air force twice, and because it's such a small one the red tape and traditions dictate that the operations are strictly run and carried out by commissioned officers. The Rhodesians have difficulty relating to an American warrant officer. I was considered an officer in the United States Army. Here they can't really find the notch to put you in."

"So the Rhodesian Air Force is losing a trained combat pilot because they cannot give a direct commission to a former American warrant officer as they do to former lieutenants, captains, and majors?" I asked.

"It's the way they do things here and as far as I can see it does work," Dick replied.

"Once you're commissioned do you expect you will fly again?" I asked.

"I think the army may be reluctant to give me up to

the air force after all this training. Besides the army is doing very well by me."

Naturally I asked Dick why he had come to Rhodesia in the first place. The answer was a familiar one. After leaving the army he did not really enjoy his management job in civilian life. And as it turned out his next-door neighbor happened to be an adviser to the Marine Corps Reserve and he was investigating the situation in Rhodesia at that time. He gave Dick the address of Major Lamprecht, the recruiting officer for the Rhodesian Army.

Delaney wrote to Lamprecht, received back application forms which he quickly filled out, and soon was on his way to Salisbury, Rhodesia. The reasons? There were a lot of them. They stem from being in the military for so long. When Dick Delaney first went to Vietnam in 1966 there was, in his estimation, the cream of the crop of the professional army out there. Too many of them were lost, and now it seems to no avail, Dick explains.

"We didn't win anything and it was all for nothing. You weren't allowed to beat the Communists even though we could have done so had our government unshackled us. Now here's Rhodesia fighting the same sort of war we fought in Vietnam. OK, so you really want to get your hand in again, you might be on the winning side for a change. Maybe help finish a job we left undone."

"You think this is where communism will be stopped?" I asked.

"It's got to be stopped somewhere, and if we can't stop it we have to at least postpone it or call a halt to Communist expansion somewhere. You've got to say to the Communists, OK, you've got enough, no more."

Officer Candidate Delaney agrees with the other Americans here that they are actually fighting Amer-

ica's war against communism on somebody else's doorstep. America is the ultimate target.

"With the State Department hassling Americans over in Rhodesia, doesn't America's attitude gnaw on you a little bit or worry you?" I asked.

"No, not really because I can't see myself ever leaving Rhodesia. I'm sticking it out permanently. Oh I'd like to go home for a visit, something like that, but I've been knocking around the world long enough and if Rhodesia's worth fighting for I think it's worth making a home here as well."

I asked Delaney if he felt as some of the younger American troopers in the Rhodesian forces do that they are being picked on because they are foreigners in the Rhodesian Army. Delaney said he had never experienced this. "Maybe they treat you with a little suspicion. It's understandable. Some Americans have come over here, found it wasn't what they expected, and turned out to be a disappointment to the Rhodesian Forces, especially when they "take the gap." When you first get here people are friendly but you're not accepted immediately. But once a person does his job, proves his worth, then it's like you've been here forever."

Dick Delaney was raised in North Hollywood, California and went to Van Nuys High School. After two years at a junior college he joined the U.S. army and stayed in until the end of the Korean War, the point at which so many officers were discharged against their will and went into civilian life.

When Delaney comes out of the Rhodesian officers training course he hopes to command a company and go right into combat operations against the burgeoning terrorist forces coming across the borders from Zambia, Mozambique and now Botswana. However, there is a much greater likelihood that he will be made a training officer, he realizes.

When the United States Congress repealed the Byrd amendment the Americans in Rhodesia, and Delaney was no exception decried this senseless, purely political act which results in the U.S. buying its chrome from Russia, thus hurting both America and Rhodesia. The fact that the United States Ambassador to the United Nations is "championing the cause of Robert Mugabe and Joshua Nkomo, the Communist terrorist leaders, preventing an internal solution in Rhodesia, is terribly frustrating and it makes you stop and wonder sometimes what they are thinking in America," Dick remarked. "The fact that nobody will come out here to see for themselves what's going on is even more frustrating. How anybody can think that any one of the so-called black nationalist leaders have a majority is beyond me. The average African in the TTL [Tribal Trust Lands] pledges 99 percent of his allegiance to his tribal chief and politics don't even enter into his way of thinking."

Asked to compare the war in Rhodesia with the war in Vietnam, Delaney made several cogent comments. "In Vietnam we had many areas which were actually controlled by the Communists; they flew the Communist flag and governed whole provinces in South Vietnam. We saw South Vietnam go through the entire classical three stages of Marxist insurgency. First there was the sort of fighting by terrorists that's going on here in Rhodesia. Secondly we got into company- and battalion-size battles. And of course stage 3 came when we were fighting whole regiments of Viet Cong and North Vietnamese soldiers.

"Here in Rhodesia I'd say we are in an advanced stage 1. The Communists will have to make a decision about going into stage 2 very shortly. When that happens we're going to see a much hotter war here. The terrorists will use the Communist tanks and equipment at their disposal in Mozambique, and we'll be in full

stage 3. Then the United States and England and other Western powers will have to decide whether or not to let us fall to communism. Judging by the way the U.S. let South Vietnam go, Rhodesia will be in serious trouble. The same bloodbath that's taking place now in Vietnam and Cambodia, with Communist Orientals wiping out the nonCommunist Orientals who were on our side, will happen here in Rhodesia. You can be sure that Mugabe and Nkomo will slaughter every African who was ever associated with the established government here. That goes for the entire army which is two thirds black. If Americans could get it through their heads that this is in no way a racial conflict and get off the back of Rhodesia that bloodbath could be averted."

On the subject of atrocities Delaney pointed out that in Vietnam the local government officials, school teachers, anyone representing the government or teaching the government theme was murdered, tortured or abducted. "The principles are just the same. The intimidation here is exactly the way it was in Vietnam. They all read the same book."

The Rhodesians are proud to have Americans like Dick Delaney in their army and going through the officers course to be commissioned. A Rhodesian training officer, a major, joined us and we discussed the June graduation of the first class of black officers. The Rhodesian training officers are justly proud of the way the African sergeants and corporals are taking to the officer course. Then the major chuckled. "We will perhaps have a small protocol problem in the officers mess when our black officers move out into the companies and battalions. Africans frequently have more than one wife and we'll have to find some way of tactfully asking our new officers to pick only one wife to bring around to the officers mess." Protocol and codes of behavior

are an important part of the officers training course, Delaney explained.

I completed the interview with the usual question, asking Dick what message if any he would like sent back to America. Dick considered this for some moments. "Just don't believe everything you hear. Discover the facts for yourself. The true picture in Rhodesia is nothing like it's being made out in the United States. For instance, the only way you can fight a war like this one and try to save the tribesmen from the atrocities committed in their villages is to pursue the enemy, the terrorists, back across the borders they came out of. One of the reasons we lost in Vietnam was that the enemy had free access across the border and the American forces did not. When you came to the border you had to stop. The answer here is hot pursuit. In the United States I understand they try to make it look like Rhodesians are practically invading Mozambique to wipe out the terrorists. That's what I mean, find out for yourself."

The Crippled Eagles—VI

MAJOR MIKE WILLIAMS

"This is my last war," Major Mike Williams wearily told this writer, an old friend, recently. At fifty-two he is the highest ranking American in the Rhodesian Army. Mike Williams has not missed a war since he was eighteen years old and fought in Europe from D-Day to VE-Day. He was a paratrooper in the Korean War and was one of the first twenty men to form the United States Army Special Forces, more familiarly known as the Green Berets. When Communist domination of all of Southern Africa started to become a reality he joined the Rhodesian Army.

After World War II Mike spent a year at the Russian Language School in Oberammergau, Germany and became an interpreter at the Soviet Repatriation Commission in Vienna. He hasn't had much opportunity to use his Russian since then. However, the way things are going in Southern Africa Mike is polishing up his Russian again. Mike also speaks French and Spanish. With the infusion of Cubans in the ranks of African

Communist guerrilla movements Mike believes that his knowledge of Spanish may yet come in handy.

Williams was out of the army when, in 1964, he and his then wife and daughter went to live in Frankfurt, Germany. In Frankfurt he saw an advertisement that mercenaries were needed in the Congo. He flew to Leopoldville and joined Major "Mad" Mike Hoare's mercenaries fighting in Katanga. Three months later a representative of the U.S. State Department hustled him out. The United States had just made the statement that there were no American mercenaries fighting in the Congo. Of all the Americans there Williams was the only one the American attaché could find. During that trip to Africa he visited and liked Salisbury, the capital of Rhodesia. So in 1976 he returned to Salisbury and joined the army, receiving a direct commission as a captain on March 9.

Captain Mike Williams, with such a varied and colorful career behind him, was handed one of the toughest jobs in the Rhodesian Army. He was given command of the Fifth Protection Company at Rutenga, guarding the railway. The outfit was entirely made up of coloreds, in many ways outcasts of both black and white societies. He was told that if he could successfully command the coloreds he could command any unit in the army. As Mike puts it, "Discipline in colored units has to be very strict because these people are hard cases and unless you are willing, if the occasion demands, to belt one over the head with a pistol if you can't handle them. It's simple. You rule them, don't let them rule you."

"They figure an American could handle the colored better?" this reporter asked.

"I think it's a different attitude we have. Most Rhodesian officers are gentlemen primarily." Mike did not mean any self-disparagement here. But he had that certain type of toughness and experience necessary to deal

with colored troops. "There's nothing wrong with them," he went on. "They are damn good troops as long as they are properly led, but you have to lead them. If you set an ambush when you go out on patrol you have to do it yourself. You can't say, OK sergeant, you do it. They respond well to that type of treatment."

The colored troops are highly volatile. Liquor and their form of marijuana called dagga can set off instant violence. Mike described how one of his coloreds who had been drinking went into the mess hall and didn't like the food so he shot the cook in the foot. Mike tried to quiet the colored trooper down but was obliged to draw his 9mm Browning automatic and crack him over the head. The gun flew from Mike's grasp and he had to lean over and pick it up. "The 9mm is OK for shooting, but it's too light for cracking heads. Give me the U.S. .45 any day," he concluded.

In an effort to increase the morale of his colored Fifth Protection Company, Mike made a great effort to find horses for them to ride on patrol. "They certainly never became a cavalry unit," he chuckled, "but they patrolled aggressively in sensitive situations." In August of 1976 he was promoted to major.

Major Williams's colored protection company became a crack outfit with the arrival of the horses. Mike spent most of his spare time out hustling animals and saddles from farmers in the vicinity of Fort Victoria. Occasionally a friend would bring horses up from South Africa for the unit. The Fifth Protection Company became remarkably successful in routing terrorists out of its area of operations. And then came the ambush.

Mike and almost his entire company were on a long mounted patrol in the area of St. Benedict's Catholic Mission where the Weya Tribal Trust Land is located. This is the most hostile TTL in Rhodesia and one of the smallest. Its people are among the best educated tribesmen in the country because of the Catholic mis-

sions in the area. But even the picaninnies turn their backs on the security forces and refuse to make friends or accept candy. This is a prime area of terrorist activity, a base for attacks on white and outside black settlements.

When Mike was ordered into the area with his company he had a presentment that he was going to be hurt and he frankly admits he was scared to death.

On the day of the ambush in January 1977 he led his company to St. Benedict's where they were given lunch and then continued north. Eight miles out and deep in bush they turned around and headed back in hopes of surprising a terrorist gang they had been pursuing. They came down a trail that ran between the mission and the Tribal Trust Land border. By now they had been riding all day and it was a bright moonlit night. Mike admits he was tired and didn't pay attention to the telltale balking of his horse. The company started up a small rise and suddenly fire broke out from behind them. The radio operator was hit in the back of the arm and Mike's stirrup was shot off and his horse hit in the side of the face, throwing Mike to the ground. Pain tore through his side and he later discovered he had broken two ribs. All the horses bolted.

Mike rallied his men behind a sparse rockpile and they returned fire. The terrorists poured massive amounts of fire over their position but Mike and his men returned carefully aimed shots. The terrorists have unlimited amounts of Russian supplied ammunition while the Rhodesian forces are careful to conserve their limited war material. Instead of getting up and assaulting the village, which is the usual Rhodesian method of combating an ambush, Mike waited ten minutes behind the rockpile trying to determine if there were other elements of terrorists on their flanks.

Running across a moonlit field when there are en-

emy lurking all around could be disastrous. Finally, when Mike was convinced there were no terrorists on their flanks he and his men jumped up and assaulted the village. There was only sporadic return fire and the terrorists who had ambushed them ran from the village. A group of boys and girls aged between fourteen and seventeen were running with the terrorists from the village, and Mike, on the theory that if they're old enough to pull a trigger they're old enough to shoot, fired at them when they didn't obey the order to halt.

At least one of the boys went down. With all their horses gone, Mike and his company trudged out of the TTL carrying their wounded after dispersing the terrorists.

The fighting had so distracted him that Major Williams was not even aware of the two broken ribs. It wasn't until a week later when the now horseless company walked into another contact and killed two terrorists in the firefight that Mike began to feel severe pain in his side. He was taken to Andrew Flemming Hospital in Salisbury, X-rayed, strapped up and given a convalescent leave. But before leaving he went back to his company to try and locate the horses. Police aircraft had been flying over the area but had not spotted the horses. Mike was sure they had been caught and butchered by the tribesmen but two weeks after the ambush the horses began returning and all twenty of them finally pitched up back at the Fifth Protection Company headquarters. Only three saddles were missing. However, the company was disbanded and the troopers assigned to other companies. Mike himself took his convalescent leave back in Miami, Florida.

With his passport due to expire in November 1977 Mike Williams went to the Passport Office in Miami and picked up an application for renewing it. Taking it home to fill out he came across the paragraph asking if the applicant was serving in a foreign army. He tele-

phoned the passport office and talked to the woman who had given him the application. Inquiring about the foreign army paragraph he was asked which foreign army he was serving in. His forthright answer was, the Rhodesian Army. A long silence on the other end of the phone and then the woman asked him to hold on while she checked. Some minutes later she came back on the phone and told Mike to bring his application and passport down to the office. "Each case will be judged on its own merits," she told him. "Your passport will be returned by mail after processing."

Anticipating trouble Mike did not revisit the passport office and now, back in Rhodesia, he is confronted with the problem of renewing it. At present he is serving in a training company near Bulawayo in Southwest Rhodesia but hopes to get back out to the bush and be back in combat by the end of May.

Mike confesses that he sometimes gets annoyed because the Rhodesians adopt a British gentlemanly attitude to the war. The way Americans were taught to fight a war against guerrillas is to remove their bases of supply, their food sources and all their basic sources of intelligence. This of course is accomplished by burning the villages to the ground and moving the people out to the protected villages where they are separated from the terrorists. Then you can shoot anyone that moves in the evacuated area since they have to be terrorists. Mike's tactics for the past year had been to do a great deal of patrolling and moving of the population to protected villages. He cleared his area of terrorists but now that he is in a training company instead of out fighting, the terrorists are moving back again in the region the Fifth Protection Company had patrolled. He concedes that his theory that if you get them by the short hairs their hearts and minds will surely follow may not be compatible with Rhodesian policy. Mike's natural aggressiveness coupled with his vast knowledge

and experience gives him a decided edge in kraals where intelligence indicates that there are terrorists using them as a base of operations.

Mike transplanted American methods of dealing with the Viet Cong in Vietnam to Rhodesia. But now that he finds himself as a training officer he wonders if the gentlemanly and humane Rhodesian officers will adapt to the Draconian means Americans were forced to employ in Vietnam. The fact that Mike is no longer fighting in the bush makes him wonder if he was too assiduous in "sorting out" the terrorists.

Major Williams is not concerned about possible Cuban intervention in the terrorist war being waged by the Mozambique Communists against Rhodesia. The Rhodesian Army is more than capable of holding its own against any invasion foreseeable at the moment. Mike, an expert on Soviet tactics as well as a Russian linguist, declares that there can be no doubt that the terrorists fighting Rhodesia from Mozambique, Zambia and Botswana are almost totally Soviet supplied. "We get an occasional SKS with Chinese markings but the bulk of these weapons are Soviet, there's no doubt about this."

The tactics and propaganda material, Mike reports, come right out of the little red book, as Mao Tse Tung's classic treatise on guerrilla warfare is known. "You can't distinguish between Soviet and Chinese ideology. They're both the same and they both permeate the terrorist movement in Rhodesia."

The Western press's insistence on calling the terrorists in Rhodesia guerrillas deeply annoys Mike Williams. "A guerrilla by definition," he explains, "is an individual who is trained, armed and equipped to conduct limited attacks against regular forces. Guerrillas rarely if ever brutalize the population, commit murder and rape the local women. A true guerrilla is, using Mao's words, a fish that must swim in a friendly sea.

The terrorists in Rhodesia do not find a friendly sea. Their effectiveness, which can only be limited, is based on terrifying the population into compliance."

Mike says he is fighting terrorists pure and simple. "Look at what they're hitting: soft targets like farms and kraals with civilians who are unable to defend themselves. They murder missionaries and they rarely initiate any type of coordinated attack against the Rhodesian Security Forces. They fire a few magazines and then run."

The fact that the United States has come out so strongly against international terrorism yet supports Rhodesian terrorist leaders like Robert Mugabe and Joshua Nkomo confuses Americans in Rhodesia like Mike. "There could be no more classical example of international terrorism than what we are finding in Rhodesia. The terrorists are not trained in Rhodesia, they are trained in Mozambique, Zambia and Botswana. Their hard-core cadres are trained in Russia and within each terrorist section there is always a political commisar to maintain the political orientation of the terrorists in the Marxist mold."

Getting down to practicalities we asked Major Williams what he was going to do about his passport.

"If the U.S. is going to give me a hard time," he answered thoughtfully, "I'll just let it expire and stay here. I'll probably settle down in Rhodesia anyway."

A wry grin cracked his rugged features. "This is my last war."

Mike Williams is happily ensconsed as the second-in-command of Grey's Scouts and he also commands a company of horse soldiers out in the field. He is happier now than when this article was first written and he and Major Tony Stephens together run a highly effective cavalry unit.

The Crippled Eagles—VII

SALISBURY, RHODESIA–America has just exported its first husband and wife team to the Rhodesian armed forces. Jeffrey and Margaret Wasserman of Houston, Texas arrived in Rhodesia three months ago. Jeff joined the Rhodesian Light Infantry (RLI) and Pegi joined the Rhodesian Woman's Service (RWS), an adjunct to the army. As was the case with so many other Crippled Eagles in Rhodesia, Jeff, twenty-seven, and Pegi, twenty-four, gave a great deal of consideration to what was happening in the world today and in Africa especially before coming over here. In fact, for three years even before they were married Jeff had been interested in Rhodesia and had tried to get accurate information about the country and its people. They had discussed spending their honeymoon in Rhodesia but actually arrived after they had been married almost a year.

"As things became more critical in Rhodesia and we saw how the press pictured Rhodesia in the wrong

way, Jeff got frustrated sitting in Houston watching what the rest of the world was doing to Rhodesia."

Jeff interjected his feelings. "There were other Anglo-Saxons over there trying to fight for their freedom and trying to determine their own destiny. I just couldn't stay in the United States any longer, on the other side of the world and not do something about it."

Jeff chuckled self-deprecatingly. "I say Anglo-Saxon. Now that I'm here, I've found out that what I always suspected is true. This is not in any way a racial war. It's not white against black. I wish Andrew Young would come out here and talk to the Rhodesian African Rifles first black officer corps which graduated last Friday [June 3]. These are highly qualified men with great combat experience behind them. I was very impressed with them. I heard the questions that they asked about the RLI and I was very impressed by these guys. These black officers and their men know that they are fighting for their lives and their families' lives too." Jeff paused thoughtfully. Then, "If you want to describe this war without using such terms as Communist and Marxist, you can call it just tribal warfare. The only thing that is stopping it is the European being here. He stopped it when he arrived in 1896 and now outsiders have come in and started it up again."

"The biggest adjustment we had to make when we first came to Rhodesia," Pegi added, "was getting used to Africans who aren't tense all the time. You don't have to step onto the street when they walk down your sidewalk and you don't have to worry about getting mugged or knifed. When we first came here and stayed at the Jameson Hotel we used to take a walk at 10:30 at night into downtown Salisbury." Pegi laughed. "We would ask people if it was all OK. They said, 'Of course it's OK. There's no racial tension here! The races live together perfectly.' "

Trooper Jeff Wasserman came to Rhodesia to fight

the terrorist enemy. He rates the training as excellent. However, the emphasis on fitness was his downfall. At twenty-seven he has to run through obstacle courses with seventeen-year-olds, and having injured his ankle two years ago, he re-injured it several times during the fitness course. Thus when his class went on to further rigorous training Jeff had to stay back and wait for his ankle to heal. He has been given light duties to perform at the RLI headquarters outside of Salisbury and feels that he is in a more objective position, a kind of privileged character around troop training, as he puts it, to observe how the Rhodesian Army trains its troops.

Jeff Wasserman, like almost all the Crippled Eagles, considers the Rhodesian officers to be extremely fair and dedicated. But he confesses to be concerned by the fact that there is so much emphasis on drill and the study of classical warfare which is not in any way a part of the Rhodesian terror war that is being fought day and night out in the bush. One of Jeff's duties was to go out in the bush and plant land mines for the senior course to find. "We laid nine and they detected four and they were only two weeks from being in the bush." Jeff's concern reflects that of many of the Americans in Rhodesia who have seen extensive combat in Vietnam. A lot of the training is not realistic, they feel. "However," he said confidently, "once they leave the training outfit and encounter 'stand up, shoot back targets' they'll be as good as the best we had in Vietnam."

Jeff concedes that he is not talking about such elite outfits as the Special Air Service, the Selous Scouts, or the Gray Scouts. The training in these outfits is superior to any training given any fighting men anywhere in the world.

It is common knowledge that many Russian tanks have arrived in Mozambique and that as soon as personnel can be trained to use them they'll be lumbering

across the Rhodesian border. "If we're going to spend so much time studying classical warfare we should learn how to destroy a Russian tank because that's what we're going to be doing by the time this course is over," Jeff declares.

Another concern Jeff Wasserman has in common with many American combat veterans is whether the Rhodesian Army would have the same success in the field against say, the Viet Cong as they do against an inferior terrorist enemy which still seeks to hit soft targets such as women, children, missionaries and undefended villages. But the terrorists are constantly improving their tactics because they have East Germans training them now.

Jeff is proud that Pegi is in the army. She's doing a job which frees a man to go to the front and fight. Pegi's eyes sparkled. "I know I am doing an important job here. We just sold everything we had in Houston and moved to Rhodesia."

Pegi was a registered nurse in the United States and at first tried to get a job as a nurse in a Rhodesian hospital. However, even though Pegi had a four-year back-up degree in nursing from a Houston university hospital the Rhodesian medical authorities still weren't satisfied that she had enough clinical experience.

"I can understand this," Pegi says reasonably. "The medical situation here is so different. You have Africans and tribal situations that breed diseases we've never seen. And here many more people have acquired a lot of experience in midwifery, communicable diseases and all that kind of thing. They told me I would have to work as a student at student nurse pay and student nurse hours for three to six months to qualify.

"With a husband it's kind of difficult to go back and work as a student nurse, with him being in and out of training, out in the bush, and wanting to be with me when he's home. So I joined the RWS. They put us

through a two week course which was a bit rigorous at times but it was a lot of fun. We had three hours of drill every morning for two weeks and we even had a passing out parade in our greens when we graduated. It was terrific! They took us out to the range and I learned to shoot a 9mm pistol and the Usi submachine gun. We learned how to break it down and put it together blindfold. It is important to be competent with all the weapons in use here. You never know what might happen."

A problem with many of the Crippled Eagles is the reactions of parents to their sons being in the Rhodesian Army. Here is a case where both partners in a marriage are actively engaged in the Rhodesian war. Jeff, who is originally from Louisville, Kentucky, was in estate planning and life insurance in Houston but he says his parents in Louisville are completely behind his Rhodesian venture. They understand why he felt he had to come over and actively take part in the Rhodesian struggle against encroaching communism. Even though they are liberal in their political views, they felt he was doing the right thing.

Pegi, being a typical Texas girl, greatly appreciates the Rhodesian hospitality. "The Rhodesians really made us feel at home," Pegi said. "It was just like being back in Texas. The people who live on either side of us were over asking if there was anything they could do to help us. So when I was by myself for the first week Jeff was in training, I gave them a call and a neighbor came over to make sure everything was all right. People here are terrific and it makes me happy to feel we are doing something to help, particularly when we read about President Carter's attitude toward Rhodesia."

"We're only two people and we can't do much, but at least we are doing something," Jeff added. "It would make me frustrated to the point of being sick to be

back in the United States reading about how our country, which has so little understanding of what really goes on here, is harming these people. If they only knew what they were doing to the Africans here every time they make some anti-Rhodesian statements, maybe they'd be quiet.

"I wasn't in the Vietnam War but friends who were there said that every time some American politician got up and made a speech calling for capitulation to the Communists, they thought if they launched one more attack we would give up. That's what's happening here. Every time Andrew Young in the United Nations talks about the racist war in Rhodesia the terrorists strike again at the villages thinking that Rhodesia will collapse."

Pegi nodded. "It really makes me feel bad. Everybody is so nice to us and pro-U.S.A. They can't believe that America just keeps stabbing them in the back. All I can say to our neighbors is at least some of us are here trying to help.

"The Rhodesians will never give up." Pegi's tone was forceful. "What people at home don't realize is that they're not just fighting for the white way of life, they are fighting for all the Africans who have been associated with the government and with the white people. The Rhodesians know what happened to the Vietnamese people who fought with the Americans. They were murdered or jailed when the Communists overran South Vietnam. The same thing will happen here if somebody like that terrorist leader Robert Mugabe takes power. So that's why they'll fight to the end. I know. I hear this every day in my job at Brigade headquarters."

Jeff Wasserman nodded somberly. "Why doesn't President Carter send some official presence to Rhodesia and see what it is really all about? Obviously he would never listen to any of us Americans over here

but he could send somebody who can be objective to see the true picture."

Pegi and Jeff Wasserman rent a three bedroom house on three-quarters of an acre of land in Salisbury for $120 a month. Between the two of them they make about $400 a month. When the word mercenary comes up they look at each other, shake their heads and laugh. "I understand that mercenaries make at least $1500," Jeff commented. "That's a long way from the $210 a month I make. Pegi and I are essentially fighting for the same thing Americans fought for in Vietnam. Rhodesia must be kept within the free world. If America has to fight another war we'll need high-grade chrome or we'll have inferior weapons to Russia. Rhodesia has 96 percent of the world's strategic chrome."

"We think that the so-called command generation of the United States owes it to our generation to leave us as well off in the world as they found themselves," Pegi agreed.

Jeff Wasserman has always had an interest in the military but by the time he got out of college the Vietnam War had de-escalated and come to a halt. Jeff had decided he was definitely going to go into military because as he put it, "I feel the only strength our nation has is due to its military, not its politicians." Then Jeff had to make the decision of whether to go into the U.S. army or fight as an American in Rhodesia, where he might do more good.

Jeff looked down wryly at his swollen ankle propped up on a chair. "I'm trying to serve the Rhodesian Army as best I can but until my ankle gets strong again I'm afraid I can't really do the job I came here to accomplish."

To the question of how she will feel when her husband is out two and three weeks at a time in the operational area, Pegi replied, "As any woman would, I faced the fact before I came over here that my hus-

band was going to be in the bush, in combat and there was a chance he was going to get shot, killed, maimed for life. I knew there was a possibility that I could end up a widow. I knew how important it was to my husband to be able to do what he believed was right, regardless of the consequences. I stand behind him all the way.

"We're here and doing our best," she concluded.

Early the next morning Pegi Wasserman would be back in uniform at her job in the Third Brigade headquarters of the Rhodesian African Rifles. Jeff Wasserman would report at 7 A.M. to the Rhodesian Light Infantry training detachment, impatient for his ankle to be cured so he could get out and do the job he came to do.

Two Crippled Eagles doing their best for their country, as they see it, by working in the Rhodesian security forces.

Because of the physical problem Jeff has had with his leg he was unable to complete his training at RLI and has joined the Chaplain Corps. He was made a sergeant and spends half his time now out in the bush with the men helping them with their personal problems and counseling them on religious and philosophical matters.

The Crippled Eagles—VIII

FOREIGN LEGION

The world's last foreign legion engaged in day-by-day combat is the Rhodesian security force. Few nationalities are missing in this heterogeneous fighting force composed of young and not so young men and women in a foreign country combating an enemy they all believe threatens the very existence of everything they believe in. These are not mercenaries, they work for an ordinary soldier's pay. Nor are they adventurers. As they see it, they were drawn to a small country fighting alone and unaided the same enemy the United Nations Security Council unanimously agreed to wage war against in 1950 when Communist North Korea attacked its Western oriented neighbor to the south.

Indeed, when this correspondent viewed a collection of weapons captured from Communist terrorists in Rhodesia he was struck by the fact that the identical weapons were on display at training centers along the

DMZ in Korea. More and more North Korean weapons are turning up at the camps in Mozambique supporting the terrorists operating in Rhodesia.

West Germans fighting in Rhodesia have a particularly realistic view on what the war in Rhodesia is really about. Staff Sergeant Wolfgang Herman Heinrich Hucke, now forty-two years old, who was born and grew up in Dortmund, explains his feeling eloquently. "In Germany, and especially in Berlin, you are surrounded by communism and you learn what it means. The same is true in Rhodesia," he avows. "They try to make it seem like a race war here but it has nothing to do with race. We are black and white here working together to keep Rhodesia from going the way of other Communist black countries like Mozambique where there is no freedom at all for the people."

Wolfgang graduated from Von Fallerleben School in Dortmund and then went on to Bochum, a mining college nearby. After two years in South Africa as a mining engineer he joined the French Foreign Legion and spent eight years in the unit, first in Vietnam fighting the Viet Minh Communists and later in Algeria. He developed an interest in medicine early in his military training and became a paramedic, a combat paratrooper trained as a medic.

Leaving the Foreign Legion, Wolfgang went home to Germany for a visit, saw his parents and brother in Dortmund and then returned to South Africa intending to go back into mining. However, his interest in medicine combined with a nostalgia for the military and a strong perception of Marxist socialism rolling through Africa led him to Rhodesia. He admired the country and the people. "The only country in the world with guts enough, despite everybody on its back, surrounded by enemies, to hold out [against outside Marxist socialism]."

Wolfgang Hucke joined the SAS (Special Air Serv-

ice), the equivalent to America's Green Berets. As a paramedic he was a valuable addition to the unit and was given advanced medical training. In the days before the terrorist war had escalated he specialized in treating the Africans who were so far out in the bush that they could receive little medical attention.

"You see it's only the army who is looking after the Africans in the bush," he explains. "We set up the clinics. It's always us, the army medics, who do most of the work for the black civilians." Wolfgang reminisced about the woman he treated who had half her face ripped away by a hyena. Even now, with the war at full intensity, he says, "We have got far more civilians to treat than casualties. When we go out to the bush we come back with empty [medical] boxes. It's all gone, not on our chappies but African civilians, women, children." Today he uses much of his valuable medical supplies "repairing the terrorists' bloody damage" to the black civilians.

There is no doubt in Wolfgang's mind he is fighting trained Communists. He tells the story of jumping at night into an attack on a terrorist infiltration company from Mozambique. He was accompanied by an American medic. The first wave of paratroopers had encountered heavy fire and suffered casualties. The American immediately started treating the wounded and was shot as he worked over the casualty. Wolfgang tried to help the Yank but he was dead.

"This is the normal Communist teaching, that you should shoot the medical man first. This was so in Vietnam, wherever there is a Communist war. It's not to shoot the officer first but the medic. So as he [the American] was treating the wounded he was shot. They had a good go at him."

On the subject of treating enemy wounded, Sgt. Hucke reports, "We are not terrorists, we are regular army; we are not killing our wounded enemies, we are

treating them. That's a fact. They are usually young, about eighteen to twenty-five. They are very surprised when they get treated. They have been told you get murdered if you get caught. More than one would have liked to stay with us in the bush when they suddenly find everything they were told is lies."

Wolfgang managed to stay a bachelor until he was thirty-eight and then he met a New Zealand girl at the resort town of Kariba on the Zambian border near which he was stationed. Now he has a little daughter of twenty months and another baby will soon be born. Although it is five years since he last visited Germany he keeps an interest in affairs at home. Politically he supports the Christian Democrat or Christian Union party and is an admirer of German leader David Friedrich Strauss. Although loyal to Rhodesia, Wolfgang says one thing that would make him go back to Germany would be if the East Germans ever tried to use force to reunify the two countries. "I'm not very keen on going back, but I can go back to fight the Communists. I don't mind fighting the Communists anywhere. That's my main purpose in life."

Sgt. Hucke is taking advanced training in anesthetics and surgical operations. He is proud of the way black doctors, white doctors, black nursing sisters, and medics like himself, black and white, work together. An African sister was his instructor/supervisor in learning and practicing the techniques of being an instrument nurse.

Asked about the outside world's view of racism in Rhodesia Wolfgang replied that a hospital is truly a microcosm of the nation. There is no such thing as racial tension among doctors, staff, or patients. "The problems come from the outside. Communist agitators like Mugabe in Mozambique and Nkomo in Botswana are the troublemakers, the ones that force their people to murder and torture the African civilians."

Regarding the reports that foreign mercenaries are paid up to $2,000 a month, Sgt. Hucke laughed loudly. "You start at maybe $200 a month. I think maybe, *maybe* our general might come slightly near the $1,000 mark but nobody else. This is not a job for mercenaries. I said it to my brother. If he comes over here he must come with the will to work for a cause, not for money. We are not fighting for money here. I tell my friends in Germany if they do not want the communism they know in East Germany if they do to come in Western Germany, they must support Southern Africa, mainly Rhodesia, the spearhead or the bulwark, because if Southern Africa goes, the world goes Communist sooner or later."

Sergeant Hucke is completing his advanced trauma course at Mpilo Hospital in Bulawayo. For the rest of the year he will study all aspects of casualty treatment and then go back to the army to work directly in the field with the wounded. A highly trained and dedicated foreign national he is one of over a thousand answers to the question posed by misinformed and misled people of good will all over the world: "How does Rhodesia keep holding out with the world against it?"

Reinforcing Wolfgang Hucke's opinions is Cornelia von Wensierski, also born and brought up in Dortmund, Germany and graduated in 1967 from Dortmund High School. Her mother and father, Maria and Helmut, still live in Dortmund and worry about Cornelia who is in the Rhodesian Air Force where she packs parachutes.

Her first job back home was as an apprentice mechanic with Heinen Automobile (Peugot) where she worked for three years in Dortsfeld. In 1970 she went to South Africa to visit a sister and stayed a year and a half. Then after returning to Germany in 1975 she came to Rhodesia, liked it, and decided to stay, working for the Post and Telecommunications service before

joining the air force in order to free a man to fight. She has made thirty jumps herself and is quite an inspiration to young men making their first jump. Since she jumps the same 'chutes she packs there is a great deal of confidence in the parachutes she hands out to the paratroopers. Connie, as she is called, is making jumps from 20,000 feet, free falling to 600 feet before opening her canopy. This is an increasingly useful method of infiltrating troops into terrorist infested areas.

Connie is a popular date with the paratroopers and at the moment she is particularly interested in a sky diving officer and they are considering an inter-service marriage.

Although Connie looks forward to visiting her native Germany when the war is over in Rhodesia, she is pretty certain that she will make her home here indefinitely. She and the girls in her unit enjoy knowing and training the multinational troops who come through the parachute school and finds she gets along best with Englishmen. She has trouble understanding the Yanks, she says. Cornelia introduced this reporter to her fellow countryman, bachelor Sergeant Major Peter Shuster who was born in 1941 in Salazia just south of Berlin in what is now East Germany. He attended secondary school in Dillingen near Stuttgart and served for six years in the German Bundeswehr.

In 1964, Shuster left the German Army and worked as a salesman in Berlin and Weisbaden. He came to Rhodesia in 1968, attracted by Rhodesia's stand against Communist infiltration and the reputation of the Rhodesian Army. He joined the Rhodesia Light Infantry as a recruit and today he maintains that the training here is tougher physically and mentally than it was in the German Army.

For a year he patrolled in the Zambezi Valley helping to eliminate the terrorists crossing over from Zambia.

In 1974 Shuster became a colour sergeant of the Support Commando unit of the R.L.I. and saw heavy combat in the operational areas. In 1977 he is still going strong in the Rhodesian Army. He is highly thought of by his fellow soldiers and is still unmarried. Shuster says he is a soldier, not a politician although he is a firm anti-Communist. He likens himself to von Strobben, fighting with George Washington at Valley Forge. Rhodesia is another country fighting for its life. Sergeant Major Shuster considers it an insult to the Rhodesian Army to compare it to any of "those armies in NATO." He grumbles that the European armies have thrown tradition and discipline overboard "and their leaders are too scared to tell a soldier or even a young lieutenant to get a haircut."

Peter Shuster is especially impressed by the big game he encounters while out on patrol. He recalls patrolling in the Zambezi Valley, concentrating on the terrorists he was tracking down, when he thought he saw a thick tree on the edge of an open field. Suddenly he became aware he was standing next to a jumbo. The three was one of the elephant's legs. Another time he had killed a terr and with the help of one of his men dragged the body in for identification. The body was dripping blood and when they reached their rendezvous with a transport they put the body down. Turning around they saw the two biggest lions they'd ever seen which had been following the blood spoor. Peter laughed.

"I once had a lieutenant, a friend of mine, he used to jump out of the Land Rover and pull a lion by the tail and jump back in again and drive off. He eventually got killed by lions," Shuster concluded dolorously.

Although Shuster has had many contacts, once he and his stick of four other men tracked down and killed twenty-one terrorists, he feels his closest call was with a land mine. He turned off a road by error only to

return to find an African tractor had set off a mine laid for him. And once, he recalls with a grin, he drove around a corner and saw ten or fifteen wide-eyed picaninnies staring at the vehicle from a hill just above the road. They all stuck their fingers in their ears and grimaced. The troops immediately stopped and proceeded cautiously on foot with mine detectors. Sure enough there was a fifty-pound TNT land mine buried in the road just ahead of them.

Shuster worries that the people of Germany have no awareness of the importance of the Rhodesian terrorist war. "I would like to tell them," he says, "that one thing I know is if [Communist] terrorism doesn't stop in Rhodesia, it will happen in Europe and America. The Berliners understand," he adds. "All those Germans who originally were here when I was here, they were all Berliners. We had four Berliners in the RLI, two in my commando group."

Asked about the first class of black officers which just graduated Shuster says he would gladly serve under a black officer. The junior European officers he has served under, and to whom he frequently passes on tips regarding combat operations, have less experience than the new black officers who have been soldiering for ten years or better before going to officer training.

Among the nations contributing heavily to the ranks of Rhodesia's fighting men and women is the United Kingdom. Perhaps the largest single contingent of foreigners in the Rhodesian Security Forces are from the UK and one of these men has perhaps the most innovative and colorful command in the Rhodesian Army, the Grey Scouts, Rhodesia's small but effective cavalry unit. Starting with twelve packhorses, Major Anthony [Tony] Stevens has built his cavalry unit up into a company-size combat operation in two years.

Major Stevens was born in Dublin, Ireland in 1932. His mother is still a Dubliner and when possible Ste-

vens returns home to visit her. He served with the Irish Guards in the Middle East in those critical years when Britain came to the conclusion that it would have to withdraw from "East of Suez." When he came out of the Guards in the winter of 1954 and experienced the raw weather in Britain, he took a job as a shipping agent in Singapore.

The Rhodesian African Rifles were serving as part of the British Commonwealth commitment in Malaya during the war with the Communist terrorists while Tony was there. He met a lovely young Rhodesian lady, Jennifer, who was the daughter of Lt. Col. Fitzgerald, the Deputy Commander of the Rhodesian Unit. They fell in love and decided to get married. However, Tony found out that he would have to pay Jennifer's passage back to Rhodesia if he married her in Singapore. So when the Rhodesian African Rifles returned home in 1957 Tony bought himself a ticket to Salisbury and married Jennifer at her home.

As if to make the union complete, Tony joined his father-in-law's unit, receiving a commission as second lieutenant. In 1962 he transferred to the provisional Selous Scouts, which at that time was the armored car regiment of the Rhodesian Forces. The Selous Scouts, named after the legendary Rhodesian hunter and scout Frederick Selous, who was killed in World War I, eventually became the elite, integrated, special mission force that it is today. And the Grey Scouts, which Major Stevens now commands, is attached to the Selous Scouts.

In 1974, after five years on civvie street, and with the terrorist war intensifying, Tony went back into the army and began the organization of his cavalry unit.

Major Stevens has always been a keen horseman and his oldest daughter is taking her diploma in horsemanship. He shrugs off the "Charge of the Light Brigade" jokes about the Grey's Scouts, sometimes called don-

key wallopers, pointing out that there are many strategic places on the borders with hostile neighbors that you can only reach on foot or with horses, and once in there you can cover twice as much territory on horseback. Trackers on horseback have proved to be most efficient at hunting down and killing the enemy.

The blacks in Rhodesia are not used to horses as they are in other parts of Africa but the Grey's Scouts are finding that once trained the Africans make fine mounted trackers. From the perspective of sitting astride a horse, Steven says, the whole business of tracking is accelerated.

The Grey's Scouts is a foreign legion in itself. Major Stevens's righthand man, a sergeant, is an American from Connecticut. Due to State Department harassment he has requested not to be named. There are Aussies, Kiwis, Germans, French, English, Irish, Scots, and Porks, as the Portuguese are known, in the unit. Stevens points out that none of them are mercenaries. Mercenaries are not accepted in Rhodesia. Grey's Scouts fight for their beliefs, not for the modest pay scale offered. Stevens's cavalrymen and their horses are highly trained and coordinated which, he declares, is the reason that the Grey's Scouts only suffered 2 percent casualties so far this year. "The horses seem to bring the best out in the men," Tony reports. "We have had men who seemed to be misfits elsewhere, but once they started working with the horses they became first-class soldiers."

The future of the Grey's Scouts seems assured when the black majority government is established, Major Stevens feels. Unless of course, he adds, Robert Mugabe, the Communist backed terrorist operating out of Mozambique, is forced upon Rhodesia. America's United Nations Ambassador Andrew Young openly supports black Marxist militants like Mugabe or

(Joshua) Nkomo against such black moderates as Senator Chief Chirau and Bishop Abel Muzorewa.

If Muzorewa or any moderate should succeed to power he will have to devote full time and attention to fighting off Mugabe, Nkomo, Sithole, and all the other Communist oriented black aspirants to power, Tony realizes.

The Grey's Scouts may be employed for years in border wars fighting off international terrorists seeking to destroy moderate pro-Western black rule and install a Communist Idi Amin. And it will be a combination of black and white Rhodesians and the foreigners who join the unit that will be charged with keeping a true black majority government in power.

Sharing the isolated home base thirty miles outside of Salisbury with the Grey's Scouts is the legendary Selous Scouts. To join this racially integrated group of Green Beret type warriors who handle the special missions, including cross-border hot pursuit forays against terrorist camps in Mozambique, is the goal of most of the superior African and white soldiers in the Rhodesian Army.

In the area of special operations along the Mozambique border, South African Captain Dale Collett directs operations from the wheelchair to which he is confined for life after being shot in the spine during a terrorist contact. Former American Marine John Murphy, who was promoted to major in August of 1977 along with Lieutenant Richard Passaportis, a Greek-Rhodesian, Corporal Jean Michael Desble, a Frenchman, and until his recent combat death Sergeant Clive Mason, a former British Royal Marine, were some of the foreigners out on the border with their men repulsing the increasing number of terrorist and Mozambique regular army (FRELIMO) incursions.

Corporal Desble was born in Paris on 6 February 1944 and graduated from La Rochefoucault School.

For a while he was interested in architecture because that's what his girl friend was studying at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. He was called up into the French Army where he was trained as a paratrooper and sent to the cadet officer course in 1963. But this was a bad time for the French Army, ripped asunder by the military's bitter opposition to Charles de Gaulle's withdrawal from Algeria. The political climate was poisonous. Jean withdrew from officer training and was sent with a peacekeeping force to Gabon where he stayed for two years and rose to the rank of sergeant.

Bored with the French Army, Jean Desbles got out in February 1965, disgusted with the French military and the whole system. After a fling at civilian life he went to the Belgian Congo as a mercenary and spent a year as a guerrilla in Biafra, starting in July 1968. Even today, seven years later, he still retains a sense of guilt for having gone on a supply run in September 1969 and never returned to the black Biafrans fighting for their identity in the bush.

Today Jean is in the thick of the most dangerous daily combat in Rhodesia. "I am not a mercenary," he avows. "I know what a mercenary is, I was one. I do not fight for money. Maybe that is why, even though I have the sweats after our operations, I have the nightmares, I will stay in Rhodesia until I am killed or the war is over."

Jean Desbles was proud to be accepted in the Selous Scouts. The training for the scouts is the toughest of any army he has seen, but not *too* hard. "If you knew what we do you would know how necessary this training is. I would rather be a corporal in the Selous Scouts than an officer in the French Army," Desbles says convincingly. "As I read the foreign magazines I see more and more we've got everybody against us." So he and his comrades fight on all the harder.

When asked about the most difficult aspect of the

training for the hazardous duty he performs now, he smiles wryly. "It was the training with the African soldiers. I shared their meals, their drink. I slept with them and was treated like them. Being treated like them was the worse. I am a Latin, not an Anglo-Saxon. I do not like being called a "you." But now I realize how important it was for me to live with the Africans. It is part of my military life now. We are fighting together constantly. But it was hard at first."

Corporal Desbles readily admits he almost "took the gap," as the Rhodesians say, after the first ten months. Despite the rigorous French paratrooper training he had endured, he thought he could not make it through the Selous Scouts training. But somehow he forced himself to fight his way through and now he is a leader of special tracking operations.

"I am soldiering for a country I like. A professional soldier, yes. A mercenary, no. The Rhodesian Army is an army of men, the French Army was a shoadow of an army. It is here I have learned what real soldiering is."

Jean Desble was fortunate to meet the owner of the best French restaurant in Salisbury. This middle-aged former Parisian chief and restauranteur treats Jean, a bachelor, like a son. Jeans stays in his house and, best of all, eats at the restaurant when he is not out in the bush. Chez Roger is the meeting place for the French community in Rhodesia. Jean's mother and brother in Paris worry about him and correspond frequently. If they knew the nature of his hazardous operations they would worry even more.

Jean likes his particular job. He feels he is at his peak physically and mentally and able to live with the trauma of his experiences. "You think you are strong but you aren't. The mind goes berserk after you're almost killed so many times. The first night back from

the bush I have to be completely alone. Then I can go out."

Unfortunately, since Jean's operations are top secret he is unable to talk about the jungle battles other than to shudder at the torture and mutilation inflicted by Robert Mugabe, the deranged terrorist leader in Mozambique, on the innocent African civilians accused of being "sellouts," and the white farmers and soldiers Mugabe's terrorists catch up with.

The "birds" in the Rhodesian security forces also hail from many foreign countries. Gill Stapleton, from Wales, has been in the air force for fifteen months. Her jobs with the 3rd Squadron, Ground Crew vary from ordering, cataloging, and sending back equipment and engine parts, to air hostessing VIPs being flown on air force planes.

While her passengers are mainly top brass in the army and air force, she was thrilled to have Prime Minister Ian Smith and his wife on one of her flights. But mostly her job consists of the jobs that free a man for more arduous duty.

While Gill denies she finds anything romantic about working with the air force men around her and says she receives no special treatment except that "the guys have cut out a lot of their swearing." She suspects that quite a few of the noncoms are upset because the air force birds are members of the sergeants mess. It took them six years to get in the mess, she points out, and here the girls join the air force and just walk in.

Gill has no complaints about being paid 80 percent of what the men of equal rank are paid. "We just can't do the whole job, like carrying and lifting heavy things."

Gill and the other "Blue Birds," as the air force girls are called, are all qualified to fire the Belgian F rifle and the 9mm pistol and Gill allows that if all-out war

came to Rhodesia, as it has at times in Israel, she would be prepared to go into direct combat.

Regarding returning to her native Britain Gill feels she is doing an important job in Rhodesia and has no plans to go home. Also, whether she admits it or not, she and the other girls are indeed first-rate morale factors. And Gill does enjoy dating air force men.

From Australia, Cairns, North Queensland to be precise, Jennie Wilkinson, age thirty-two, found her way to Rhodesia in late 1975. A long way to come? Well she left Australia with her parents in October 1974 and went to England with them. Then, since she has always worked with horses on the family station and trained dogs, she went to South Africa and worked for the National Parks Board. She forgot to renew her work permit and was about to be deported from South Africa when she happened to walk by the Rhodesian Embassy in Pretoria. She decided to go in and find out how they felt about Australians. She walked in and the immigration officer invited her to sit down and have a cup of tea. "This is home," she thought and soon she was on her way north of the Limpopo River.

Although her mother and father are worried about her, Jennie is happy in Rhodesia and fulfills a most important function, training dogs to sniff out land mines. Her day starts off with her cleaning the kennels and then she takes the dogs out for training.

Jennie's system is to lay out plastic discs at five yard intervals with a piece of choice steak on top of each disc. The dog is sent off, encouraged to walk in front of his master instead of beside or behind him. When the dog detects the meat Jennie makes it sit beside the mine and then lets it eat. Before long the dogs make the connection between meat and a land mine. Then the mines are semi-buried, with the meat on top of them, and the dogs sniff them out. Next the mines and meat are totally buried and the dogs find them, learn-

ing to smell the mine itself or sense the disturbance in the ground. Some of Jennie's dogs detect mines that have been buried as long as three weeks. Now that the terrorists are planting plastic mines with no steel that can be picked up with a mine detector, the dogs are invaluable. Jennie works with the handler and the dog to establish the relationship between the two. "This is more complex than tracking, because you are relying on the dog's nose. If that dog doesn't find the mine, then you get it."

To date Jennie's section has yet to lose a dog. "We use labradors because they have got a very good nose. They are bred as gundogs and aren't shy. They come on the range with us shooting and sit beside us. They don't mind at all."

Jennie regrets that she can't go operational with the dogs she has trained but the men don't like the idea. They would be watching out for the girls instead of taking their own safety into consideration, Jennie explains.

Although Jennie is surrounded by men all the time she says they treat her with respect and there is no mixing of romance and pleasure with business. After work, after perhaps some darts and beers at the mess, they all go their own way.

Jennie's Australian heritage shows when asked about equal pay. "I have joined the army and I am doing a man's job. But I am still a woman, and in my opinion the women are still below the men."

Jennie continues, "I have never enjoyed my life so much since I have been in this country. I have found the people friendly, warm, and dedicated to their cause. The morale in this country is absolutely incredible."

AFTERWORD

(October 1, 1977)

On August 6th the flag of the United States was raised above an American Embassy in Rhodesia for the first time since 1966 when the United States pulled out its diplomatic representation in support of Britain's opposition to Rhodesia's Unilateral Declaration of Independence. It should be pointed out that this American Embassy exists without the recognition of the United States Department of State.

This author, the self appointed Ambassador, is accepted unofficially by the Rhodesian Government as well as by such black nationalist leaders as Senator Chief Chirau and Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole. Needless to say, upon his return to the United States in September of 1977 he did not find the Secretary of State and the President breathlessly awaiting his briefing on events in Rhodesia. This is too bad since it is U.S. policy not to have any sort of representation in Rhodesia such as Secretary of State Vance and U.N. Ambassador Young

are thus trying to impose policy on Rhodesia in the blind, so to speak.

Nevertheless the hundreds of Americans and other foreigners who in one way or another are engaged in Rhodesia's struggle against communist takeover appreciate the Embassy.

The Embassy in Rhodesia performs many services for Americans and all foreign nationals and acts as a high level listening post in Southern Africa. The Embassy operates unfettered by orders from the United States Ambassador to the United Nations, Andrew Young who appears to have supplanted Secretary of State Vance much as during the Nixon Administration Henry Kissinger usurped the authority of Secretary of State William Rogers before actually capturing the job.

America's Embassy of Goodwill is conveniently located near Andrew Fleming Hospital in order that the staff can walk across the street and visit men who are recovering from wounds or illnesses. When former U.S. Special Forces medic, Keith Nelson lost both his legs to a Russian landmine while giving medical attention to Rhodesian troops in combat, the Embassy was able to visit him every day and bring him a seafood meal, not easy in land locked Rhodesia.

The Embassy telex is used to transmit messages abroad from foreigners fighting with the Rhodesian security forces or working in a civilian capacity in Rhodesia.

And also the Embassy is a base of negotiations with black and white leaders in pursuit of a solution to the Rhodesian dilemma.

To that end the Embassy staff has arrived at the only possible solution to the Rhodesian situation. A solution arrived at on the spot, in contact with black and white Rhodesians as opposed to the so-called Anglo-American proposals which were authored at a distance of ten thousand miles from the seat of the problem.

This book was devoted to showing the reader why the American Embassy approach is the correct one.

We would urge the United States Government to take the following steps, mindful of the fact that Britain's apporach to its former colony is one of vindictiveness. It should be remembered that even 36 years after the United States of America announced its own UDI on July 4, 1776 the British burned down the White House in Washington.

Step One: Immediately lift all sanctions imposed by the United Nations against Rhodesia. We are normalizing our relations with Cuba which became the enemy, we have diplomatic relations with the enemy, Red China and Russia, why not with Rhodesia which has always been America's friend.

Step Two: Supplant this author with a competent career Ambassador who has an understanding of African affairs and can see the situation without the intense emotion which clouds Andrew Young's judgment and robs him of objectivity.

Step Three: Allow the white and black leaders in Rhodesia to solve their own problems unmolested by foreign interference.

It should be obvious by now to even a casual reader of this book that the objective of the terrorists is to establish a communist government in Rhodesia, in effect turning it over to the Soviet Union. In the United Nations during the week of September 26, 1977 the Russians clearly demonstrated their concern that the Patriotic Front, and in particular the Joshua Nkomo faction of the Front, inherit the government of Rhodesia. Both Russia and Nkomo demanded that the Secretary-General, Dr. Kurt Waldheim, consult with "parties to the armed conflict" when appointing his special representative to Rhodesia. In other words giving the ter-

rorists veto power over who the U.N. will send into Rhodesia to supervise the settlement.

The fact that Joshua Nkomo, the terrorist leader, was accepted at the United Nations while the United States would not even allow the black moderate leader Senator Chief Chirau to enter the United States is an indication of how Ambassador Young and the communists are working together to stiffle any possibility of the moderate black leaders competing with the militant Marxist terror leaders for world attention.

The facts of the last minute refusal, ostensibly by the Department of State but in actuality engineered by Ambassador Young, to allow Senator Chief Chirau accompanied by Senator Chief Ndiweni along with their interpreter Mr. Magoramombe, and their administrative aide Mr. Stewart are as follows.

On arrival in London on Thursday, September 15th Chirau was advised by Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs Moose that the Chiefs would have no trouble collecting their visas for the United States the following day. On Friday Mr. Stewart went to the American consulate and filled in the necessary forms and was told to call the following day.

On Saturday he was told that the correct officials to see were off for the weekend and it was not until Tuesday that the American officials in charge returned from their weekend. On Tuesday Stewart paid his fourth and fifth visit to the American consulate and was still put off. The Chiefs had an appointment in Munich on Wednesday and were advised to take up the matter with the American consulate there.

For two days a black employee of the American Consulate in Munich who gave his name as merely Vincent held off the Chief's delegation for two days and finally refused them permission to enter the United States. Chirau and his party had no choice but to return to Rhodesia where they arrived just as the Rus-

sian and Andrew Young candidate, Nkomo, arrived at the United Nations in New York.

Thus all opportunity for the voice of black African moderation, Uncle Tom by Andrew Young, to be heard in the United States was efficiently cut off by the U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations.

Young's Bobbsie twin, British Foreign Secretary Dr. Owen made the statement in September that although South African and Rhodesian blacks may enjoy a higher standard of living and propserity than their brothers in independent black (read dictator-run) states it would be better for them to accept a lower standard of living to obtain political rights. Surely this will go down in history, if Owen is remembered, along with Marie Antoinette's "let them eat cake."

This then is the power structure that President Carter and Prime Minister Calligan have arrayed against any possibility of moderate black rule in Rhodesia.

The black population in Rhodesia (and South Africa) is not concerned with politics and politicians as long as it sees a constant betterment in its standard of living rather than a degeneration of its way of life. To consider for one moment that the average black family would willingly choose to sacrifice their prosperity, happiness, and security in exchange for a communist dictator like Idi Amin, Samora Machel, Julius Nyerere, Kenneth Kuanda, and the other dictators of Africa just because their skin is the same color is monstrous and lunatic.

Yet the terror goes on. A six months old white baby bayonetted and then hacked up by Mugabe terrorists on September 30 in Rhodesia, the latest atrocity as this book goes to press. And while Andrew Young and President Carter refuse to offer a single word of condemnation against the atrocities of the Mugabe and Nkomo Patriotic Front, they grieve over the death in detention of a South African Terrorist, Steve Biko,

who even the liberal New York Times characterizes as a man who was no liberal and espoused the creation of a faceless army that would murder whites at night and fade back into the population by day.

Perhaps President Carter will realize how his minion Andrew Young is encouraging worldwide terrorism if he reads the daily newspapers and sees that plane hijacking by terrorists is again rife. After the Japanese Red Army managed to hijack a planeload of passengers and threaten to execute a personal friend of the President's, John Gabriel, maybe it is possible that Mr. Carter will realize that to encourage terror in Rhodesia has global ramifications.

One of the terrorist leaders this author interviewed in September 1977, Job Nehondo, admitted that one of the reasons he 'volunteered' for terrorist training was to bring about an end to the war quickly so that he and his friends could return to a more stable economy in Zimbabwe as he calls Rhodesia. He said that Bishop Muzorewa's effort at the United Nations to tighten sanctions was directly responsbible for the closure of hundreds of small firms throughout Rhodesia which had employed thousands of black people. Out of work, they had discussed their predicament and opted to join the terrorists so that U.N. sanctions would be lifted when the terrorists won the war and they could return to a peaceful and financially rewarding life.

This book was intended to help the reader understand the issues and the situations that underlie the struggle in Southern Africa. Hopefully it will now be understood that despite the efforts of Russia and Red China to camouflage the conflict, making it appear to be a racial battle, the truth of the matter is that the struggle is a continuation of the long seething war between communism and democracy.

The concept of black majority rule now in Rhodesia was accepted by the Rhodesian Government in Sep-

tember 1976 after an exhaustive round of shuttle diplomacy by then Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. Only the method by which majority rule would be implemented was still open. Rhodesia's Prime Minister Ian Smith pledged that he would faithfully follow the Kissinger Plan and majority rule would come about within two years. Had Henry Kissinger remained as Secretary of State there was no shadow of doubt that Prime Minister Ian Douglas Smith would have scruplously kept his word to the Secretary of State. A successful though perhaps temporarily violent transition period would have ensued and a black moderate Prime Minister, supported by a black majority in parliament, established. Smith's integrity has always been unimpeachable despite his protective vacillations in negotiations. British leaders, stung when Rhodesia unilaterally declared independence in November 1965 have vociferously declared Smith to be shifty and untrustworthy. Yet whenever Smith has finally given his word he has kept it. It is a mark of the Rhodesian character that one's word is one's bond.

Perhaps the finest example of Ian Smith's personal honor and probity came a few months before UDI. Britain's Prime Minister Harold Wilson, a wily politician and veteran of hammering out a hundred compromises, met with Ian Smith and his chief cabinet ministers. In an effort to settle the festering situation Wilson promised that Britain would grant legal independence to the colony in return for personal guarantees he could triumphantly take back to London indicating that black Africans would quickly succeed to ruling themselves.

It was reported by Desmond Lardner-Burke, Ian Smith's chief minister at the time that Prime Minister Wilson told Smith all he had to do was give the guarantees, thereby saving face for the Labor Government when Rhodesia's Independence was granted. If at

some future time after Independence, Smith, Lardner-Burke, and other ministers saw fit to renege on their guarantees there would be nothing that Britain could do about it, Wilson assured them.

Smith could have had independence for Rhodesia at that moment knowing how easy it would be later to disavow his agreements with Wilson. However, he and his ministers chose to lose that golden opportunity to gain legal independence rather than make spurious guarantees.

Thus, when Ian Smith pledged himself to accepting U.S. Secretary of State Kissinger's proposal, and so announced over television, he was committed. It was not Ian Smith who disavowed the Kissinger plan, it was the Marxist Front line presidents of neighbors Zambia, Mozambique and Tanzania, and the terrorist leaders Robert Mugabe and Joshua Nkomo who reneged on the plan Kissinger had carefully prepared, explained to them, and to which he received their approval prior to presenting it to Ian Smith.

It was the terrorists' communist sponsors who recognized the trap. Yes, the Kissinger plan would have brought about majority rule in Rhodesia, but it also insured that any type of coercion against the people of Rhodesia would cease. Without coercion and terrorism the communists knew they could not prevail. Thus, the Kissinger plan had to be torpedoed. With the election of Jimmy Carter as President of the United States in November of 1976 and the subsequent installation of Andrew Young as chief designer of U.S. African policy, the destruction of Secretary of State Kissinger's peace initiative was assured.

With the advent of U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, Andrew Young, the prospects changed for the worse. The war intensified because the communist supplied, trained, and financed so-called "Patriotic Front"

terrorists avowed that they would win Zimbabwe, as the blacks call Rhodesia, through the barrel of a gun against the moderate black politicians who actually have the support of the great majority of the African population in Rhodesia. Now the war in Rhodesia is between two black factions, the moderates and the communists.

Black militants in the United States, unable to perceive the actual roots of the battle for a moderately governed Zimbabwe with opportunity for all, emotionally tend to side with the violent "Freedom Fighters" of the "Patriotic Front". Andrew Young has been lavish in his praise for the communist terrorist leaders Robert Mugabe and Joshua Nkomo. It appears he views moderate black leaders such as Senator Chief Chirau as "Uncle Toms". Somewhere between the two factions stands Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole who at least conducts his political campaign in Rhodesia's capitol city rather than as an exile leader across the border sending in terrorists to kill, torture, and abduct innocent, peaceful tribesmen who are not interested in politics.

Herewith then is the scene in Rhodesia now. Undoubtedly, few supporters of the terrorist leaders will be converted by this book. However, at least a clear picture is drawn here of a conflict which will have a profound effect on the free world and our day to day lives. Most importantly it will enable the individual reader to be a better judge of the actions being taken by free world leadership and either protest or encourage our diplomats' actions and initiatives depending upon his perception of events as they unfold.

The American Embassy in Rhodesia puts out a monthly newsletter presenting the facts and developments as they unfold. The letter is mailed out from Washington, D.C. (to save postage) on the last day of

every month. If any reader of this book would like to receive the letter he or she may write to:

Robin Moore
American Embassy
2 Ross Avenue
Salisbury, Rhodesia

The newsletter will be sent out to all who request a true picture of events in Southern Africa.

Robin Moore
Salisbury, Rhodesia
October 1, 1977

Afterword

RHODESIA: THE REBEL REPUBLIC

L. H. Gann

Little more than a hundred years ago, the lands now comprised within Rhodesia were little touched by Western influence. The indigenous people were grouped into a variety of communities that ranged from small-scale communities to militaristic raider states, such as the kingdom of the Ndebele established in the nineteenth century by black invaders from the south. There were memories of ancient splendor—the ruins of Zimbabwe, a vast architectural complex built of stone without mortar, recalled the greatness on ancient monarchy of the Monomotapas created by Shona-speaking peoples during the Middle Ages. But there was no sense of political or racial cohesion. The very word "African" was a European import, as was Rhodesia's territorial unity. Life rested on simple forms of slash and burn agriculture, supplemented by the chase, and sometimes by fishing and cattle keeping. The indigenous peoples knew how to smelt iron and work copper and gold; they had developed a variety of crafts. They could not, however, harness the force of wind, water, or of draft animals. Their livelihood depended entirely on human muscles—for carrying burdens on the backs of porters, for tilling fields with hoes, or for throwing spears and drawing bows in hunting and war. There was but limited specialization of labor. The population was but scanty; their margin of survival was a narrow one. (By the end of the last century, Rhodesia—a country as large as California—contained less than a mil-

lion people). At the same time there was constant internecine warfare as the stronger groups continually pressed upon their weaker neighbors. In addition, the people had to cope with a great variety of disease; they had no defense against epidemics that struck their cattle. There were perennial problems of periodic droughts, with the result that the population probably remained stable, or increased but imperceptibly.

The first Europeans to venture into the interior were the Portuguese who had established some contacts with the interior from the sixteenth century onward. The Portuguese could not, however, make their influence effective in the interior, and their influence remained largely confined to the coast. During the nineteenth century, British missionaries made their way inland. So did white elephant hunters from the south who were anxious to make money from ivory. In addition, European explorers brought home glowing tales of gold, with the result that the British and South African financiers began to take an interest in what became known to white South Africans as the "Far North".

The greatest of these monied men was Cecil John Rhodes, a self-made man, who had accumulated a fortune by establishing control over the South African diamond industry and acquiring a substantial stake in the gold mines of the Transvaal. Rhodes was a successful politician (he later became Prime Minister of the British Cape Colony. He had far-reaching plans for extending the boundaries of the British empire, and in 1889 Rhodes received a charter from the British government to colonize the vast region now comprised within the borders of Rhodesia and Zambia. In 1890 he despatched a small, privately paid and equipped expedition into Rhodesia where he set up an administration run by his own chosen instrument, the British South Africa Company. When Rhodes died in 1902, his newly founded colony named after him, was a going concern, with a backwoods economy, based on small-scale gold production and on farming.

The British South Africa Company remained in power for more than thirty years (from 1890 to 1923) and laid the foundations of what is now Rhodesia. Its failings were

manifold. The Company enforced a mining monopoly. No one could mine ores without its permission. Many Africans were despoiled of their land, which was sold to incoming settlers. There was a good deal of fighting. (The warlike Ndebele kingdom was smashed in a brief campaign; a subsequent African rising was bloodily suppressed.) The Company, however, also had substantial achievements to its credit. The authorities built a railway network; promoted the mining of gold and of base minerals; encouraged and promoted agricultural enterprise. Cities came into being; so did new industries. Within a few decades Rhodesia passed from the early Iron Age to the age of industry; one of the world's last remaining frontiers was integrated into the world economy.

Company rule was widely unpopular—not only among Africans, but also among the very settlers whom the Company had attracted to the newly-won colony. The Company, moreover, failed to make the expected profits from its administrative responsibility. In 1923 Company rules therefore came to an end. Northern Rhodesia (now known as Zambia) passed under the control of the British Colonial Office. Southern Rhodesia (later officially designated as Rhodesia) refused an offer to join the Union of South Africa, a solution that would have appealed to the more powerful capitalists as well as to British and South African Conservatives anxious to strengthen South Africa's British connection. Instead the country opted for "Responsible Government", home rule of a kind oddly supported at the time by British humanitarians and Labourites as well as the majority of the Rhodesian settlers. In 1923 Rhodesia thus became a "Self-Governing Colony" subject to the rule of a locally-elected Legislative Assembly, under its own Prime Minister.

The new state was endowed with almost complete internal autonomy; with its own administartion, its own army, its police force. British powers of interference were strictly limited; so that Rhodesia was run almost like a dominion. (Within the British Imperial context, Anglo-Rhodesian relations came under the Dominions Office, and the Southern Rhodesia Prime Minister was a member of the Com-

monwealth Prime Ministers' Conference. The parliamentary franchise was nominally "color-blind"; Africans were not excluded from the franchise by reason of their race. Parliamentary suffrage was, however, linked to a property qualification which in practice excluded the bulk of the Africans as well as the poor whites.

In terms of brick and mortar, and also in terms of economic and demographic growth, Rhodesia made astonishing progress during the thirty years that followed the abrogation of Chartered Company rule. Backwoods townships like Salisbury and Bulawayo developed into handsome cities. Manufacturing began in the shape of food-processing and light consumer industries. During World War II, Rhodesia built up an iron and steel industry of its own, in addition to a variety of manufacturing enterprises. Rhodesia followed the South African social pattern, with a system of rigid residental segregation. The Rhodesian system, however, worked in a more lenient fashion than its South African equivalent. The industrial color bar was not enforced in as rigid a manner as it was south of the Limpopo River. Just over half of the country's surface was reserved for purely African usage (as opposed to about 13 percent in South Africa). The country enjoyed a good name for the efficiency of its African medical and educational services when compared to those available to Africans under Colonial Office rule in the northern territories. African opposition, while considerable, remained confined to protests of a constitutional kind, there were a number of strikes; there was opposition from independent African churches that sought African independence in the spiritual sphere.

The Europeans increased in numbers, in wealth and in political confidence. They also became increasingly urbanized and more adept at industrial pursuits. Their reputation stood high in World War II when they mobilized something like 15 percent of their population to fight the Axis powers. World War II also saw the creation of numerous new manufactures including an iron and steel industry. There was heavy immigration after the end of the war. The whites therefore looked to the creation of a larger Central African state comprising the British pro-

tectorates of Northern Rhodesia (now Zambia) and Nyasaland (now Malawi). The architects of the proposed federation hoped to create a larger economic unit with a substantial market and greater credit worthiness than the three individual territories might obtain on their own. They also hoped to construct a bastion of British influence capable of holding its own against the Republic of South Africa. They also looked to a racial solution that would join middle class blacks with whites in an ill-defined partnership, a compromise which—in their opinion—would eschew both the errors of Afrikaner nationalism in the south and African nationalism in countries like Ghana.

In economic terms, the architects of the Federation achieved some striking successes. The pace of industrialization speeded up. The Federation attracted many new immigrants and a great deal of foreign capital. New ventures were started (for instance the Kariba Dam) all on commercial terms, without the kind of "foreign aid" extended to independent African states. Politically, there was a slight swing to the reformist end of the spectrum. Southern Rhodesia liberalized its franchise in terms of a new constitution designed to provide more African support for the ruling United Federal Party, a mildly liberal body, wedded to the notions of free enterprise and piecemeal reform. Sir Edgar Whitehead, a Premier both principled and brilliant, formulated a plan which, on the face of it, seemed certain to succeed. Whitehead considered that only rapid industrialization under white auspices would provide sufficient jobs for a black population that kept doubling its numbers every twenty-five years. The system of migrant labor, whereby African villagers worked part-time in the cities, would no longer serve the country's needs. Land apportionment between white and black on racial lines should be eliminated. A free land market would contribute to growing agricultural productivity. Traditional systems of communal land holding in the reserves must ultimately give way for a technically competent and politically conservative class of African smallholders. The black "surplus" labor from the villages would move to the towns where they would get permanent jobs in factories and become a settled

and reasonably remunerated proletariat, capable of buying Rhodesian manufactures. Whitehead realized that his policy would entail political as well as social and economic concessions to Africans. In 1961 Southern Rhodesia adopted a new constitution which would ultimately have provided for an African majority in the legislature, based on the votes of African smallholders, skilled workers, and the emergent petty bourgeoisie of African traders, teachers, and contractors.

Whitehead, however, failed to keep power. His plans were based on the assumption that the Federation would continue and that the emergent class of "new Africans" (teachers, welfare officers, senior clerks) would become reconciled to "partnership" with the whites. The more militant nationalists organized the Southern Rhodesian African National Congress (1957), an outgrowth of the so-called City Youth League, the first of several new and more militant bodies. (These now comprise the Zimbabwe African National Union, and the Zimbabwe African People's Union, two exile organizations split by bitter rivalry). The African nationalists soon increased their support in the country. They found backers in the ranks of the intelligentsia, both black and white, and also among unemployed youngsters in the cities. In addition villagers began to support the nationalists who denounced anti-erosion measures as part of a government plot, called for the confiscation of European land, and argued that African labor migrants could not afford to give up the traditional safeguards derived from a time-honored stake in tribal land. The 1961 constitution enfranchised a substantial number of new African voters who were confidently expected to support the existing government against its right-wing opponents. The African nationalists, having originally accepted the compromise, later rejected the settlement and boycotted the elections, a course warmly supported by the left-wing intelligentsia in Rhodesia and overseas.

Above all, the United Federal Party failed to maintain the new federal state, the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, formed in 1953, that had been expected to provide the framework for industrial expansion and peace-

ful reform. The Federal government in Salisbury could neither contain the rising force of African nationalism (especially in the northern territories), nor persuade London to stick to its promises. The Federation was but a loose association. Power in the northern territories was uneasily shared between Salisbury and London, which continued to hold a constitutional advantage. Under dual pressure from British left-wingers and humanitarians, and from African nationalists, London withdrew its support, and the short-lived state broke asunder. In 1964 Zambia and Malawi became independent states under African government. The breakup of the Federation had far-reaching consequences for the future of southern Africa as a whole. A key domino collapsed in the colonial structure. The Portuguese position in Angola was outflanked; in the long run, the Portuguese colonial empire in turn was to place increasing strain on the European position in Rhodesia and South Africa.

After the demise of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasland in 1963, Rhodesia (formerly Southern Rhodesia) reverted to its ambiguous constitutional status as a "Self-Governing Colony"; the United Federal Party fell from power, and the reins of government passed to the European opposition party known as the Rhodesian Front. The Rhodesian Front, while vocally pro-European, in fact made larger concessions to African opinion than any of its predecessors. Whitehead's plans for bulldozing communal land holding systems into oblivion by transferring tribal into individual tenure were quietly shelved. New farming land was opened to African irrigation schemes. More schools and roads were built in the reserves. While making concessions at the local level, the whites looked to securing their power over the central government. Disillusioned as they were by the failure of the Federal government, the whites above all were determined to rid the country of the last vestige of British influence on the grounds that they had, in fact, been promised dominion status. With the example of the chaotic conditions occasioned by the Belgian departure from the Congo, they were equally resolved to isolate their country from the anticipated African nationalist threat. In future, they would look to Pretoria intsead of

London. In 1965 Rhodesia, under its present Prime Minister, Ian Smith, proclaimed her unilateral independence, and subsequently adopted a republican constitution that cut the country loose from its former links to the British Crown.

The Rhodesian move seemed to go counter to the entire trend of history in Africa. Most experts believed that a handful of whites could not swim against an irresistible black tide; most foreign observers therefore predicted immediate disaster. No foreign power recognized the rebel state which functioned in a kind of constitutional limbo. Within a few months, asserted the *New York Times* on the day following UDI (Unilateral Declaration of Independence), the Rhodesian economy would be strangled. The white position was so desperate, explained the London *Economist*, that the British government should make the first move in opening talks so as to give Smith and his crew a graceful way to surrender. Harold Wilson, the British Labour Prime Minister and an academic economist in his own right, confidently stated early in 1966 that the rebellion would be over in a matter of weeks rather than months.

On the face of it, these expectations appeared reasonable; Rhodesia's economy seemed extremely vulnerable. At the time of UDI, something between 35 to 50 percent of the country's gross domestic product depended on foreign trade, much of which was conducted with Great Britain. Rhodesia had no domestic sources of oil. Her currency appeared to be subject to foreign pressure and might, therefore, easily disintegrate in a runaway inflation. The country required foreign skill and foreign capital. Her white population was minuscule, less than a quarter of a million. Her military resources were tiny by world standards. (Her defense expenditure was barely one sixth of Algeria's, and one twenty-eighth that of Egypt.) Rhodesia's anticipated collapse would be accelerated by guerrilla warfare in a country where the bulk of the population was expected to support the partisans.

There was also the intangible factor of morale. When the Rhodesian Front, the present ruling party, first attained power in 1962, it repudiated Rhodesia's older white estab-

lishment. This Establishment had close ties with Great Britain and with what might be called the progressive English-speaking Establishment of South Africa. Within Rhodesia, it had derived support from the news media (represented by the powerful Argus Group, with its Johannesburg connections), the bulk of big business, and most ecclesiatical bodies, especially the Anglican Church. The new government, on the other hand, obtained its electoral backing from white farmers, from small businessmen, from white foremen, technicians, artisans, and managers—the sort of people whom many British journalists, academicians, and senior civil servants disliked on cultural and esthetic as well as political grounds. The bulk of the British intelligentsia in fact refused to take the Rhodesian whites seriously. The ordinary settler was frequently portrayed not only as a bigot and philistine, but also as a parasite and even as a person mentally aberrant. Many U.S. critics shared these preconceptions. In addition, they placed much stress on legalistic and moral arguments derived from American abolitionist tradition. For instance, according to Robert C. Good, former U. S. Ambassador to Zambia, in his book *UDI: The International Politics of The Rhodesian Rebellion* (1973), the Rhodesian crisis was created by an "amalgam of conservatives, dissidents, and eccentrics," whose activities endangered the peace of Africa and were bound to end in disaster.

For over a decade, however, white Rhodesians managed to confound critics. The adverse effects of Federal dissolution and economic sanctions imposed by the international community did not prove as damaging as the prophets had predicted. In fact, the economic performance of Rhodesia was impressive, considerably more so than that of Great Britain. (In the decade following the breakup of the Federation, the Rhodesian economy expanded at an average growth rate of 6.5 percent. The gross national income (at 1965 prices) grew at an average rate of 4.6 percent between 1968 and 1974—faster than for any comparable period during the preceding two decades. The largest gain went into manufacturing whose share of the GNP in-

creased from 18.5 percent in 1964 to 24.5 percent in 1974. See appendix.)

International sanctions in fact compelled the Rhodesians to manufacture more of the products that used to be imported. Factory owners learned to turn out a whole new range of goods, such as pharmaceuticals, fertilizers, agricultural machinery, as well as war material, including submachine guns of local design. Farmers diversified their crops, thereby ending their partial dependence on tobacco. Between 1965 and 1974 Rhodesia reached near self-sufficiency in wheat products; the production of maize increased six fold, ground nuts four times and soya beans sixty times. Rhodesia, in fact, began to export food as well as coal and hydro-electric power to neighboring Zambia, a country with which Rhodesians ostensibly were in a state of economic war. Rhodesia also had a substantial mining sector. The country turned out gold, asbestos, chrome, nickel, iron ores, giving her by African standards, a relatively balanced economy. At the same time inflation was kept at bay. (Between 1954 and 1965 the average annual rate as measured by the consumer price index for whites was 2.7 percent per year. The inflationary rate increased thereafter rising to 7.7 percent in 1975, high by local standards, but modest by those of the United Kingdom.)

In military terms, Rhodesia also did unexpectedly well in countering a series of guerrilla offensives widely heralded as irresistible. Between 1966 and 1970 African guerrillas tried to penetrate into Rhodesia from the Zambian side of the border. But these small assault squads, armed with automatic weapons, light mortars, and explosives encountered well-nigh insuperable difficulties from a difficult terrain and determined opposition. Despite many grandiloquent communiqués, the partisan offensive ground to a halt. From the early 1970's, there were new guerrilla strikes, this time conducted from bases in Mozambique, conducted in cooperation with FRELIMO. The bush fighters' assaults gained added momentum when Mozambique achieved independence from Portugal, and when Cuba and the Soviet Union extended their assistance to the partisans. (Between December 1973 and March 1977, the guerrillas

—according to Rhodesian sources—lost 2,637 men, the government forces 277. A total of 917 civilians were murdered of whom only 76 were white).

By 1977, the guerrillas enjoyed many apparent advantages that seemed to make their ultimate success inevitable. These assets comprised, among others, wide international backing, improved weaponry, extensive manpower reserves, an extensive network of bases beyond the Rhodesian borders. In strategic terms the demise of the Portuguese colonial power had turned Rhodesia into an exposed salient, dependent solely on supplies from South Africa. Yet even unstinted South Africa support could no longer be taken for granted, as the South African Establishment apparently became convinced that South Africa would do better by withdrawing into a narrower defensive perimeter, protected—hopefully—by an outer buffer of moderate black governments holding sway in South West Africa (Namibia) and Rhodesia itself. Time, moreover, seemed to work on the guerrillas' behalf as did demographic factors. (The white Rhodesian population, about 275,000 people as against some six million Africans, provided but a slender base for continued resistance. By international standards, the military forces at the government's disposal remained puny.)

The incumbent government, for its part, had to cope with social problems of the most intractable kind. Rhodesia had to contend with a rapidly rising population (with improved health and social services, the African population grew at a rate of about 3.5 percent per annum). Despite a rapid rise in new jobs, African unemployment and unemployment in the subsistence sector increased, with dangerous consequences to the country's social stability. Black wages expanded considerably (see Table 3); nevertheless the gap between white and black incomes widened rather than narrowed, as whites continued to supply most of the country's managers, technicians, and skilled operatives.

Politically the white regime remained isolated. With the exception of South Africa, every incumbent government, Communist, Western, or nonaligned, was at least ostensibly committed to its speedy overthrow. Diversified as the wide

world of prestige journals, television networks and academic establishments might be, no intellectual champion arose to defend Ian Smith and his henchmen, who involuntarily found themselves cast into the role of the archetypal villians of the Western world.

The Smith government nevertheless enjoyed a number of advantages both tangible and intangible. In the military sphere the Rhodesians had the asset of unified command at a time when the guerrillas were engaged in bitter internecine quarrels. The defense force was small, but highly efficient. The tight linkages within the society helped to reduce the customary frictions, in crisis situations, between soldiers, senior civil servants, and politicians, most of whom derived from similar background. The white Rhodesians did not have to cope with the difficulties of an overbalanced command structure, slow in making decisions, incapable of secrecy, concerned as much with holding its own against its political overlords as against its enemies. The army and police forces were not plagued by a sense of social isolation or status disability. The settlers, unlike a decadent ruling class, were willing to tax themselves to the hilt, and also to conscript their sons. The white segment of the army, in full mobilization represented, in a certain sense, the European electorate in arms. Hence Rhodesia was not subject to military coups of the kind that had shaken countries like Nigeria, Ghana, and Uganda.

The armed forces were sustained by an administrative machine, noted for its efficiency and its relative freedom from corruption. In this respect, the army, the administration, and the police mirrored the values of a white provincial society, where there was a high degree of cohesion. There was little crime—to this day a Rhodesian city is much safer than the average American town of similar size. Rhodesia was a country where men would get drunk rather than drugged, and where the more permissive and anti-military values of metropolitan intellectuals have as yet but limited impact. A constable was taught to rely on brain more than on brawn; the police enjoyed a good reputation for its ability to deal with ordinary crime. With its intimate knowledge of local conditions, the force was

equally skilled in anti-guerrilla operations; its Security Branch maintained a highly efficient intelligence network that could apparently also draw on many sources of information from beyond the Rhodesian borders, including intelligence perhaps derived from countries belonging to the O.A.U. and the Warsaw Pact.

The values of the ruling group derived from the values of the white middle and upper working classes. Ian Smith was a fairly typical representative of these middling strata. A farmer with a degree in commerce, he was brought up in a small Rhodesian township. During World War II, he had extensive combat experience as a flight lieutenant, in the RAF. (He was shot down behind the German lines in Italy and then served with an Italian partisan formation; at the time of writing he was the only Western Prime Minister in office with practical experience as a guerrilla). Most of his Cabinet members or senior civil servants had a similar background. The majority had derived from small towns; many of them had seen service in World War II as subalterns or middling rank officers. They had a sound education but usually lacked an interest in, or even a knowledge of the values professed by metropolitan intellectuals. (2) White society, with its substantial immigrant element, no longer responded so much to the older values of Queen and Empire, of "Wilson's Last Stand," and similar episodes of the pioneering period—much less to ideological stimuli of an overtly racialist kind. Instead the writes drew on the British experience of 1940, of once more living through their country's "Finest Hour," arrayed against a hostile world. The whites moreover derived a sense of cohesion from the experience of countries like Uganda, Burundi, and Mozambique, African states where the breakdown of colonial rule was succeeded by widespread disorders, bloodshed, and tyranny.

The European society disposed of an unexpectedly large reservoir of capability and skills, as well as toughness under strain, and a capacity for displaying technological and economic initiative. The Europeans also displayed a considerable measure of political flexibility. Ian Smith, for all his real or supposed intellectual limitations turned out to be a

pastmaster in the arts of "talk, talk—fight, fight." Smith under pressure, negotiated in turn with Afrikaner nationalists from South Africa (whose concepts differed considerably from his own), with indigenous Black nationalists, with British and American emissaries. Always Smith was determined to outlast them by a blend of real or apparent concessions and skillful delay. Under joint pressure from South Africa and the United States, he finally accepted the so-called Kissinger plan for handing over the reins of government within two years—subject to a variety of safeguards for the white minority.

For the whites, acceptance of the Kissenger plan was a far-reaching concession that went far beyond anything conceded by any previous European administration. Its acceptance derived, not merely from external pressure, but also from changes in the internal Rhodesian structure. To resist the guerrillas, Smith increasingly had to rely on the good will of African rural authorities. He required the loyalty of African fighting men. He also had to face a situation in which Africans had increasingly made their way into the professions and the upper ranges of business. Much to the surprise of foreign visitors, the majority of students at the University of Rhodesia were black. The suburbs of Salisbury contained a handsome section inhabited by African millionaires and near-millionaires. Such men, Smith hoped, would ultimately hold the balance of power.

The Kissinger plan, however, proved unacceptable to African militants, and therefore also to the British and American politicians who had previously welcomed Smith's concessions. The African guerrilla leaders argued that the Kissenger plan would enable the Smith government to go back on its promises. The militants therefore called for the liquidation of the Rhodesian fighting services in their existing form, and for what amounted to unconditional surrender. Smith felt strong enough to resist the new demand. At a subsequent conference at Geneva, Smith, instead of receiving British praise for his compliance, faced further far-reaching demands, as well as bitter British recrimina-

tion for standing by an agreement that he had been reluctant to sign in the first place.

Smith still had a number of cards to play. In his past dealings with Africans in Rhodesia itself he had in fact displayed a good deal of flexibility. During his Premiership, health and educational services for Africans had been expanded much beyond the level attained under Smith's supposedly more liberal predecessors. For all his social conservatism, Smith's policy in action would have aroused harsh criticism from Rhodesian politicians of an earlier vintage who would have regarded his earlier promise of ultimate parliamentary parity for Africans as an exercise in unbalanced negrophilism. Under the new dispensation, African rural authorities received additional powers. Concessions of varied kinds were made to the emergent class of African entrepreneurs (including store-owners, transport-owners, transport operators, and commercial farmers). The bulk of the fiscal burden was allowed to fall on whites rather than blacks (who, as a group, paid less than 1 percent of the country's income tax). Territorial apartheid was modified, much to the distress of right-wingers within the Rhodesian Front.

Smith, moreover, skillfully benefited from the guerrillas' own internal weaknesses. Partisans could not operate successfully unless they built a solid base of popular support. Yet they felt compelled to commandeer food supplies and conscript soldiers, porters, and women for use as nurses, cooks, and concubines. The use of violence against African villagers, for instance, brutal reprisals against real or supposed informers and dissenters, and the abduction of school children was apt to be counter-productive, for the insurgents remained dependent on local villagers for intelligence and a host of other services. The guerrilla, to many Africans seemed to be more directed against blacks than against whites. (Between 1973 and 1977, less than 10 percent of the guerrilla victims were whites). The government, though far from popular in the villages, thus succeeded in capitalizing on the guerrillas' activities. At the time of writing the guerrillas had not succeeded in creating "liberated zones" under permanent administrative control; neither had they

been able to succeed in building up larger forces, capable of fighting large-scale conventional, as well as small-scale irregular engagements.

The Rhodesian government forces, on the other hand, managed to turn some of their weaknesses into positive advanages. White Rhodesians could not mobilize vast reserves, impressive on paper but ill-suited to guerrilla war in the bush. They lacked extensive supply services, impressive in their technical performance but apt to shackle operations by their very weight. They did not dispose of massive airpower, capable of dropping tremendous bomb loads, but poorly adjusted to the requirements of small-scale operations in broken country where bombs so often miss their mark. The government forces were therefore forced to rely on a high degree of professionalism and on intimate knowledge of the country. The main weight of counter-insurgency operations fell on police and regular troops who operated in small units, and depended on tactical decentralization and flexibility, on stealth, on surprise, and on the effective use of small tracker teams, rather than on massive firepower appropriate for large-scale operations. White Rhodesians also were highly successful in maintaining the loyalty of their professional black troops. Black Rhodesian infantry battalions were not subject to mutinies of the kind that had disrupted the *Force Publique* in the former Belgian Congo or the Tanzanian army under President Nyerere. White Rhodesia had traditionally been a recruiting ground for junior white officers commanding African soldiers in British Imperial as well as in local Rhodesian units. White Rhodesia continued to turn out its accustomed quota of tough young subalterns, beef-eating, beer-drinking, rugby-playing white officers who lived with their men and fought with their men. The Rhodesians, moreover, endeavored to recruit soldiers' sons used to serve under their colors, so that their reliability, at the time of writing, apparently remains unimpaired. The chaotic conditions that prevailed in many parts of liberated Mozambique were well know to Rhodesian Africans, so that the demonstrated effect of black independence did not necessarily work against the incumbent authorities in Rhodesia.

APPENDIX

Despite the confidence displayed in public by black guerrilla leaders, the Rhodesian battle at the time of writing was as yet far from decided. The Rhodesian army remained a victorious force. Compared with the losses incurred by European settlers in the great African rebellion that had shaken the country from 1896 to 1897, white casualties were negligible. (Between 1896 and 1897 something like 10 percent of the European colonists had lost their lives.) By way of another comparison, the total number of New Yorkers slain *every year* by American criminals exceeds the number of all Rhodesians, black and white, killed by the guerrillas during a three-year period. The partisans, for their part, continued to struggle with a host of difficulties faced by a force with inadequate supply services, devoid of proper medical care, hospitals, repair facilities, and all the attendant appurtenances of modern war. Their fighting quality moreover was extremely uneven. Some of them were tough, determined, and well-trained for small-unit engagements. Others, having been press-ganged, as yet suffered seriously from poor morale and inadequate training. They had the strengths as well as the weaknesses of labor migrants in arms.

The future, in early 1977, could not readily be predicted. Much depended on the government's ability to set up "protected villages" in threatened areas whose inhabitants would hopefully be supplied with piped water, health services, and other benefits, while being removed from the guerrillas' grip. Given the villagers general unwillingness to move, this was a difficult operation to carry out; but if successful it would weaken the partisans' ability to obtain food and supplies. Above all, the war hinged on the more tangible factor of morale. The government forces would ultimately be judged by the mass of Africans by their ability or otherwise to safeguard the villagers from the guerrilla incursions. If the government appeared successful, the villagers would remain quiescent. If the government were seen to falter, ordinary men and women would endeavor to make their peace with the new order. In the ensuing struggle, the stamina and endurance of the partisans was pitted against the staying power of the government troops and of African

vigilance squads determined to defend their local communities against guerrilla exactions. Both sides displayed their own characteristic weaknesses and strengths. Both sides had to cope with morale problems whose future shape as yet could not be foreseen. The Europeans saw a long, bitter struggle ahead—with increasing casualties and great economic sacrifices. The African nationalists faced tough battles both against the whites and also against each other. But at the time of writing, there was no indication that guerrilla assaults on their own, unaided by large regular formations, would readily bring down the Rhodesian Establishment.

The position was of course likely to change rapidly if regular Cuban or Warsaw Pact forces would intervene in the battle. The Rhodesian airpower is liable to be annihilated if faced by up-to-date aircraft. Rhodesian helicopter units might even be immobilized by the expert use of modern ground-to-air missiles alone. Rhodesian land forces lacked the numerical strength to resist an all-out assault by land. But armed intervention would present an invading force with considerable problems of its own. Mozambique was ill-administered and still dependent, to a considerable extent, on its close economic connections with South Africa. An invading force, moreover, would have to contend with many topographical obstacles. The Eastern Highlands of Rhodesia formed a natural defensive line against a conventional army, as well as a hideout for guerrillas. A hypothetical army advancing against Rhodesia would primarily have to depend on the port of Beira, a base subject to severe logistic limitations. Communications inland from Beira would present problems of an equally harrowing kind. For instance, only one main road and one railway line led inland to Rhodesia; the railway was subject to interruption while heavy equipment could not be readily transported across the Pungwe River without extensive engineering works. The terrain was ill-suited to tracked vehicles. A vast network of airfields and supply bases would have to be set up to support an army. The ascent from Vila Perry and Vila de Manica to Umtali alone would tets the most resourceful staff officer's skills.

Once successful, a conquering army would have to

rebuild an economy disrupted by war, administer a disorganized civilian population, contend with internal dissensions, and proved a host of technological and entrepreneurial skills previously furnished by white Rhodesians. In theory, these problems could all be overcome by a great power. But Soviet or Cuban forces would still face the problem of operating far from the periphery of Soviet power, in an area where they would be strategically vulnerable, and where they would face logistic problems of an uncommonly difficult kind.

The future remains hard to fathom. At the time of writing, South Africa was apparently impressed by the growing strategic threat to Rhodesia, and also by the possibility of a new guerrilla front along the borders of Rhodesia and Botswana. South Africa was apparently wedded to the notion of persuading Smith to accept a moderate black government, headed perhaps by Bishop Abel Muzorewa, committed to respect for white minority rights, with compensation (perhaps financed internationally) for white properties taken over by the new regime. Such a solution would require assent from at least a substantial body of Africans, from chiefs as well as from Africans who had done well in business and farming, men who would prefer cooperation with the whites to a Marxist-Leninist republic established on Mozambique lines. In addition, such a plan would require consent from the Europeans. In April 1977 Smith obtained approval from his party's emergency convention for his policy of compromise. By a large majority the Party gave authority to the Prime Minister for carrying on the settlement negotiations, if necessary, outside the Party's policies and principles. A related resolution urged the government to ensure that the rights of all communities would be effectively guaranteed.

In theory, the new departure should have satisfied "progressive" opinion in the West. In practice, Western public opinion, as formulated by the media, the liberal churches, and the Establishment politicians, remained as critical of the settlers as before. Success for the new design was not easily attainable. The militant blacks remained determined to accept nothing but unconditional victory. White soldiers

and white policemen, the men whom Rhodesia's defense depended in the first place, might not, on the other hand, be willing to risk their lives for a black government and for a Rhodesia renamed Zimbabwe, under a new flag.

A militant black government, on the other hand, set up to the total exclusion of whites and African moderates, would face even greater difficulties. The politicians might not be able to control the guerrilla leaders in the bush, who in turn depended on the personal allegiance of the armed men under their respective command. A radical solution might well presage a European exodus on Angolan and Mozambique lines, a consequent breakdown of the economy and of the administrative services, followed by internal strife complicated by ethnic overtones. (The most prominent African leaders: Joshua Nkomo, Robert Mugabe, Ndabaningi Sithole, Abel Muzoreva all differed in their respective ethnic allegiance). (4)

A radical solution would also entail far-reaching consequences for South Africa and, with it, for the entire Western position in the southern part of the Atlantic and the Indian Oceans. To the Soviet Union and its allies, the struggle in Rhodesia formed part of a much wider campaign for drawing the whole of Southern Africa into the Soviet orbit, or at least, for denying its resources to the Western world. Soviet strategists considered South Africa as a key factor in an ever-intensifying class struggle of global extent. South Africa commanded the vital shipping routes around the Cape of Good Hope. South Africa was a major source of gold, uranium, nickel, chrome, and a host of other strategic minerals. South Africa, alone in Sub-Saharan Africa, was a major industrial and military power, capable of fielding a balanced army, capable also of supplying fleets and air forces with a vast array of bases and repair facilities in the southern part of the Indian Ocean. The Cuban invasion of Angola had opened a new chapter in the struggle for world power—marked by Soviet military intervention through proxy forces. A precedent had been set for the possible introduction of Cuban, or Eastern European, or perhaps Vietnamese forces into Southern Africa. The South Africans would then be faced

by an entirely new defense problem, one that they might try to resolve by using their technical skill and their uranium resources to acquire a nuclear arsenal for use in the coming battle for survival.

As the guerrilla war progresses, there are certain important factors operating both *for* and *against* the government; for the latter, there has been an increase of white emigration, caused by the world-wide recession and by the burdens of the war. There has also been an increasing professionalism of hard-core guerrillas, who have been able to operate with heavier weapons in ever-larger rural areas, especially near the long frontiers. On the government's side is a consistently high army morale, with security forces operating on interior lines, with excellent intelligence and good coordination between the various branches. Unlike the Portugese, the Rhodesian forces are not wedded to conventional warfare doctrines. They emphasize mobility and long stays in the bush, rather than static defense. The Rhodesians have been able to inflict serious losses on the guerrillas, who lack proper medical services. In the near future, the guerrillas will probably concentrate on Rhodesia's southern routes so as to endanger the government's vital communictations with South Africa. They may also attempt to make rural government unworkable, with a fair chance of starting urban terrorism against the cities.

In June 1977, however, such a grim denouement was not as yet inevitable. To most outsiders, the Rhodesian pariah state seemed both damned and doomed. In practice the rebel republic seemed to take an unconscionable time in withering away, longer even than the somewhat arbitrary estimates made by foreign intelligence agencies. Critics of the regime, apt to hurl abuse at the Smith regime, while predicting its speedy demise, had cause to recall the African proverb that warns travelers: "Do not insult the crocodile until you have crossed the river".

FOOTNOTES

(1) According to International Institute for Strategic Studies, *The Military Balance*, (London, 1976), p. 43, the regular Rhodesian forces consisted of 3 infantry battalions, supported by 1 Special Air Service Squadron, and some specialist units. By mobilizing the country's reserves, including 8 infantry battalions, the total establishment could be brought up to an establishment of three brigades, comprising 4,500 regulars and 10,000 territorial reserves. The air force, much of it superannuated, consisted of a light bomber squadron with 9 *Canberra* B-2 and T-4, 1 fighter squadron with 12 Hunter FGA-9, 1 fighter squadron with 7 Vampire FB-9, 1 reconnaissance squadron with 12 *Provost* T-52, 2 transport squadrons, and 1 helicopter squadron with 15 *Alouette* 111, and two transport squadrons. The British South Africa Police, a supporting force with military training, included 8,000 active members.

(2) According to an analysis made by this author in "Rhodesia and the Prophets," *African Affairs*, v. 71, no. 283, April 1972, p. 125-143, the 14 Rhodesian Front ministers in office in 1971 included at least 11 who had been born in small towns and villages. Seven had been educated in Rhodesia from childhood. Three more had lived in the country for over thirty years. The largest professional group among them included attorneys or men with experience in public services, accountancy, and the like (six in all); five were farmers, two former mine operators and one a small businessman, eight had held commissions in the British armed forces in World War II. The 50 members of Parliament representing the Rhodesian Front at the time were equally varied. Their professional affiliation was not easy to determine, as some had changed jobs or had retired before entering parliament. A rough count showed 17 businessmen or company directors, 14 farmers and ranchers, 4 doctors and dentists, 4 lawyers, 43 mine managers, 5 members of the armed forces, the administration, or the railways, 3 with other professions. Many were former officers, including two ex-brigadier generals. The 11 most senior civil servants (including secretaries of ministries) included six who had held field rank in the armed services. Ten had been born in small towns or villages. Eight had held commission in the British or Commonwealth armed forces in World War II.

(3) The main body of the African opposition, at the time of writing, consisted of the Patriotic Front, an unstable alliance led by Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe, each of whom claimed the allegiance of a separate faction, and claimed to

speak for a substantial body of guerrillas. The Patriotic Front enjoyed wide backing from independent Africa, especially from President Machel of Mozambique and President Kaunda of Zambia. The Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole led a group; so did Bishop Abel Muzorewa whose African National Council relied on peaceful means. Within Rhodesia there was a new group, styled Zimbabwe United Peoples Organization, led by Jeremiah Chirau and Kayisa Ndiweni who called for the transfer of power to the blacks on the basis of traditional systems of authority.

Table I
Gross National Income (Market Prices)
(Constant 1965 Prices)
and GNI Per Capita

	Rh $ Millions	$ Millions
1964	890,0	154,0
1965	919,0	158,7
1966	1,022,6	150,1
1967	1,104,3	157,6
1968	1,471,1	155,9
1969	1,251,8	155,5
1970	668,0	173,5
1971	712,7	185,9
1972	694,9	194,1
1973	755,0	194,4
1974	773,5	205,2

+ Provisional

Table II
GROSS DOMESTIC PRODUCT BY INDUSTRY OF ORIGIN
Percentage distribution

	Agriculture	Manufacturing	Mining	Distribution	Construction
1924	16,1	9,4	29,5	n/a	n/a
1939	13,2	15,3	26,6	n/a	n/a
1954	22,7	14,6	8,6	14,7	7,8
1964	19,3	18,5	6,0	14,3	5,2
1974	16,9	24,5	7,0	14,0	6,3

* Both tables were reproduced from G.M.D. Leistner, *Rhodesia: Economic Structure and Change.* Pretoria, Communications of the Africa Institute no. 3, 1976, p. 31.

Table III
EMPLOYMENT AND EARNINGS OF AFRICANS

Number In Employment: '000	1966	1967	1968	1969	1970	1971	1972	1973	1974	1975
Agriculture and forestry	272,0	271,0	282,0	300,5	290,5	303,4	334,2	348,2	357,7	355,0
Mining and quarrying	45,7	47,3	48,4	50,4	53,3	53,9	54,3	54,5	58,1	60.3
Manufacturing	68,5	74,8	82,1	90,8	100,2	106,1	113,7	121,6	132,2	136,1
Electricity and water	3,8	3,8	4,1	4,0	4,2	4,2	4,4	4,8	5,2	5,2
Construction	29,4	30,0	35,5	39,5	41,8	46,4	50,5	57,4	63,3	62,7
Finance, insurance and real estate	2,3	2,5	2,5	2,6	2,8	2,8	2,9	3,3	3,9	4,3
Distribution, restaurants and hotels	38,7	40,6	43,4	46,2	46,1	47,3	51,7	55,7	55,4	57,1
Transport and communications	15,5	15,7	15,8	15,9	17,0	18,8	19,3	20,6	21,8	23,1
Public administration	21,5	23,2	24,5	26,2	27,4	27,2	27,2	28,8	30,0	33,8
Education	24,5	23,5	24,3	24,8	24,4	24,4	24,9	26,0	27,2	28,6
Health	6,6	6,9	7,2	7,2	7,5	7,9	8,2	8,6	8,8	9,2
Private domestic services	95,7	97,8	102,0	105,8	108,4	114,2	120,1	125,6	130,9	136,7
Other services	19,8	20,7	21,0	21,4	24,4	25,8	28,6	29,5	32,2	33,3
Total	644,0	658,0	693,0	735,0	748,0	782,0	844,0	855,0	927,0	945,0

Table III (Continued)
EMPLOYMENT AND EARNINGS OF AFRICANS

Average Earnings: $	1966	1967	1968	1969	1970	1971	1972	1973	1974	1975
Agriculture and forestry	125	123	123	123	127	131	133	142	156	178
Mining and quarrying	300	308	322	334	345	353	361	385	437	504
Manufacturing	426	433	446	475	479	483	527	566	632	715
Electricity and water	368	395	390	400	452	476	500	541	577	673
Construction	367	377	403	385	438	496	519	502	578	661
Finance, Insurance and real estate	608	560	640	654	714	750	793	818	871	1,023
Distribution, restaurants and hotels	349	374	388	403	438	478	485	501	557	651
Transport and communications	625	643	620	654	629	745	777	816	908	995
Public administration	391	388	408	443	445	515	606	667	770	867
Education	506	540	572	609	656	758	766	823	922	1,045
Health	484	493	542	569	573	620	671	698	784	934
Private domestic services	243	251	261	262	277	289	310	302	322	353
Other services	328	356	390	416	426	422	434	471	515	570
Total	260	268	279	288	306	326	341	358	402	461

Table III (Continued)
EMPLOYMENT AND EARNINGS OF AFRICANS

Total Earnings: $ million	1966	1967	1968	1969	1970	1971	1972	1973	1974	1975
Agriculture and forestry	33,9	33,2	34,6	36,9	36,8	39,8	44,5	49,5	56,1	63,4
Mining and quarrying	13,8	14,6	15,6	16,9	18,4	19,0	19,6	21,0	25,4	30,4
Manufacturing	29,2	32,4	36,6	43,1	48,0	51,2	59,9	68,8	83,6	97,4
Electricity and water	1,4	1,5	1,6	1,6	1,9	2,0	2,2	2,6	3,0	3,5
Construction	10,8	11,3	14,3	15,2	18,3	23,0	26,2	28,8	36,6	41,5
Finance, insurance and real estate ..	1,4	1,4	1,6	1,7	2,0	2,1	2,3	2,7	3,4	4,4
Distribution, restaurants and hotels ..	13,5	15,2	16,8	18,6	20,2	26,2	25,1	27,9	30,9	37,2
Transport and communications	9,7	10,1	9,8	10,4	10,7	14,0	15,0	16,8	19,8	23,0
Public administration	8,4	9,0	10,0	11,6	12,2	14,0	16,5	19,2	23,1	29,3
Education	12,4	12,7	13,9	15,1	16,0	18,5	19,1	21,4	25,1	29,9
Health	3,2	3,4	3,9	4,1	4,3	4,9	5,5	6,0	6,9	8,6
Private domestic services	23,3	24,6	26,6	27,8	30,0	33,0	37,3	37,9	42,1	48,3
Other services	6,5	7,4	8,2	8,9	10,4	10,9	12,4	13,9	16,6	19,0
Total	167,5	176,7	193,4	211,8	229,1	255,1	286,0	316,6	372,5	435,7

Source: *Economic Survey of Rhodesia* (Salisbury, Government printer, 1976) p. 21.

Myth vs. Reality in Rhodesia's Image

John J. Tierney Jr.

To the average American Rhodesia is a virtual unknown. Practically all he knows is that it is white ruled, that it has a large black majority and that a guerrilla war has been going on over there. If he thought of Rhodesian society at all, he would probably compare it to what he thought the American south must have been like a generation ago.

To the extent that they even exist, contemporary American opinions on Rhodesia are probably shaped more by our own internal experiences, especially segregation and the civil rights movement, than by any external reality. By and large, we subconsciously view Rhodesia as an extension of the black-white experience in our own country.

A vocal black minority, having increased its political importance after President Carter's election, has now taken the lead in shaping public U.S. attitudes on white

rule in Africa. In the media at large there is a subtle presumption of guilt against white rule. Reporting on Rhodesia, what little there has been, has tended to reflect the assumptions about Rhodesia that are derived from a liberal and ethnocentric American slant.

(1) There is a general prevalance of the view that Rhodesia "belongs" to the blacks because of their sheer numbers. The whites are usually pictured as holding on to a social order which has been oppressive to the black majority and, consequently, must end, the sooner the better.

(2) From what I have seen in the media the disposition in favor of black liberation has been unfair and distorted both by what it has reported and by what it has *not* reported.

American impressions about Rhodesia, therefore, are prejudiced and superficial. The current political climate in the United States hardly makes one optimistic that a more honest and complete appraisal of that country will be allowed to emerge.

The sensational comments of Andrew Young on Africa may drown out most opposing viewpoints.

The black cultural renaissance surrounding Alex Haley's *Roots* has generated a powerful national sympathy with black Africans in general which makes it extremely difficult to present a more objective case for white-ruled Rhodesia.

Increasingly in America, the white man in Africa is portrayed as an artificial and outdated creature, who for too long has blocked the natural and progressive development of the black masses. Through a mirror-image process, Americans instinctively construct Africa's racial problems with those of their own and, mistakenly, believe that the "solutions" arrived at here will work in Africa as well.

The net result of all this has been a one-sided stereotype of myths and distortions about conditions inside

Rhodesia and about the terrorist war being waged by the Soviet Union and the Patriotic Front of black revolutionaries. I have reconstructed below ten of what I consider to be the most prominent myths and half-truths which, in my experience, are popular images of today's Rhodesia.

These are simply "impressions" which I think the average American would probably hold, in varying degrees, either consciously or subconsciously. They are the products of the media at large and of a cultural prejudice based upon racial sentiments in this country, and upon a growing political climate which favors black liberation. To a large extent, they are also based upon ignorance. Together, they represent a national viewpoint which would probably summarize the way in which Rhodesia—a distant name on the map to most Americans—is typified in the mind's eye. With each myth (half truth, distortion) I have a rejoinder which, I hope, can serve at least to set the record straight. They are as follows:

1. Rhodesian whites are colonialists

The idea that the whites are real colonialists is seldom made explicit but the impression remains, from even a cursory view of the media, that the whites share the same old-world attitudes as the European colonial rulers who administered African outposts for the mother country. In truth, the exact opposite holds. The whites are *settlers* in Rhodesia. They are settled residents, not migrant laborers. Even though they are now outnumbered 24 to 1.

The first white settlers in serious numbers arrived in the 1890s when there were only a half million blacks living in the territory. Aided by modern medicine and prevented from internecine genocide by white political and military power, the black population greatly in-

creased. Large numbers of blacks were also attracted to Rhodesia by high wages in industry, especially after World War II, just as large numbers of white settlers, many of them soldiers in the British Army, also arrived in Rhodesia.

The point is this: the country "belongs" as much to the whites as it does to the blacks. The whites are *not* colonialists, they consider Rhodesia to be their home as much as a second or third generation Irishman of Boston considers America his home. (3).

2. White Rhodesians are "racists"

Precisely what is meant by this term is unclear. The fact that Rhodesia has been a racially segregated society is manifest. On the other hand, to compare white Rhodesia with Nazi Germany, or even with our own Ku Klux Klan, is absurd. The problem is the term itself. It leaves too much room for ideology to offer a real insight into the country's social history.

Are the black terrorists who are intent on replacing white government with their own rule any less "racist" than the whites they fight? Also, was it racial prejudice which kept the whites in power all of these years? The answer to both of these questions, to my mind, is: no! The separation of Rhodesian society between black and white is more of a *cultural* phenomenon, with distinct racial overtones being only a secondary factor.

The cultural and technological gap between the two races has been, and continues to be, profound. The best comparison in American society would be the differences between our own white settlers and the Indian tribes. Yet even with this comparison, the Rhodesian whites come off better. They did not massacre nor did they brutalize the black tribes. Under white government blacks multiplied their populations twelve times over. Today, thanks to government health measures,

they have the highest live birth rate in Africa, one of the longest life expectancies and, in the urban areas, they have more than twice the annual income of that of all the rest of Africa.

To the degree that white Rhodesians are "racist", they are paternalistic to a fault. Nevertheless, to label them as racists pure and simple, as many Americans have, is flagrant hypocrisy. American history is replete with deep-seated racism, from slavery to segregation, and, even today, Americans have no valid basis to preach racial harmony to others, Rhodesians included. The commitment to black rule which the Smith government has made, plus the erasing of pretty apartheid, has been as profound a transformation in Rhodesian society as any that has occurred elsewhere, including our own civil rights "revolution".

If the reader still insists on using a racist label to describe white Rhodesia he is free to do so. All I'm asking for is an appreciation of the hypocrisy of the term plus a reasonable understanding of the deep cultural dimensions which, I believe, explain the historic separation between black and white.

3. Rhodesia is ruled by political reactionaries

To the contrary, the Salisbury government is one of the most politically liberal in all of Africa, especially in light of the fact that—with few exceptions—the rest of the continent is governed by petty dictatorships or military tyrants. Rhodesia has a bicameral legislature, with 23 seats in the Senate (10 black) and 66 seats in the House (16 black). There is a free press, an independent judiciary, free speech and economic free enterprise. The Smith government, in fact, is not extreme; it is relatively flexible. I doubt seriously if any society, including our own, could have withstood the type of political and economic ostracism which Rhodesia has

suffered since 1965 and still have emerged prosperous and intact—and all of this in the midst of a deadly and escalating terrorist war.

Since UDI (unilateral declaration of independence) in 1965 the Rhodesians have had to make radical adjustments in almost all aspects of their society. The progressive elimination of discrimination in public buildings, in government, in land holdings, in the military, in education and the judicial system has already occurred. (4) Much, of course, remains to be done but, in the context of their own cultural history, the changes have been revolutionary—both in the tempo and in the nature of the process.

The government's commitment to "majority rule" within two years is a political move with no precedent in either African or American history. Despite the terrorist war, despite universal economic sanctions and despite political isolation from almost every quarter Rhodesia has begun a quiet internal revolution in its own right. Where this will lead is still an open question, but the commitment can no longer be questioned. Nor can we seriously entertain the illusion that the Smith government is rigid and inflexible—it has probably undergone a more fundamental overhaul in its political and social policies in the past decade than any other government in the free world.

4. South Africa and Rhodesia are similar

The similarity rests solely on the fact of white rule in both countries—beyond that there is little comparison. The two countries, however, are often treated almost as though they were one, especially in the propaganda attacks against white rule generally. In reality, they are no more alike than any other two neighbors on the political globe. The comparison is no more valid than one

between, say, Mexico and New Mexico, or between Quebec and New York State.

The dominant language of the white "tribes" ruling each country is not even the same, nor do they share a similar history or a similar ancestry. In both numbers and tribal composition the black populations of the two countries are also different. South Africa is a world military and industrial power, Rhodesia is small, agrarian and, by comparison, much more vulnerable to outside pressure. To an American traveller going through both countries South Africa resembles Chicago; Rhodesia seems more like smalltown Ohio (the total white population of the country is about the size of Akron).

Whereas the Smith government is committed to black majority rule according to the Kissinger formulas, the Vorster government of South Africa is pursuing separate development, and shows no indication of changing course in the immediate future. In sum, by any valid criteria of history, culture or social system most comparisons between the two, beyond the fact of white rule, are contrived and artificial. We should, therefore, judge the two as separate and unique entities, each country with its own particular problems which will be settled individually.

5. Black-white racial issues in the United States and Rhodesia are comparable

President Carter recently said that there are "many compatabilities" between the racial problems in Africa and in this country. Although this was an off-hand remark, it still reflects a widely-held view that our own racial history directly bears upon Africa. Blacks in this country feel that there is a common bond between themselves and African blacks. White liberals feel that they have pioneered desegregation here and that, by

definition, their own experiences qualify them to appreciate Africa's racial dilemmas even more.

Segregationists in the United States favor the white Rhodesians because of their own prejudices. Others feel that we have "solved" our black-white problems, or at least that we have a head start on the rest of the world, and that the "solutions" which we have discovered can lead the way in Africa.

Much of this is arrogance, much of it is ignorance, and, to an equal extent, it is American ideology of both the left and right. It should also be remembered that we as Americans have throughout history tended to project our own experiences onto other nations, and, in turn, to define other problems in our own context. However understandable this may be, in this case it is dead wrong. In fact, there is almost nothing comparable—once again, save skin color—between the social factors present in Rhodesian and American societies.

An American black who toured Rhodesia would, I think, discover that he has less in common with tribal blacks than he would for example, with the average white Canadian or Englishman. Race is a poor common denominator when language, education, history, culture, geography, economics and family structure differ profoundly, as they do between American and Rhodesian blacks. It is perfectly understandable for black Americans to condemn segregation in Rhodesia and to empathize with the majority blacks, but to equate the two cultures is quite another matter.

The sweeping sentiments for cultural identity which *Roots* has inspired among black Americans is, certainly with respect to Rhodesia, too far removed from reality to be much more than an ephemeral pastime. The Rhodesian whites, likewise, have no exact parallel in the United States. If we equated them with the stereotyped southern segregationist we could not be further from the truth. The white Rhodesian has his own cul-

ture. It is a unique blend of middle to upper class transplanted British, pragmatic Yankee and pioneer Californian. The white Rhodesians are sports loving, intellectual, individualistic and enterprising. They are, however, very removed from the main currents of liberal thinking which have motivated most of the racial changes in the United States.

Much of the outside criticism, to white Rhodesians, reflects a gross misunderstanding of the basic realities of their own country and of their own human values. They are, in spite of this, changing rapidly toward a more open and more integrated society. The result, however, will bear no resemblance to the kind of society which exists anywhere in the United States. Rhodesia cannot be made over in the American image since neither the source of its problems, any more than the process of their solution, can be equated with the U.S.A.

6. The terrorist war is a black-white struggle

All revolutionists claim that they are the "voice of the people", and that they represent a "vanguard" of the popular will. In reality, of course, they are exactly the opposite: a small, tightly organized, vocal and disciplined minority intent upon forcing their power ambitions upon the country in question. In the instances where they have achieved power, they have quickly set up totalitarian governments which have eliminated all opposition. If the Patriotic Front wins the guerrilla war, this pattern would follow in Rhodesia.

The Front is typical as a revolutionary body. It is a coalition of two minority groups headed by self-proclaimed Marxist revolutionists trained and equipped by Soviet Russia and Communist China. Robert Mugabe, the head of ZANU (Zimbabwe African National Union), is a terrorist gang leader headquartered in

Mozambique who boldly announces his objective of the total elimination of white, western influence in Rhodesia. He has stated that even if blacks controlled 100 percent of the legislature he would not accept it unless the Rhodesian Army was eliminated and replaced by a ZANU security force. He has also said that if he gains power he would try in front of a "people's court" anybody associated with the present regime. Mugabe is joined in the Front by Joshua Nkomo, a political rival from another tribe who has made a tenuous alliance with Mugabe in the terrorist war against the Salisbury government. Nkomo's group is called ZAPU (Zimbabwe African People's Union) and, like ZANU, has professed leftist leanings and uses, likewise, arms and equipment from the Communist block.(5)

Both of these men and their organizations are a menace to all Rhodesians, black *and* white. They represent, typically, only a small minority of the black population. The terrorists whom they have recruited are almost always 14-21-year-old males who were either driven into the movement by force or were "converted" by propaganda schools. The vast majority of black Rhodesians are *not* sympathetic to the terrorists, no matter how they feel about the government. Most of the terrorists' victims, in fact, have been black civilians. (6) The war is often represented superficially as a race war but, in fact, it is nothing of the kind. The most popular black nationalist leader in Rhodesia is perhaps Bishop Abel Muzorewa, a relative moderate who is not a terrorist. Most blacks living in the tribal areas are loyal to their chief, and it is precisely this type of traditional loyalism which the terrorists are attempting to cut down. The terrorists are butchers who indiscriminately murder and mutilate. They represent nobody but a tiny handful of dedicated revolutionaries fanatically driven by the power lust. The war is not a black-white issue *per se*. It is a struggle between evolutionary, mod-

erate and traditional forces of western leanings against Communist-backed professional revolutionaries and killers.

7. Majority Rule will result in political stability

The term "majority rule" has become an ideological catch-phrase. It has been the cornerstone of our diplomatic dealings with the Rhodesian government and served as the linchpin of the Kissinger formulas to turn over power from the white minority to the black majority. As stated in the September 1976 announcement by Prime Minister Smith and Secretary Kissinger, majority rule would come within two years, after which sanctions would be lifted and terrorism would cease.

In practice, however, majority rule has been impossible to implement and the prospects are far from good. Within 48 hours of Mr. Smith's acceptance of the Kissinger proposals three of the front-line black African states involved in the negotiations—Botswana, Tanzania and Zambia—disavowed them. Together with the Soviet Union, Angola and Mozambique these states called for the continuation of armed conflict. Casualties have since risen to unprecedented levels and, in early 1977, Mozambique and the Soviet Union signed a mutual aid pact which will probably escalate the war, including the possibility of conventional attack. In the meantime, the Geneva Conference which was intended to fulfill the Kissinger proposals has long since broken up without any meaningful agreement being reached.

Even if progress could have been reached at Geneva, genuine peace would not have resulted. The bitter nationalist rivalry between competing black groups would possibly have produced more bloodshed than ever before. These divisions, as mentioned earlier, are not fully appreciated in the United States. Yet it is a

fact that the rivalry *within* the nationalist camp is every bit as real as their hatred of the whites.

In the early years of the terrorist war, the early 1960s, the struggle between them was intense and bloody. The marriage of convenience between Mugabe and Nkomo has been forced by black African pressure and Soviet aid. The factious Patriotic Front movement is further complicated by ancient tribal loyalities. Nkomo is from the Matabele tribe, warlike cousins of the Zulus who have fought with the more numerous Mashonas throughout most of Rhodesian history. A Mashona faction is led by the Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole, formerly the chief lieutenant of Bishop Muzorewa.

Far from producing majority rule, the rapid departure of whites from the government would leave a political vacuum so chaotic that civil war would be a real possibility. At best, there would be a jockeying for power that would continue until one group triumphed, with or without "majority" support. Numerically the Mashonas are the largest tribe but historically they have been dominated by the Matabeles. Victory by the Soviet-backed Patriotic Front would, of course, end any remaining illusions about majority rule in post-war Rhodesia.

Responsible black rule in Rhodesia cannot, in my own view, come about by a politically dangerous and abstract formula. Government does not appear by magic, and to expect a peaceful and stable transition in two years, under a misguided political phase, is an African dream (or nightmare). Much better would be a realistic transition period, relying upon a tacit alliance between white Rhodesians and the country's growing black middle class and political moderates. These would be, ideally, the pillars of a biracial and pluralistic society that can only arrive via an evolutionary process of social and political change.

8. Rhodesia is a "threat to the peace"

This is the rationale behind the U.N. imposition of sanctions on Rhodesia and continues to serve as one of the main propaganda points used by the black African states. Whether or not anybody believes this is another matter, for it is easily the most outlandish myth of all. At bottom, it is a deliberate and calculated lie. The idea, as expressed by Rhodesia's enemies in the U.N., would have us believe that the fact of white rule *per se* justifies a war against the Salisbury government. In other words, the political situation inside Rhodesia is self-defined by black Africa as a moral and legal imperative for armed action on their part. This is a strange twist of logic reminiscent of Orwellian doubletalk. Basically, it is inverted racism and is insulting to any thinking person. One wonders why this lie enjoys such a large audience, but the fact remains that it does.

The Rhodesian government, in fact, has entertained no hostility against any of its neighbors. To the contrary, it has for more than ten years been on the receiving end of a constant round of guerrilla and terrorist attacks by the black states on its borders and by the Soviet Union. These have aided and abetted the terrorists through the use of sanctuaries, shipments of arms, ammunition and equipment and by the harsh barrage of global propaganda.

Rhodesia's armed forces are defending their territory pure and simple. They are fighting a defensive war against one of the clearest cases of international aggression imaginable. The Rhodesian armed forces are about the size of the police force of North Carolina, a formidable body but hardly the instrument of aggression. When they crossed into Mozambique recently they were responding to attacks made against them from that country, and to the massive base facilities

used there by the terrorists. To label these "hot pursuit" chases as aggression distorts all logic. It would be suicidal for the Rhodesian army to do otherwise, and, in fact, the use of hot pursuit is a traditional legal and military operating principle.

Rhodesia is surrounded on the north, east and west by enemy states working daily for its demise, using whatever tactics are required. It is the Czechoslovakia of today's Africa and the "front-line" groups acting in concert with the Soviet Union are Africa's Hitlers. Aside from what one thinks of the Rhodesian government, to entertain the notion that its very existence threatens peace in Africa is bold hypocrisy of the worst sort.

9. The terrorist war inside Rhodesia is "another Vietnam"

After just coming through the national traumas of Vietnam it is understandable why many Americans connect other guerrilla-revolutionary conflicts with the Vietnam war. But there is no reason for this, and the Rhodesian conflict is a case in point. All wars have their own peculiarities, despite superficial similarities. World War II was vastly different than World War I, just as Korea was different from them both and as Vietnam was different from all three. Guerrilla wars differ in nature and result just as conventional wars do. The number of failures for guerrilla and terrorist armies, in fact, far outnumbers the successes. The idea that guerrillas are omnipotent is romantic myth, as their demise in Latin America, Greece, the Philippines, Malaya and elsewhere attests. For every one Ho Chi Minh there are dozens of Che Guevera's dying in unsettled country as Che did in Bolivia.

The Rhodesian war has few real comparisons with the situation that existed in Vietnam. The Salisbury

government is stable, legitimate and uncorrupt. The Security Forces are the same, with blacks outnumbering whites in both the police and in the army. The terrorists, by comparison with North Vietnam, are inept. They have not developed the type of refined and sophisticated political arm which is really necessary for a true revolution.

They have resorted to crude and barbarous methods against the very same population they pretend to be helping. They have no major political organization inside the country, and only selected loyalty throughout. Militarily, they have not been able to establish a major logistics camp inside Rhodesia, and this after more than ten years of fighting. Seldom can they stay at any one spot for more than a few days.

Their casualties are ten times those of the government. They harass, kill and publicly mutilate civilians but they seldom dare a direct attack against the Security Forces. Without outside assistance and training they would fold overnight. While the terrorists have escalated the conflict dramatically this past year they are nowhere closer to victory than before. As difficult as the war has been for the government, with a continued flow to vital supplies Rhodesia could last indefinitely. Nor does the government expect to depend on outside intervention, à la Vietnam, to keep going.

Unless there is a sudden change in the military equation, therefore, the situation from the government's viewpoint will remain difficult, but under control. But the addition of heavier weapons for the Patriotic Front, more advisors from outside, and the real possibility of armed mercenaries could result in a dramatic change. Whether or not this will occur and what it would mean remains to be seen. If it does, however, the analogy would hardly be Vietnam. It would be, rather, South Korea in June 1950 or Israel before the Egyptian attack of 1973.

10. Rhodesia is doomed

In the final analysis, there remains an ingrained pessimism about the future of Rhodesia, even from the government's strongest supporters in the United States. Most of our subjective reporting stresses the logic of defeat. There are simply too many black, it seems, for the whites to remain indefinitely. The political pressures will eventually squeeze the government out, we are told, and if that doesn't work the Communists and their African allies must sooner or later win militarily.

There is nothing the United States can—or will—do and in the end South Africa may not even be able to help. In short, Rhodesia as we know it is considered doomed, the white man will be out and the country eventually will settle into black rule in a totally black state.

In short, there is a sense of the inevitable in American impressions about Rhodesia's future: the inevitability of the sheer weight of black numbers triumphing, the inevitable victory for black nationalism, the inevitable end of the European settler in Africa. American conservatives may view this as the end of western civilization in Africa, radicals applaud it as the final reckoning of an unjust order; both, however, see the end in sight.

The scenario is believable but is not necessarily true. There are many factors in the equation which, despite the seeming logic of the inevitability theory, could change the picture entirely. Africa is still a highly unstable continent where prediction is, perhaps, more hazardous than anywhere else on the globe. Angola fell almost overnight into the Communist camp because a few thousand soldiers from Cuba tipped the balance at the last moment. There is no reason why something equally dramatic could not operate in reverse for Rho-

desia. The government of Zaire, for example, last April was counted out in one week; the next week French aid and Moroccan troops had entirely reversed the situation and, in turn, may have saved the entire country from coming apart. In short, the volatile political and military instability in black Africa may, in the final analysis, work in Rhodesia's favor. In circumstances where stability and cohesion oppose instability and weakness it is not illogical to favor the former as a general rule. Moreover, there are a number of other factors which might operate against the inevitability of the government's defeat.

A victory for the Conservative Party in Great Britain, with Mrs. Thatcher as Prime Minister, would probably ease the relentless pressure on Salisbury which the Labor government has pursued. Internal political and economic problems in some of the front-line states, in Mozambique for example, could see a decline in the fervor with which they have supported the terrorist war.

There are many signs, likewise, that the terrorists are being driven to desperation by frustrations of their own. The wholesale killing of priests and nuns and the kidnapping of schoolchildren into Botswana does not indicate a healthy and confident revolutionary movement. The near-suicidal mission of terrorists against the Security Forces may see a sharp decline in their appeal among black youths. Prime Minister Smith's "internal solution", adopted after the failure of the Geneva Conference, might very well work. If it does, its broad appeal to Rhodesia's blacks has a good chance to unify the country politically and to undercut the appeal of radical nationalism among black youths. The government's commitment to black partnership, despite the pressure of circumstances which brought it about, appears sincere. Mr. Smith envisages a biracial government supported by white expertise in the administra-

tion, in the military, in business, and in farming. An important black middle class could be an internal counterweight to the Patriotic Front and could provide, if all goes well, an inspiration to Rhodesia's blacks to see their future in a moderate, progressive and non-Communist government.

The above are not straws in the wind. They are reasonable prospects for the country, optimistic perhaps, but I hope not naive. Certainly, the odds are at best 50-50; there are many powerful factors working against a solution, but it is still not hopeless to expect one and the best solution is a society which increases the black man's participation in the political and social process, without, at the same time, sacrificing the white Rhodesians who have developed the country and have every right to consider it their permanent home. Victory by the Patriotic Front, on the other hand, could very well produce another "Cambodia" on the African subcontinent.

FOOTNOTES

(1) A case in point was the CBS documentary, "Who's Got the Right to Rhodesia?", seen on national television March 28, 1977. While factually correct as far as it went, the show reproduced a viewpoint slanted against the government in favor of black liberation and dissidence.

(2) See, for example, "Twilight in White Rhodesia", by Joseph B. Treaster, *The Atlantic*, May 1977.

(3) For the best comprehensive history of Rhodesia see Lewis H. Gann, *History of Southern Rhodesia* (N.Y.: Humanities Press, 1969).

(4) I am referring here to the Quenet Commission on Racial Discrimination, which advocated widespread changes in Rhodesian society. Many of these have been taken up by the government: black military officers have already been commissioned, educational restrictions have been greatly eased, restrictions on sporting activities have largely ended, blacks are now permitted to purchase freehold land in urban townships, agricultural land will be open for black purchase, advancements for blacks in the police and in the governmental

bureaucracy have been greatly increased over the past few years.

(5) See my article, "The Terrorist War in Rhodesia" in Roger Pearson (editor), *Sino-Soviet Intervention in Africa* (Washington, D.C., The Council on American Affairs, 1977).

(6) Of approximately 900 civilian dead, over 90% have been black.

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